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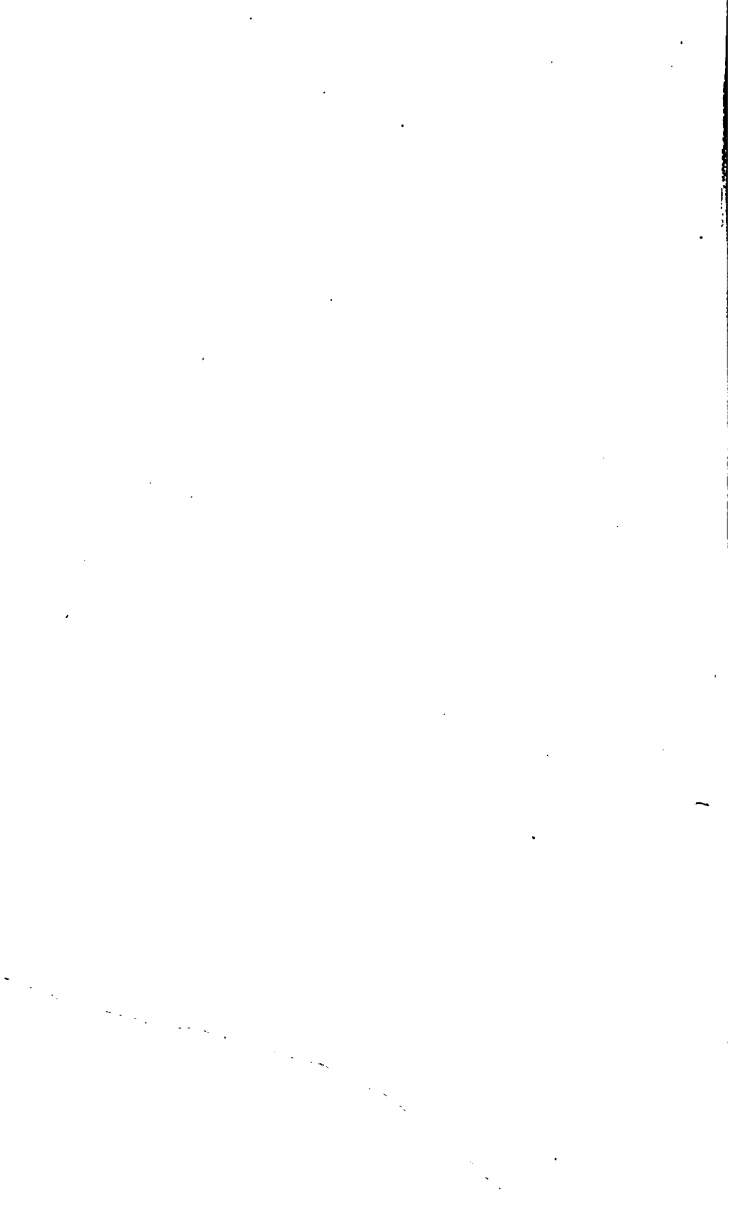


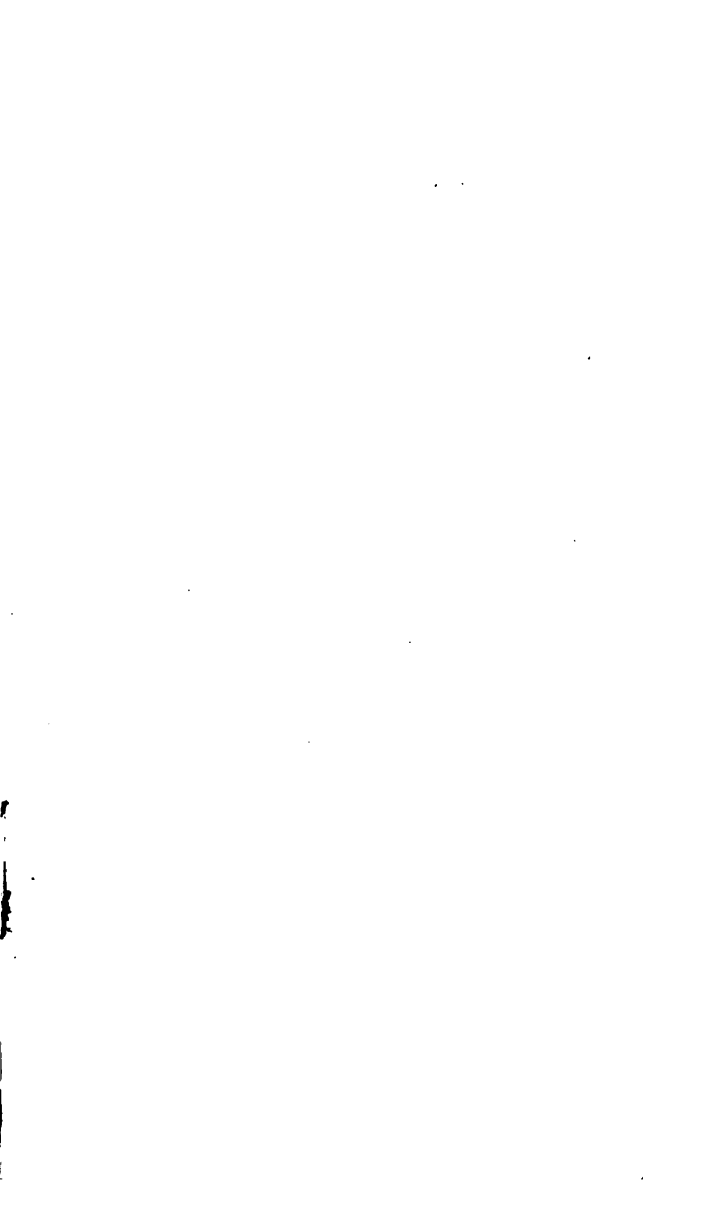
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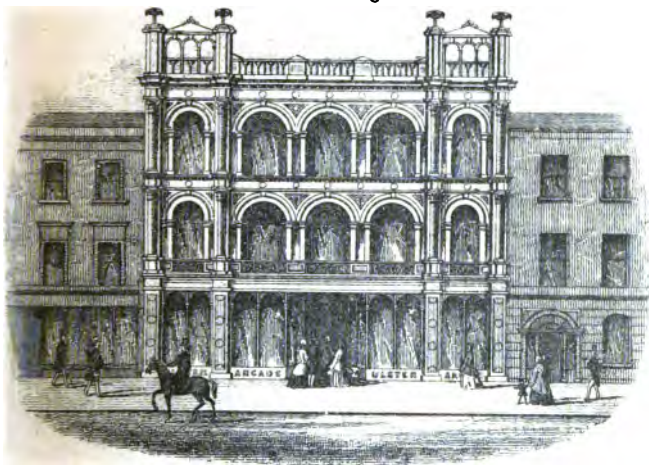
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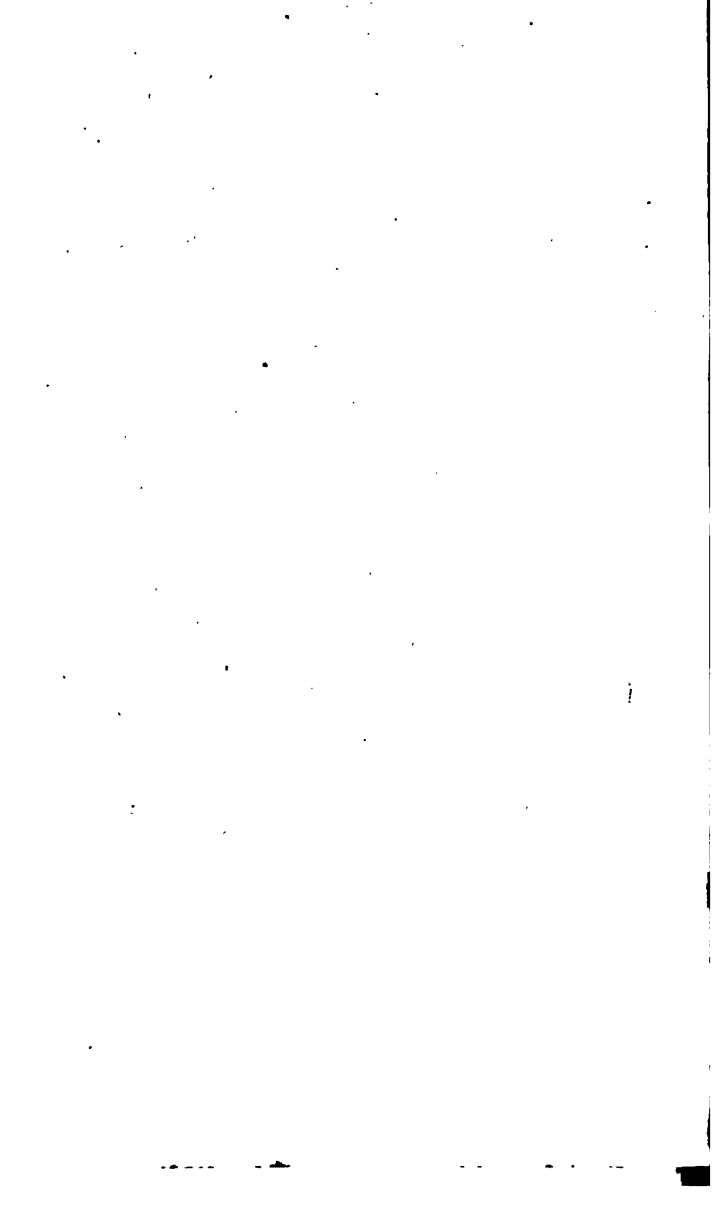


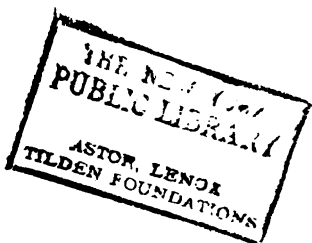
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M' COMB'S  
GUIDE TO BELFAST,  
THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY,  
AND  
THE ADJOINING DISTRICTS  
OF  
*The Counties of Antrim and Down,*  
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF  
THE BATTLE OF BALLYNAHINCH,  
AND THE CELEBRATED MINERAL WATERS OF THAT NEIGHBOURHOOD.  
Illustrated with numerous Engravings, and  
A MAP OF BELFAST.

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BELFAST:  
WILLIAM M'COMB, 1, HIGH STREET;  
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1861.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE principal object of the present work is, to afford to tourists and other strangers visiting the North-Eastern portion of Ulster, as well as to residents resorting to its numerous watering-places during the Summer season, accurate topographical, historical, antiquarian, and general information regarding the localities of leading interest—their scenery, inhabitants, natural curiosities, attractions to those in search of pleasure or health, commercial, agricultural, and social progress, industrial resources, &c. In these respects the publication will be found somewhat different from the various hand-books which have preceded it, in frequent divergences from the beaten track, and in notices of places, events, and characters not usually met with in similar compilations of limited compass. This feature of the work has been steadily kept in view, in order to render it valuable to those for whom it is chiefly intended, not merely as an ordinary “Guide,” but also as delineating and elucidating scenes and subjects of extraneous interest.

It is only within a comparatively recent period that the picturesque beauties of Ulster—striking as many of these are now universally admitted to be—have become known to the tourist and traveller, to an extent sufficient to make this part of the Western Island worthy of exploration. The Giant’s Causeway—presenting all the scenic attributes of wild and romantic sublimity, and, to the scientific inquirer, the greatest geological wonder in Ireland—has, it is true, long attracted visitors from all civilised lands, and therefore acquired a world-wide celebrity.

Beyond this, however, and a few other points noted for charms of landscape or peculiar historic associations,—as Lough Erne, the cities of Londonderry and Armagh, &c.,—the natural advantages of the extensive district, and the improvements effected by modern taste, enterprise, intelligence, and industry—in which latter respect it stands pre-eminent over the other three provinces—had been very imperfectly developed to strangers, and were but partially appreciated even by those who were familiar with them. This observation applies to the secluded Glens of Antrim, the delightful watering-places, lofty mountain ranges, and verdant valleys of fertile Downshire—the fruitful fields of Armagh and other inland counties, “so rich in corn and kine”—the sunny slopes and teeming dales of Derry—and the bold and diversified coast and hill scenery of more remote Donegal. The increased facilities of communication afforded by the rapid extension of railways and steam navigation have done much to open up and enlarge the intercourse between the North and other parts of Ireland, and between this and the sister country; thereby inducing a greater influx of visitors to our shores, both for business and pleasure; improving the acquaintance of the inhabitants of one district with the people, local curiosities, manners, and habits of another; and dispelling the ignorance which previously prevailed as to those traits of Ulster, calculated amply to repay a casual excursion or an occasional sojourn. For disclosing and enhancing the attractions of our highly-favoured province to persons of taste and travelling habits, it is signally indebted to the graphic and truthful pens of CÆSAR OTWAY, INGLIS, Mr. & Mrs. S. C. HALL, J. B. DOYLE, and other recent writers from personal observation, as also to the talented authors who have illustrated their, and kindred works.

As Belfast is the metropolis of the Northern Province of Ireland, and, as concerns commerce and manufactures, the most important and prosperous town in the island, it has, in this publication, been considered necessary to give it a degree

of prominence consistent with its social, political, and commercial rank. In connexion with its environs, it possesses many claims to the attention of the investigator of historic incident, national antiquities, and the progress of civilization in the most improved section of Ulster. It forms, besides, the principal point of departure for tourists arriving from the opposite side of the channel, on their way to the Eastern, Southern, Western, or North-Western portions of the country. To the coast scenery and bathing-places of County Down a proportion of the work has been devoted adequate to the growing interest which, year after year, they are exciting, from the advantageous situations which they occupy on our Eastern seaboard, and the loveliness most highly prized by admirers of the picturesque with which they are invested. The Spas of Ballynahinch—the most celebrated mineral springs in Ireland, and whose excellent medicinal properties have rendered them so highly popular both with physicians and invalids that they are now frequented every season by great numbers of health-seekers even from distant parts of the kingdom—have received, as they in every sense well deserve, a due share of notice, of a character to recommend them to still wider reputation and patronage than they have already acquired.

These are some of the leading characteristics of this little work. It is hoped that the amount of information which it contains, and the manner in which it is presented, will supply what has by many been regarded as a desideratum, and, being brought out at a moderate price, will prove extensively useful to those desirous of becoming acquainted with the localities which it more particularly describes.



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## THE TOWN AND ENVIRONS OF BELFAST.

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"A spacious plain is placed,  
Between the mountain and the stream embraced,  
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,  
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;  
And in the mixture of all these appears  
Variety, which all the rest endears."—DENHAM.


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The tourist or traveller visiting the North-Eastern portion of the province of Ulster, and, as in the majority of instances, taking its metropolis in his route, whether that be to the boldly romantic coast of Antrim, rich in sublime natural scenery, or to the sunny hills, silvery lakes, and fertile valleys of Downshire, will find it an object deserving his special attention. BELFAST, which, so recently as at the date of the census returns of 1831, ranked only fourth among the towns of Ireland in respect to population, is now second to Dublin alone in extent and in the number of inhabitants ; while it holds the first position in the island in trade and commerce, and is more rapidly advancing in importance, magnitude, and wealth than any of its former rivals. Within the last forty years it has quadrupled its population—a rate of increase not exceeded,—probably not equalled,—by any other town in the United Kingdom. Its extensive maritime commerce and manufacturing enterprise have obtained for it the designation of "at once the Liverpool and Manchester of Ireland," and also, in the latter regard, the highly-appropriate title of "The Linen Capital"—as being the principal seat of the linen trade, not only in the British Islands, but in the world. It is more than half-a-century since Belfast was first classically named "The Northern Athens," from the distinction which it had gained, even then, in the cultivation of polite literature. The stranger who makes himself acquainted with encouragement of and progress in learning, and who secures for himself the pleasure of inspecting its literary and scientific institutions, will at once feel convinced that this honourable appellation was not injudiciously conferred.

The situation of the town, at the *debouchure* of the river Lagan into Belfast Lough—a well-sheltered, secure, and excellent harbour—on the confines of the two great counties of Antrim and Down, and having extensive railway and water communication with the interior of the country, is peculiarly advantageous for the purposes of trade and commerce. With seaports on the opposite side of the Irish Channel, including Glasgow, Greenock, Ardrossan, Stranraer, Morecambe, Fleetwood, Whitehaven, Liverpool, Bristol, and London, as also with Dublin and Derry, it has regular steam intercourse—in some cases daily—affording much facility both for passenger and mercantile traffic. The scenery in the neighbourhood of Belfast is agreeably picturesque. On the Western side, the fertile and populous valley of the Lagan, which it terminates to seaward, is skirted by a chain of mountains, bold in outline, and ranging from 900 to nearly 1,600 feet in height above sea level. One of these—the Black Mountain—seems to overhang the town, from the nearest suburb of which it is not more than a mile and a-half distant. The Cave Hill, the most northerly of the chain, presents a rugged front of beetling basaltic cliffs, the “sky line” of which as seen from the best point of view on a clear evening, soon after sunset, bears no remote resemblance to a Titanian profile of Napoleon the Great, fancy picturing the figure as in a prostrate or reclining position. From the declivity of any of the hills, but particularly from that of Collin, the prospect is very impressive. All that can render a landscape diversified and pleasing, in a district equally displaying the calmer beauties of nature and the embellishments wrought by taste and industry, meets the eye at one glance. Mountain and vale—woodland and water—mead and corn field—the merchants’ ornate mansion and the farmers’ cozy homestead—bleachworks with their acres of snowy webs along the slopes and water-courses, and colossal factories, with their tall chimneys, like monumental columns, studding the wide plain below—the placid river winding its noiseless way between banks overhung with foliage or covered with verdant sward, and, glistening afar in the sunlight, the white-winged ocean messengers of commerce: all these are spread out for the admiration of the delighted gazer. A description of our local scenery by Inglis, the tourist—no second-rate authority—is as accurate as it is graphic. “The country around Belfast,” he says, “is extremely beautiful. The Lough stretches on one side, and the fine and tolerably elevated range of hills which bound it, and partly encircle the town, present

much beauty and variety—their slopes thickly studded with the country-houses of the merchants. But the environs of Belfast are seen to most advantage in an excursion to Carrickfergus. Choose the time of full tide to leave Belfast, and no one can be otherwise than delighted. The scenery on Belfast Lough is not bold : it is soft and pleasing. The breadth of the Lough averages about four miles ; and both the Down and Antrim banks are finely diversified by cultivation, and by numerous seats and villages.” The number of the former, indeed, within four or five miles of the town, is perhaps greater than in the vicinity of any city in Ireland, the metropolis excepted, and it is yearly receiving elegant additions. At easy distances from the Northern, Eastern, and especially the Western suburbs of the town, during the last few years, groups of contiguous, semi-detached, or single villas, in highly-tasteful styles of architecture, have sprung-up, and been designated by the fashionable names of Windsor, Balmoral, Kensington, Sydenham, Brandon Towers, Richmond, Wellington Park, Cliftonville, &c.

The site occupied by the greater portion of Belfast, and of its Eastern suburb, Ballymacarrett, is a low alluvial flat, only a few feet above average high-water level ; and of this, considerable tracts have been won from the sea and river by embankment and otherwise, and turned, for the most part, to profitable account. The want of elevation detracts from the appearance of the town as seen from the bay, from which point it exhibits no features of interest beyond those associated with active and general industry, for which the people of Belfast are distinguished above any other civic community in the Western Isle. It is, however, a clean and healthy town, the drainage being good, and the quantity of rain which falls throughout the year being greater than in any place on the Eastern seaboard of Ireland, Dundalk excepted. For the general healthiness of Belfast we have excellent medical and statistical authority. Dr. Alexander Knox describes the town as perfectly screened to the Westward by the Cave Hill range, and to the Southward by the slopes of the Castlereagh Hills. Dr. Henry M'Cormac states the mean annual temperature to be about fifty degrees, being one degree above that of London, and one degree under that of Torquay and the Isle of Wight. “ The arbutus and many other evergreens grow very well in the open air, along the shores of the lough, and verbena may be seen flourishing till the end of October, and roses blooming in mild seasons as late as Christmas.” The published census return decidedly prove that the town



notwithstanding its low situation, is by no means unhealthy. It is well supplied with water from springs rising in the adjacent hills, and in Lower Malone, a little to the Westward, which are diverted to capacious reservoirs. No sooner does the stranger enter the town, from whatever direction, than he at once discovers its commercial importance and wealth, and finds that he is among an energetic and enterprising people, intensely assiduous in business, and proportionately prosperous and independent. The leading lines of street are generally wide, straight, and well paved or macadamized; while their direction ensures free currents of air from the mountains, the sea, and far-stretching open country to the South-Westward. A large part of the town is well built, and its aspect handsome and cheerful, although the material chiefly used in the construction of the houses is brick, which is very plentiful. Many of them, however, are stuccoed and painted, giving their fronts the appearance of whitish stone. Freestone, of which immense beds are found in the hill of Scrabo, near Newtownards, and accessible by railway, is fast coming into requisition for buildings of a superior class; while, for those of a first-class description, Scotch sandstone, imported from the Clyde, is resorted to. For the number, variety, and magnificence of its shops and warehouses, Belfast will bear a comparison with any other town, of equal population, in the United Kingdom. Improvement under this head, within the last thirty years, has been as rapid as it is gratifying. Entire streets, once occupied by the town residences of the gentry and other persons of consideration, are now almost wholly given up to the requirements of trade, the private mansions having been converted into fashionable marts, splendid in design and decoration, and displaying large and tempting assortments of valuable and diversified wares. Merchant princes, or those who erewhile had been such, no longer hold their private state there: they have migrated, one by one, to the "West End" of the flourishing town, or sought retirement in rural bowers away from its bustle, and din, and dust, and smoke, and money-changing—in places, as dear old Spencer quaintly sung,

"Whose pleasure does appear  
To passe all others on the earth that are."

Here and there, in the now busy thoroughfares, not a stone or brick of their stately mansions of old remains. Their foundations have been erased, and palaces of merchandise, lofty,

lustrous, and vast, have blotted them out of the civic panorama. Thus it is in all great and fast-growing towns, fostered by the abundant fruits of well-directed enterprise and industrial thrift. Belfast is one of the most prominent and thriving of these. Year by year it is changing its aspect and overstepping its former boundaries—climbing the hill-side—skirting the river margin—striding across the plain—and even invading the sea's ancient domain.

“Ambitious mistress of the fertile land,  
Shuts out the ocean and usurps the strand.”

Of the public buildings, institutions, &c., of Belfast, we shall give some account; but first we consider it necessary to notice, as briefly as the subject permits, its

**HISTORY AND PROGRESS.**—From what we have already stated, as well as from the impressions which it leaves upon the minds of strangers, it will be obvious that Belfast is, strictly speaking, a modern town. It possesses no relics of the dim “long ago”—no hoary ruins—no time-defying monuments—not even a single fabric of respectable age. The antiquity of the oldest building in the borough does not, probably, exceed one hundred and fifty—certainly not two hundred years. The origin of the name of the town is somewhat doubtful. *Beula-fearsad*—“Mouth of the Ford”—is, however, almost generally received as the Celtic root from which the modern title was derived,—or, rather, corrupted. *Beala-fosaght*—“Town of the Fosse” (or Ditch—or, *vulgo*, “steep,” or marsh)—is another ancient name suggested, with considerable claims to probability; and some historians mention “Hurdleford Town” as a third designation. That an artificial ford, or causeway, across the Lagan, at a point a short distance below the Queen's Bridge, was in existence some centuries ago, admits of no doubt. A large portion of the pavement and piles was dredged up from the bottom of the river, during the progress of the harbour improvements, some fifteen years since; and some of the stones, abraded on the upper surface, evidently by the passage of vehicles, are still, we believe, preserved on the Queen's Island, by Mr. James M'Williams, engineer. The first historical notice taken of Belfast bears date 1178, in which year, it is stated, John de Courcy destroyed “the original fort.” No allusion is made to a town, or even hamlet; and it is next to certain that the fort—a stronghold of the Irish at an important pass between Antrim and

Down—then stood solitary. Its site is supposed to be that now occupied by St. George's Church, High Street. The next mention of the place is in 1210, when King John appears to have marched his army hither. We can find no further trace of it until 1315—prior to which time the nucleus of a town must have been formed; for Edward Bruce, brother of the hero of Bannockburn, then ravaging the English Pale with a predatory army of 6,000 Scots, sacked the poor little village—which, however, Spenser erroneously calls "a very good towne." It is conjectured that De Courcy had built a castle here, and that, at the time of Bruce's uncourteous visit, it had an English garrison. We learn that, in 1333, William de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, was killed at "the castle" of Belfast—or, as some chronicles have it, "of the Ford"—by the rebellious *English*. More than two centuries later (1586), the town appears to have made little if any progress; for Holinshed does not deign to include it in his enumeration of towns and havens in the two counties. In 1545, the castle seems to have been in the ruinous state in which it was left by the Earl of Kildare, Lord Deputy, in 1512. The "town" and castle had both been destroyed by him nine years before. In 1552, Sir James Crofts, Lord Deputy, repaired and garrisoned the castle, which was shortly afterwards granted to Hugh O'Nial Oge, of Clandeboye; but he was killed in 1555 by a party of Scotch marauders. The next governor of the castle of Belfast was Randolph Lane, an Englishman, whose office was rendered no sinecure by the frequent incursions of the Irish, who were both turbulent and powerful. In 1571, the castle, with a large portion of the adjoining territory, was granted to Sir Thomas Smith and his son; but the boon was of little benefit to them, as the latter was assassinated by the "wicked, barbarous, and uncivil people;" and, his father not being able to fulfil the conditions of his tenure, this district, and indeed the whole Earldom of Ulster, reverted to the Crown, under James I.

The Earl of Essex (father of Elizabeth's ill-starred favourite), when Lord Deputy, had observed the natural advantages of Belfast, and strongly advised the formation of a dockyard here, Sir John Perrot repeated the recommendation, stating that it was "the best and most convenient place in Ulster for the establishment of shipbuilding." There were then extensive forests in the neighbourhood of the town, from which Lord Deputy Grey gave permission to the mayor and inhabitants of Carrickfergus, in 1581, to cut and convey timber for the purpose of complet-

ing their church. The recommendations of Devereux (Essex) and Perrot were not attended to.

In Speed's maps (1610) Belfast is marked as an unimportant village—evidently an error; for in 1613, a year after the castle and manor, with other large estates, were granted by James I. to Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy, ancestor of the Donegall family, the town was sufficiently important to obtain a charter of incorporation, and the privilege of returning two members to the Irish Parliament. Sir Arthur, who was of an ancient Devonshire family, was created Lord Chichester of Belfast, and induced many English from his paternal estates to emigrate to this neighbourhood. The settlement of Ulster, previous to and about the same period, brought over numbers of Scotch and English; and to this circumstance the rise and prosperity of Belfast, may in a great measure be attributed. Its commerce received its first impetus through the celebrated but unfortunate Earl of Strafford, who in 1637, on the part of the Crown, purchased from the corporation of Carrickfergus certain port monopolies which they enjoyed. This had the effect of transferring the greater portion of their trade to Belfast. The progress of the town was much retarded by the religious dissensions which shortly afterwards occurred between the Church of England and the Presbyterians from Scotland, and by the Irish Rebellion of 1641. In his "History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland," Dr. Reid says:—"In Ulster the rebellion broke out at the appointed time, and, from the defenceless state of the Protestants, met for a season with little resistance. Many most important posts were maintained chiefly by the promptitude and courage of the influential nobility and gentry: and among these were Enniskillen, Carrickfergus, Belfast, Lisburn, &c. A proclamation was, however, issued at this time by Sir Owen Magennis and Sir Phelim O'Neill, two privileged leaders of the insurgents, which was of such a nature that, acting upon it, the rebels became more violent than ever. The greatest atrocities were committed by them, as neither life nor property was spared." Dr. Reid, however, adds, that the Presbyterians, as a body, suffered less by the ravages of the rebellion than any other class of men, the greater number of their clergy and gentry having returned to Scotland, to avoid the tyranny of Strafford. By a malignant epidemic which prevailed at this time over most of the North of Ireland, five thousand persons were carried off in four months in Belfast and Malone.

Colonel Chichester was appointed governor of the town by



Charles I. in 1643, and a grant of £1,000 was made for its better fortification ; to which £300 was afterwards added for the protection of the town and garrison. In 1644, General Munroe took the town by surprise, and held it for the Parliament. The Presbytery of Belfast expressed their abhorrence of the beheading of Charles, for which they were bitterly satirized by the poet Milton. The Scottish forces and the Covenanters having embraced the royal cause, the garrison kept possession of the town for the king ; but in 1648, General Monk seized the Scotch commander, Munroe, sent him prisoner to England, and reduced Belfast for the Parliament ; but in the following year it was retaken by Lord Montgomery. After the reduction of Drogheda, Colonel Venables besieged Belfast for four days, when it capitulated upon honourable conditions. It will be obvious that the improvement of the town made little advance during this disturbed period, when it changed masters four times in six years. A new charter was granted to Belfast by James II. in 1688, greatly abridging the privileges of the Corporation. The first sovereign of the town (1661) was Thomas Pottinger, of Mount Pottinger, ancestor of the renowned Sir Henry Pottinger, and a lineal descendant of Egbert, first Saxon king of all England, grandfather of Alfred the Great. Duke Schomberg landed at Bangor in October, 1689, with an army of 10,000 men, and soon after Colonel Wharton occupied Belfast for William III., the Irish garrison having evacuated it on his approach. In June, 1690, the King himself arrived in person ; made a stay of five days at the house of Sir William Franklin—now the Ulster Club-house, and recently the Donegall Arms Hotel ; and held a court here. At Hillsborough, on his march to the Boyne, he issued an order to the collector of Belfast to pay £1,200 per annum to the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster, as a token of his approbation of their conduct, and appreciation of their loyalty. This was the origin of what is now termed the *Regium Donum*. In 1704, one of the earliest editions of the Bible published in Ireland was printed in Belfast by Mr. James Blow ; and in 1737 the *Belfast News-Letter*, the third Irish newspaper in point of date, was commenced, and is still in existence and flourishing. It is stated that the art of iron-founding, now so extensive a branch of business in the town, was carried on here prior to 1641. In 1708 the Castle of Belfast was accidentally destroyed by fire, the three daughters of the Earl of Donegall perishing in the conflagration. An invasion of Ulster by the Pretender being threatened in 1715, the inhabitants of the district formed themselves into

Volunteer corps for the protection of the country—a precaution which was again adopted in 1745. In 1760, Belfast had a narrow escape from being sacked by a body of French under Admiral Thurot, who had landed at Kilroot, and captured Carrickfergus Castle. A large body of Volunteers having, however, hastily assembled, the invaders re-embarked; but they were encountered off the Isle of Man by an English squadron, their ships captured or dispersed, and Thurot himself was killed in the action.

The first census of the town was taken in 1758, when it contained 1,779 houses and 8,549 inhabitants, of whom 1,800 were fit to bear arms. There were then in Belfast 399 looms for weaving linen. The first decennial census of the borough, taken in 1821, showed the population to be 37,277; that of 1831, 53,287; 1841, 75,308; 1851, 99,660. It is expected that the official returns of 1861 will exhibit a still greater ratio of progressive increase; and that the population of Belfast, including Ballymacarrett, will then closely approximate to 150,000. The town will thus, since 1821, have more than quadrupled its number of inhabitants—a rate not exceeded by any city in the United Kingdom. The entire area of the borough in 1841 was 1,872 acres. It has since been greatly extended. Belfast occupies a prominent place in the history of the Irish Volunteers, first raised in 1778, to guard against apprehended invasions on the part of the French. In the Summer of 1780, a grand review of Ulster companies, to the number of about 2,800 of all arms, took place before Lord Charlemont, a mile and a-half from the town. In 1778, the Parish Church of Belfast (St. Anne's), Donegall Street, was erected at the expense of Lord Donegall. This year, the daring pirate (or privateer), Paul Jones, entered Belfast Lough, and captured a British vessel of war, the *Drake*. In the following year the manufacture of coarse cotton fabrics was commenced by Messrs. Joy, M'Cabe, and M'Cracken. The spinning of cotton yarn had been introduced two years previously, by the first-named two gentlemen; and the manufacture of flint glass a year before. The Belfast Chamber of Commerce was established in 1783—in which year, also, the foundation of the first Roman Catholic Chapel ever erected in the town was laid where it now stands, in Chapel Lane. The building cost £1,200. The Corporation for Preserving and Improving the Port was first incorporated in 1785. In this year, Belfast Lough was visited by His Royal Highness Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV., then a lieutenant on board the *Hebe*.

frigate; on which occasion the Volunteers of the town offered their services as a guard of honour. The first two banks were formed in Belfast in 1787—at which time the town was very prosperous, three hundred houses having been built within twelve months. In 1791 the first society of United Irishmen held a meeting here. They had as their organ a newspaper named the *Northern Star*, in which their prospectus was published. Messrs. William Ritchie and Brothers, enterprising gentlemen from Scotland, commenced the business of shipbuilding at Belfast this year. Previously, all vessels belonging to the port were built and repaired in England or Scotland. In 1792 several important political events occurred in the town. The most notable of these was the celebration of the anniversary of the French Revolution, which was marked by pomp and military display. A procession of many Volunteer corps, with banners and emblematic devices, took place. An immense meeting was afterwards held in the Linen Hall, at which an address to the National Assembly of France, and one to the people of Ireland, were adopted, amidst much enthusiasm. The principal speakers on the occasion were—Dr. Caldwell, Messrs. Simpson and Neilson, and the Revs. T. Birch, Sinclair Kelburne, and W. Steele Dickson. Messrs. Neilson and Dickson were subsequently apprehended on a charge of high treason, and suffered lengthened periods of imprisonment, in Fort George, Invernesshire, and elsewhere. The former, who had been a respectable draper in Belfast, emigrated to the United States, soon after his release, and died at Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson, in 1803. In the month of September, two Volunteer corps met, under arms, and re-adopted certain resolutions in favour of Parliamentary reform, free trade, and other measures, which had been adopted at Dungannon in 1782 and 1783. The system of “uniting” made rapid progress in the town, and was favoured and joined in by many of the most respectable inhabitants. Attempts were made to seduce the military from their allegiance; and for one of these, Joseph Cuthbert, a master-tailor, was pilloried. In this year iron founding was permanently established at the Belfast Foundry, Donegall Street—at present an extensive concern, owned by Messrs. S. Boyd & Co. The still more extensive works of the Lagan Foundry, Ballymacarrett, now the property of Mr. Victor Coates, first commenced operations in 1798. Early in 1793, a Government proclamation suppressed the Irish Volunteers. In a report of the secret committee of the House of Lords on the political con-

dition of Ireland, it is stated that a tumultuary spirit had manifested itself at Belfast and in the County of Antrim; that great quantities of arms and ammunition had been collected here; and that bodies of men were drilled by night, as well as by day, whose real object was, to dictate not only to Parliament, but to the Government itself. The number of societies of United Irishmen known to exist in the town this year was considerable. In May of the following year, delegates from no fewer than seventy-two societies in the Counties of Antrim and Down met in Belfast, and organised committees. Numerous arrests for high treason were made in 1796. Unprovoked assaults upon private individuals, in the streets, by parties of armed military, were of frequent occurrence, in which several respectable civilians were wounded. The King's stores, in Calender Street, were broken\*into, at night, and ten barrels of gunpowder abstracted. In October, a cotton-spinner named M'Bride, said to have been a spy in the pay of Government, was shot in North Street, at an early hour in the evening. Although a reward of 300 guineas was offered for the apprehension of the assassin, he was never discovered. In 1797, William Orr, a farmer, after being thrice respited, was executed at Carrickfergus, having been convicted of administering the United Irishmen's oath to a soldier of a Scotch Fencible regiment. In the commencement of the year, a large proportion of the inhabitants of Belfast volunteered to arm as yeomanry, on the appearance of a French fleet off Bantry Bay. The celebrated Arthur O'Connor, who was a candidate for the representation of County Antrim, was arrested at an hotel in Frederick Street, on a charge of having published a seditious libel against Government. Messrs. W. and R. Simms, proprietors of the *Northern Star*, were also arrested, on a warrant from Dublin. Their premises were occupied by a military guard, who destroyed a portion of the printing materials. The paper was soon afterwards suppressed. The houses of several citizens were entered by persons in disguise, supposed to have been United Irishmen, and arms were forcibly carried away. Lieut.-General Lake, commanding the Northern District, issued a proclamation, requiring, under severe pains and penalties, a surrender of all arms and ammunition in the hands of civilians not authorized to be in possession of the same. Large quantities of military stores, for the use of the troops, were brought into the town. Between 20 and 30 persons were arrested in the house of an innkeeper named Alexander, in Peter's Hill, on the charge of being assembled for

treasonable purposes. Numerous prisoners supposed to be implicated in the popular confederacy, were continually being brought in from the surrounding districts. Among them was Dr. Crawford, of Lisburn, an eminent physician, brother to Dr. Crawford, of London, who was still more distinguished in his profession. The Rev. Sinclair Kelburne, minister of the Third Presbyterian Congregation, Rosemary Street, Belfast, was committed to custody. The county jail was almost full of political prisoners, and a large number were confined in military prisons. Not a few of the arrests were made upon the information of a notorious informer, named Newell, who afterwards left it upon record that his representations for the most part were false. Early in May, it was discovered that agents of the United Irishmen had been very active among the troops in garrison, and had succeeded in temporarily seducing a considerable number of them from their allegiance. Upwards of 70 of the Menaghon Militia confessed their error, and threw themselves upon the mercy of the Lord Lieutenant, who extended his pardon to all but four ringleaders, who were tried by general court-martial, convicted, and shot at Blaris Camp. In June, Mr. Thomas Houston, surgeon, was apprehended, and in his house were found concealed a number of treasonable papers, including a parcel of printed "Constitutions." The Rev. Mr. Stavely, Covenanting minister of Knockbracken, was arrested while preaching in his meeting-house. It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee, that so anxious had the United Irishmen become for the arrival of the promised succours from France, that "a few spirited men in Belfast" subscribed 500 guineas to send a person to that country, to expedite their landing.

Early in January, 1798, large contributions were remitted from Belfast to London, in aid of the fund for the support of the widows and orphans of seamen killed in the action between Lord Duncan and the Dutch, 11th October, 1797. A desperate but unsuccessful attempt was made by the prisoners on board the tender in Belfast Lough to seize the vessel and regain their liberty. In March, several houses in the vicinity of the town were searched for Lord Edward Fitzgerald. The Belfast Yeomen Cavalry came to the resolution of accepting no pay from the Government during the war; and the four companies of Belfast Infantry agreed to do military duty, not only in the town, but, in case of invasion, rebellion, or insurrection, in whatever other part of the Kingdom their services might be

required. On the 24th of May, martial law was proclaimed in the principal streets, by order of Major General Nugent. Some brass field-pieces, which had belonged to the Volunteers, were given up; and sentinels were posted at some of the outlets of the town, to prevent communication between the disaffected in Belfast and the insurgents beyond its boundaries, it having been reported that the latter had assembled in force at Larne. The insurrection had broken out in Dublin a day or two previously, and the mail-coach plying between the metropolis and Belfast was attacked and burned by the rebels at Santry. No actual outbreak, however, took place in this town, where there was a large garrison, together with strong bodies of yeomanry and other volunteers. On the contrary, when the din of conflict resounded in the Counties of Antrim and Down, and when the insurrection had involved a large portion of the South of Ireland; when numbers of affrighted inhabitants of the rural districts sought refuge in the town, and the cannonading at the battle of Ballinahinah was distinctly heard at this distance (13 miles); gloom, silence, despondency, half-deserted streets, and an almost total suspension of business of every description, were the only indications of public feeling and of the effects of passing events in Belfast. Multitudes of prisoners continued to arrive under escort, and great quantities of arms, either seized or voluntarily given up. The guard-house, provost, and military prisons (including Carrickfergus Castle), were crowded with persons arrested for sedition or high treason; suspicion, and even terror, were general among a large section of the inhabitants favourable to the views of the United Irishmen; while, on the other hand, the Government found ready and effective support in the willing and gratuitous services of numerous bodies of Protestants, among whom were several lodges of Freemasons. It is difficult to ascertain any reliable statistics with respect to the strength and equipment of the United Irishmen in this part of Ireland, at the period here referred to. From a secret return, however, found in Belfast a short time before, we glean the following particulars:—"Belfast—Men, 2,639; guns, 526; bayonets, 399; pistols, 88; pikes, 567; ball cartridges, 12,130; balls, 15,953; gunpowder, 566 lbs.; cannon, 1; mortar, 1. County [Antrim] Total—Men, 23,059; guns, 2,659; bayonets, 982; pistols, 204; pikes, 2,348; swords, 85; ball cartridges, 18,235; balls, 2,358; powder, 628½ lbs.; cannons, 8; mortar, 1." It will thus be seen that, both in arms and amunition, the insurgent force was but ill prepared to take

the field, or to carry on military operations for any considerable length of time. The subscription of each member of the United Irish Clubs was 2s. 8½d. (half-a-crown British) per month.

On the 7th of June, a memorable and sanguinary engagement between the Royal troops and the rebels took place, which has been termed "The Battle of Antrim." The latter had for their leader Henry Joy M'Cracken, who had been chosen Adjutant-General of the county. Their original plan was to take the garrison of Antrim by surprise; but the commander of the Royal troops had been made aware of this intention, and despatched orders for reinforcements from Blaris Camp and Belfast. The rebel force was by no means so strong as M'Cracken had anticipated, many desertions having taken place, and large bodies of their brethren in arms having been prevented from joining them. Nevertheless, they fought with obstinate courage, made all possible use of two field-pieces at their command, and did much execution with the pike. The 22d Light Dragoons suffered severely, and for a time retreated; but they afterwards rallied; the conflict re-commenced; the expected reinforcements arrived; and the insurgents, who had considered the day their own, were totally routed. It is stated that they lost, in killed and wounded, in the town and in the retreat, upwards of one thousand; but this is probably an over-estimate. Early in the fight, Lord O'Neill was killed by an infuriated pikeman while remonstrating with the insurgents on their folly and crime.

M'Cracken was afterwards captured, and executed at the market-house, Belfast, at the angle formed by Corn Market and High Street. James Dickey, attorney, a principal leader at Antrim, also suffered there; and some other United Irishmen underwent capital punishment at the same place. Dickey, it is affirmed, solemnly declared, a short time prior to his execution, that the Presbyterians of the North perceived too late that, if they had succeeded in their designs, they would ultimately have had to contend with the Roman Catholics. The last execution in Belfast for high-treason took place in May, 1799. After the battle of Antrim, the Government troops were left free to act against the rebels in County Down, and measures for that purpose were promptly adopted. Accounts of the engagements at Saintfield and Ballynahinch will be found in subsequent pages, in connexion with our notices of those towns. The Rebellion was soon extinguished in this part of Ulster, and, indeed, in every other portion of the province where civil war had commenced, or wide-spread disaffection shown itself.

The insurrection was entirely unsuccessful, and most unfortunate for the majority of those who were engaged in it, of whatever rank or creed. Of the still more extensive and disastrous outbreak in the South it is not our province to speak. Its annals, which tell but of blood, cruelty, rapine, and all the other horrors of intestine war, are all too melancholy for our pages.

"Murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

On the authority of Dr. MacNevin, 500,000 persons in all took the United Irishmen's "test," and 300,000 were organized. The loss on the part of the King's troops during the Rebellion has been estimated at 20,000, and that of the people at 50,000.

The Rev. Dr. Killen, in his continuation of Reid's History of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, (vol. III. p. 494,) alluding to the instigators of the Rebellion, observes:—

"The Presbyterians, according to some, and the Romanists, according to others, were the instigators of the Rebellion of 1798, though neither statement can bear the test of a candid investigation, many of the Presbyterians were, no doubt, implicated in the movement, but they were acting in opposition to the authority of the Church to which they belonged. There has seldom been a national commotion in which religion was so little concerned. During the heat of the struggle in the Roman Catholic provinces, the rancour of sectarian bigotry was manifested; but the society of United Irishmen was professedly based upon the extinction of all theological animosities. The separation of Ireland from Britain, and the erection of an independent republic, constituted the grand aim of the conspirators; and though, among those concerned in organizing the Rebellion, there were individuals of high respectability, who imagined, under the influence of a strange infatuation, that the success of their cause would have been fraught with blessings to their country. It may be safely affirmed that none of the more prominent actors enjoyed largely the confidence of any great ecclesiastical denomination. A considerable proportion of them held deistical opinions; some were habitual drunkards; and not a few of them were barristers of much talent, but of no fixed principles in religion, who had recently entered on their professional career, and who had little to lose in the scramble of a Revolution. Strange as it may appear, the majority of the leading conspirators were nominally connected



with the Established Church. Theobald Wolfe Tone, who has been described as 'the principal framer and agent of the United Irish Society,' was an ex-scholar of Trinity College, Dublin. The first society of United Irishmen formed in Belfast was instituted by that gentleman. \* \* \* \* It would, no doubt, be most absurd to charge the crimes of the United Irishmen either on the Episcopal establishment or the Irish University, for the influence of both was unquestionably exerted in the cause of loyalty and order; but it is, nevertheless certain, that the seeds of sedition sprung up under their shadow."

The court-martial was soon afterwards dissolved; tranquillity was partially restored; and the manufactures and commerce of the town began to revive. On a visit to Belfast, this year, the Marquis Cornwallis, Lord Lieutenant, was presented by the sovereign and burgess with an address in favour of the union with Great Britain. The manufacture of sulphuric acid was introduced. An act of Parliament for the lighting, paving, and watching of the town was obtained in 1800. The poor of the town had this year to endure a famine more trying than any which has since occurred. The Public Bakery, Church Street, was opened, which was a means of alleviating the public distress in some degree.

The first Sabbath-school was commenced. It was supported by voluntary contributions. Other Sunday-schools were soon after established.

The history of Belfast, from this period up to the present time, is principally remarkable for the rapid progress of the town in commercial and manufacturing progress, in the increase of its population, and the extension of its churches, benevolent, educational, literary, and other institutions, and its public buildings generally. In 1802 its customs revenue amounted to £182,314; in 1835 it had reached £366,718; and at present it is about £400,000. The annual value of its imports and exports is nearly £9,000,000—exceeding that of any other two, if not three, Irish ports. The tonnage owned at the port is considerably greater than that of either Dublin or Cork. Shipbuilding, in the wooden department, does not employ so much capital as it formerly did; but the construction of iron vessels is extensively carried on in an extensive establishment on the Queen's Island, where steamers of the largest class have been built, and are at present building. In this concern about 1,000 workmen are employed. The first steamer, of each description, built in Ireland, was launched at Belfast. It has steam communication with London, Liverpool,

Glasgow, Greenock, Ardrossan, Stranraer, Fleetwood, Morecambe, Whitehaven, Bristol, Dublin, and Derry (daily with Glasgow, Ardrossan, and Fleetwood), by swift and well-appointed vessels. The railway communication is connected with the Great Trunk and other lines extending on the West to Galway, and on the South to Waterford, Limerick, Cork, Killarney, &c., besides embracing County Down, so far as it has been opened up—namely, from Belfast to Downpatrick and Ballynahinch. The Northern Counties Railway affords the traveller easy and economical access to Portrush, in the vicinity of the Giant's Causeway—the most sublime of Irish coast scenery. At Coleraine it may be said to form a junction with the line running thence to Derry, which, skirting the Western margin of "pastoral Bann," passes, by a lengthened tunnel, under the lofty cliffs of Downhill, and the still more elevated crags of Benyevenagh—famed, like Hymettus of old, for bees. This railway affords fine views of the picturesque scenery of Lough Foyle on both sides, particularly of the celebrated peninsula of Ennishowen, and of the approaches to the "Maiden City," whose historic associations, in connexion with its memorable siege and gallant defence in 1689, form one of the most stirring and graphic chapters in the annals of Ireland since the days of Elizabeth. Derry is joined to Enniskillen—"fair City of the Lakes"—by another line of railway, along the course of which there are many beautiful landscapes. From the Northern Counties line there are branches communicating with Randalstown, Castledawson, Magherafelt, Maghera, and Cookstown. The Ulster Railway extends to Monaghan, and is joined at Portadown, by a line leading to Dungannon. A junction will shortly be formed between Lisburn and Banbridge, opening up one of the most interesting districts of Downshire; and, in an opposite direction, the fertile, populous, and pleasing district of the Ards will soon be intersected from its centre to its seaward boundary, by a line stretching from Newtownards to Donaghadee,—thus securing to travellers the advantage of the short-sea passage to Portpatrick, whence there will shortly be continuous railway communication with the South of Scotland and North-West of England, as also with Stranraer—the nearest Scotch port to the coast of Antrim. The favourite watering-place, Bangor, will likewise be connected with Belfast by railway at an early date. During the season, steamers land crowds of visitors there from this town, the number of whom is increasing from year to year.

The harbour of Belfast has been greatly improved since 1841,

at which time the quays and docks were quite inadequate to the accommodation of the fast increasing number of vessels entering the port. The tidal channel of the river Lagan, from the town to the nearest anchorage was narrow, winding, and of insufficient depth. In order partially to remedy these natural obstacles to navigation, a straight channel, in two sections, was excavated through the slob to the North-Eastward of the lowermost dock, with a depth of 21 feet at high water, and 9 feet at low water, of average tides, which has since been increased to 23 feet and 11 feet respectively, from the pool of Garmoyle to the Queen's Bridge—a length of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  miles. This affords access to the quays for vessels of from 1,300 to 1,400 tons register. Sailing vessels of 200 tons and all the steamers can arrive and depart at low water. The length of the line of quays on the North-Western side of the river is upwards of 5,000 feet; that on the South-Eastern, 3,500 feet. The latter is chiefly appropriated to the coal trade, which, owing to the great number of steam-engines in the town and neighbourhood, and the large demand for domestic consumption, is very extensive. More than one-half of the remaining river frontage is occupied as berths for the steamers. For the accommodation of ships, discharging from or loading for foreign and colonial ports, there are two floating docks—Prince's Dock, 400 yards long, 100 yards in breadth, and 18 feet in depth—and Clarendon Dock, a half-tide basin, parallel with the river; and Albert Quay affords berths for the largest timber-laden vessels, and for smaller craft taking in cargoes of rock-salt from the Duncrue mines on the estate of the Marquis of Downshire, near Carrickfergus. There are two graving docks for repairing vessels—one of them constructed in 1826, at a cost of £26,000, admitting ships of 900 tons. There are also two patent slips for the same purpose, the larger of which takes up vessels of 1,200 tons. Spacious ponds, in various directions, afford space for large rafts of square timber annually imported from North America and the Baltic. The quays upon both banks of the river are lighted for the whole length by gas-lamps, which at night present a splendid appearance from the lough and the high grounds to the North and East. Spacious landingsheds, for the protection of merchandise landed from the steamers or to be shipped by them, have been erected; and also a Coal Exchange. Beacons for the guidance of mariners, and a depôt for pilots, have been built by the Harbour Commissioners. To this Corporation the highest credit is due for the spirit and

perseverance they have displayed in the improvement of the harbour of Belfast, on which upwards of £400,000 has been expended. On the other hand, it is by no means honourable to the British Government that they rendered no assistance towards improving so important a port, with the exception of a paltry loan through the Board of Works, which very properly was repaid as soon as it was found convenient. The Harbour Office, on the North side of Corporation Square, where the financial and executive business of the port is conducted, is one of the most handsome public buildings in Belfast. It is of white freestone, and surmounted by a light and graceful clock-tower and campanile. It was built after a peculiarly chaste design by G. Smith, Esq., the harbour engineer. It may be mentioned that the first steamer which entered the port crossed the channel from Liverpool in 1819; but it was not until 1824 that steam-boats were employed in the transmission of merchandise to and from Belfast. The first goods' steamer plying to Glasgow—a vessel of only 80 tons—ordinarily occupied 24 hours (sometimes 36) in her passages. In 1830 the trip to Glasgow was seldom performed under 30 hours. It is now performed, by steamer and railway, by either Ardrossan or Greenock, in 8 hours on an average.

The situation of the town does not render more than three bridges necessary to maintain a communication with the County of Down. These are—1. The Queen's Bridge, a magnificent structure, built of Downshire granite, having five semicircular arches, each of 50 feet span. The width between the range-walls is 40 feet. It was finished in 1842. The contractor was Mr. Francis Ritchie, of Mount Pottinger; and the cost was borne in equal proportions by the Counties of Antrim and Down. It occupies the site of the Old Long Bridge, which consisted of 21 arches, and was 840 feet in length. Many years ago, Percy, a cracked poet, in one of his lucubrations, added another arch to the Long Bridge, thus—

“Spanning the Lagan, now we have in view  
The great Long Bridge, with arches *twenty-two*,”

to which he appended a note—“It has only 21, but as a poetical licence, and for the sake of rhyme, I had to add another arch.” 2. Albert Bridge—also a modern structure by the same architect—a short distance to the South of former. It is chiefly built of hammered whinstone, and has five arches, various in

span. It was, until recently, the property of a private company, who charged tolls upon the traffic; but it has been purchased by the Town Council of Belfast, who have abolished the tolls. 3. Ormeau Bridge, at the South-Western extremity of the town. This was a narrow and inconvenient structure, and had long been in so dangerous a state of dilapidation that it has been condemned, and is going to be replaced by a substantial and handsome bridge.

The staple manufacture and export of Belfast is linen, in which a vast amount of capital is invested. In this trade it takes the lead of every other place in the world. The spinning of flax by steam power was commenced in 1830 by the Messrs. Mulholland, founders of the York Street Spinning Company, now the most extensive firm in the line, with one exception, in the United Kingdom. In their immense concern they employ, in the various branches of spinning, weaving, sewing, lapping, ornamenting, &c., about 2,000 hands, principally females. Factories of great size, for spinning and power-loom weaving, are now very numerous in the town and its environs, and the latter are increasing. There are probably upwards of 15,000 persons engaged in these mills, among whom it is calculated that there is annually circulated in wages upwards of £200,000. In addition, a considerable number are engaged in the manufacture of damask for the production of beautiful fabrics of which the Royal Manufactory at Ardoyne is widely celebrated. A very tastefully-arranged museum of linen manufactures, collected at considerable trouble and cost, is attached to Mr. Roddy's establishment, in Donegall Street, where may be seen flax in all stages, from the rough straw to the finest milled, and in all its varieties of clime and colour; various classes of yarns, from 40 lea-line up to 350 leas. Coloured threads—plain linen—followed by the finest description of lawns, bleached and brown diaper, and exquisitely-worked damask fabrics. The last-named class of goods are from the Ardoyne looms. Other departments of industry are promoted by those of the foregoing establishments, particularly in iron and brass-founding, machine and boiler-making, wood-turning, &c., employing a large amount of skilled labour. To supply the consumption of the mills in Ulster, from 45,000 to 50,000 tons of foreign flax are imported every year, besides the produce of home growth. The fabrics principally woven are shirtings, sheetings, drills, osnaburgs, unions, &c. The value of linen cloth and yarns annually exported from Belfast exceeds £2,500,000. Of the former, the greater portion

is transhipped to foreign markets from Liverpool, and consists to a large extent of fine bleached linens. There are several large establishments in the neighbourhood of the town for bleaching and printing linen and cotton goods. An immense amount of business is transacted at the Belfast Linen Hall, which was opened in 1785. The site was granted in perpetuity by the Earl of Donegall, who laid the foundation-stone. The building cost £10,000; but the subscriptions towards it amounted to more than £17,000.

The spinning of cotton yarn, introduced into Belfast in 1777, and which, previous to 1825, had attained a condition of high prosperity, employing thousands of hands and much steam power, has greatly declined since 1830, there being at present only two large mills—those of the Messrs. Lepper, and of Mr. V. Coates, Springfield—at work.

The Municipal affairs of Belfast are under the control of a Mayor, Aldermen, and Town Councillors, the latter being appointed by the burgesses. The first election took place in 1842, when the dignity of Mayor was conferred upon George Dunbar, Esq., formerly one of the parliamentary representatives for the borough. The Town Council is subdivided into several executive bodies, the principal of which is the committee on Police Affairs, who have the immediate direction of all matters relating to the watching, paving, lighting, and cleansing of the town. The local police force consists of a superintendent, two chief constables, inspectors, detective officers, and day and night constables to the number of about 160. The Corporation have the power of imposing police and borough rates, to meet the necessary expenditure of the borough, the boundaries of which have been greatly extended by an Act of 1854. Since the first Town Council came into office, marked improvements have been made in an important section of the town. A number of the oldest streets and lanes, containing upwards of 700 houses, many of them in a ruinous condition, have been cleared away, and replaced by wide, airy, and handsome thoroughfares, with magnificent blocks of buildings, nearly all of which are devoted to mercantile business. A fire-engine establishment is maintained by the Town Council, and is under the direction of the superintendent of Police.

The other Corporate bodies of Belfast are:—1. The Water Commissioners, in whom the supplying of the town with water and the necessary works and rights are vested, and who have the power of levying a rate. The Commissioners are elected by

the ratepayers of the five Municipal Wards. 2. The Harbour Commissioners, to whom the improvement and conservancy of the port and harbour belong. They are elected by owners of a certain amount of tonnage, and by ratepayers. They have the regulation of port dues. 3. The Incorporated Charitable Society, who manage the affairs of the Charitable Institution, or "Old Poor House," North Queen Street. This benevolent asylum was opened in 1774, for the reception of aged and infirm poor, and the support and education of poor children during infancy. It cost £7,000, which was raised by subscriptions and a lottery. It is supported by an annuity of £750 from the water-rate, private subscriptions, the rents of property vested in the Corporation, and the interest of bequests.

#### PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

Prior to the beginning of the present century, the public buildings of Belfast, of any description, were very few in number, and without architectural pretensions. Within the last 40 years, however, and especially during the last 20, many beautiful edifices have been erected, the principal of which we shall now proceed to notice, commencing with the

#### ECCLESIASTICAL.

*St. Ann's Church.*—This house of worship, which is the Parish Church, is on the North side of Donegall Street, near the centre of that leading thoroughfare. It was built in 1778, by the Earl of Donegall, on the site of the original Brown Linen Hall. It is chiefly remarkable for its tower and handsome cupola, which are the highest structures of the kind in Belfast. The alluvial nature of the situation which the town occupies does not permit the erection of very lofty or weighty piles of building, unless the foundations are piled. The portico of St. Ann's is of the Corinthian order of architecture, and consists of a graceful tetrastyle and pilasters, supporting a pediment, the tympanum of which displays the arms of the house of Donegall, in *alto rilievo*. The tower is Ionic; and the cupola, which is constructed of wood and covered with copper, is Corinthian. It is surmounted by a gilt ball and vane. In the tower a well-toned bell. The church comprises a nave and chancel, has spacious galleries and an organ loft, and affords accommodation for about 1,200 persons. The lofty ceiling, of concentric arches, is supported by columns. The pews are of mahogany.

*St. George's Church.*—This edifice, which is much admired for its handsome portico, is on the South side of High Street, and was built in 1812, on the site of an old structure called the "Corporation Church," which was condemned as unsafe, and pulled down in 1774. It is conjectured that the first castle of Belfast occupied the same spot. The portico of St. George's formed a portion of a palace which the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry, had commenced to build at Ballyscullion, near the shore of Lough Beg. The palace was left unfinished; and, being demolished and the materials sold, the then Bishop of Down and Connor, Dr. Alexander, purchased the most ornamental part of the front, and presented it to this church. It consists of six splendid Corinthian columns, and four fluted pilasters, supporting a cornice and pediment—the tympanum of which is enriched by the arms of the See of Down and Connor, and those of the town of Belfast. The rest of the church, both as regards exterior and interior, is plain. There is accommodation for about 1,200 worshippers.

*Christ Church.*—This building is situate at the Western extremity of College Square North. It is plain and unassuming. The front is of cut stone; the portico formed by two Ionic columns, surmounted by an entablature. The remainder of the edifice is for the most part brick, the windows having stone architraves. The church contains seats for 1,600 persons.

*Trinity Church, Antrim Road.*—This is the finest specimen of architecture among the Episcopal churches in Belfast. The style is the later Gothic. The tower and octagonal spire (the latter built of stone from Caen, in Normandy), which rise to the height of 132 feet, are of elegant proportions. The church was erected in 1842-3, by the munificence of William Wilson, Esq., and his sister, Miss Wilson, of London (formerly of Belfast), by whom it was also endowed.

The other Episcopal churches are—St. John's, near the Lagan Bridge, erected principally by a bequest from the late J. Hamilton, Esq., of Hamilton Place; St. Matthew's, Shankhill; the Magdalen Chapel, Donegall Pass; St. Paul's, York Road; St. Mark's, Ballysillan; and the Parish Church, Ballymacarrett.

The principal Presbyterian Churches are the following:—

*Rosemary Street Church.*—This is the largest house of worship in Belfast, and also the most splendid; but the architectural effect of the exterior is lost, from the crowded and confined situation in which it is placed. It occupies the site of a venerable church, erected in 1722, and was built in 1830-31. A noble



basement, ascended by twenty steps, supports a majestic Grecian-Doric portico of ten cast-iron columns, which is surmounted by a beautiful Attic balustrade of pedestals and pierced work. The grand staircase, leading to the gallery, rises from the portico, and is in admirable keeping with the rest of the building. The decorations of the interior are rich and massive. The ceiling, especially, which presents a series of deep and highly-ornamented panels and intersections, has a truly imposing effect. The pulpit, the pews, and the front of the gallery are of solid mahogany.

*Fisherwick Place Church.*—This edifice is peculiarly chaste in design, and occupies a very favourable site. It is built of polished freestone, resting upon a granite basement. The front faces the West, and has an exceedingly handsome portico of the Ionic order, consisting of a tetrastyle with antæ, supporting a regular entablature and angular pediment. The capitals of the columns are imitated from the Temple of Ilissus, near Athens. The doorways leading to the vestibule are of modified pyramidal form. An Ionic entablature is continued along the front of the building, and is supported by an antæ, over which is an Attic balustrade. The front extends 69 feet, and the extreme length of the building is 98 feet. The interior is very tasteful, and the plan such as to economize space to the utmost. There are two spacious side galleries, and a third, of semi-elliptical form, in front, over which is a commodious gallery for the accommodation of the poor. The church is calculated to contain 1,700 worshippers. It was opened in Sept., 1827, by the celebrated Dr. Chalmers. Attached to the church there are large daily and Sunday schools, capable of accommodating 1000 children.

*May Street Church.*—The site of this fine structure was most judiciously chosen. It stands upon a framed foundation, which elevates the floor considerably above the level of the street. The front is of Scamozzian Ionic, having two columns and four pilasters, fluted. The piazza embraced by these is thirty-six feet long and seven wide. This is surmounted by a beautiful pediment. The front is completed with a regular architrave, frieze and block cornice, which have a light and pleasing effect. A flight of eight stone steps leads up to the entrance. The style of ornamentation in the interior is much admired. The church was opened for divine service in 1829, by the Rev. Edward Irving, of London. Here the sittings of the General Assembly, when it meets in Belfast, are generally held. Adjoining the church a capacious school-building has recently been

erected, the front of which exhibits architectural taste of a high order.

Among the numerous other Presbyterian churches, there are several, the tasteful style of which will arrest the eye of the stranger. We may mention those of Linen-hall Street, York St., Alfred Street, Donegall St. (Gothic), College Square North (Gothic), Townsend St., Eglinton Street, the Sinclair Seamen's Church (Corporation Square) Great George's St., Albert St., Berry Street, Great Victoria Street, Academy Street, Ballymacarrett, Ballysillan, &c. A magnificent church, which will have a very lofty tower and spire, is in course of erection in the "West End" of the town, opposite the Queen's College; a second at Sydenham; a third near Duncairn, Antrim Road. The Covenanters have two places of worship—one in Linen-hall Street, and the other in College Street South. The United Presbyterians have one place of worship in York Street. A church of very attractive appearance, and considerable dimensions, has lately been completed for the Independent body, in Donegall Street. It is in the pointed, or lancet, style of Gothic; a light and airy campanile forming the apex of the front elevation. The Baptists, having disposed of their old building in Academy Street, are about to erect a new edifice on a more eligible site.

The various Methodist connexions have several handsome houses of worship, the leading one of which is the new Methodist church, Donegall Square East. This is a really elegant building, and occupies the site of a chapel erected in 1805. The front consists of a basement, six lofty Corinthian columns, an entablature, a frieze, and beautiful pediment. This house had not been long opened when, with a fine organ, it was accidentally destroyed by fire. It soon, however, arose from its ashes, through the liberality of the members of the body. A good commodious chapel is situated in Frederick Street. In Donegall Place is a handsome church belonging to the Primitive Wesleyans; in York Street that of the New Connexion; and on the Falls Road a neat building, to accommodate worshippers of the first-named Wesleyan body.

The Unitarian body have three churches—two in Rosemary Street, of dates ancient for a town so modern as Belfast—and one in York Street. These require no special notice on the ground of architectural pretensions.

In Wellington Place is a commodious and very tasteful house of worship in connexion with the Evangelical Union.

The Society of Friends have but one meeting-house, which

is situate in Frederick Street. It has been enlarged within a few years, and opened to the public on several occasions during the last two.

The churches of the Roman Catholic body, who constitute about one-fourth of the population of Belfast, are not numerous ; but two of them are large, and deserve notice as public edifices. That of St. Patrick, in Donegall Street, erected in 1811, is the cathedral of the United Roman Catholic Diocese of Down and Connor. It is in the later style of English church architecture, and very commodious. The church of St. Malachy, a short distance to the South-West of Alfred Street, is a more modern, roomy and ornate. It is nearly cruciform in shape ; and the architecture is a modification of the ecclesiastical style of the Tudor period. In the front is a spacious and elegant porch, with a hall having three doors of entrance, the front one of large dimensions ; and at each end of the church is a porch, with staircases leading to the gallery. The building is ornamented with several lofty turrets, in one of which, rising from the entrance, is a bell. The stucco decorations of the ceiling are elaborate and imposing in effect. The interior dimensions of the structure are—length, 113 feet ; breadth, 50 feet ; height, 40 feet. The pulpit is of solid Irish oak, richly carved. In the church is a marble tablet to the memory of Captain Thomas Griffith, who bequeathed £3,000 towards the erection of the edifice. A larger and more elegant church, to be dedicated to St. Peter, is in course of building in the vicinity of the Falls Road, which will cost upwards of £10,000.

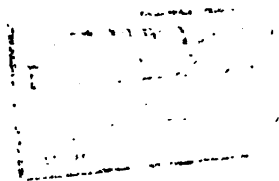
#### EDUCATIONAL AND LITERARY.

*Queen's College.*—This splendid building, which is one of the largest public edifices in Belfast, has the advantage of a fine situation, on the University Road, adjacent to the Royal Botanic Gardens, and in the most improving suburb of the town. It is in the Tudor style of architecture, and forms an oblong square, with a front about 600 feet in length. The materials used in its construction are chiefly bright red and dark blue bricks, with out-stone dressings in great profusion. The effect is very pleasing. Over the grand entrance rises a massive tower, eighty feet high. The dimensions of the great hall are about 80 feet by 40. The Examination Hall is a noble apartment, 80 feet long, and 40 feet from floor to ceiling. In one wing are the lecture-room, labora-



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tory, museum, &c.; the other is occupied by the residences of the President, Vice-President, &c. The course of instruction given in the College embraces classics and modern languages, logic and metaphysics, natural philosophy, natural history, chemistry, geology, civil engineering, agriculture, political economy, law, jurisprudence, materia medica, midwifery, surgery, &c. There are 2 senior scholarships of £40 each; 30 of £24; 11 of £20; and 4 of £15.

*General Assembly's College.*—This fine building, which is situate at the Southern extremity of University Square, and within a short distance of the Queen's College, is chastely classic in its style of architecture, and ornament has been but sparingly indulged in by the architect. It is built of polished freestone of the finest quality. The internal arrangements are commodious and elegant. The examination hall is spacious and well adapted to its purpose. The classes in the college are those of systematic divinity, ecclesiastical history and pastoral theology, sacred criticism and interpretation, oriental languages, moral philosophy, and sacred rhetoric.

*Royal Academical Institution.*—This range of buildings, with spacious grounds attached, in College Square, presents no feature architecturally attractive. The Institution was first projected in 1807, and in a few weeks the subscriptions amounted to £16,000. In India, under the patronage of the Marquis of Hastings, £5,000 was raised; and £4,000 was subscribed in other parts of Ireland, in England, &c.; making a total of £25,000. The patrons and principal subscribers were incorporated in 1810. In 1814 the Institution received a Parliamentary grant of £1,500 per annum, which was suspended from 1816 to 1824, when it was renewed. In 1834 the grant was increased to £3,500. The buildings are now, since the opening of the Queen's and the General Assembly's Colleges, chiefly appropriated to elementary schools of the highest class, and to classrooms for the students of the Unitarian body.

*Belfast Academy.*—This educational establishment, the oldest in the town, was instituted in 1786. It is situated in Academy Street, in a central position. Its affairs are under the direction of a president, trustees, and patrons. At the head of the seminary is a principal; and over the various schools separate masters preside. The course of education comprises classics, modern languages, mathematics, logic, belles lettres, natural philosophy, natural history, &c.

*District Model School.*—This beautiful building, which is in



the Tudor style, is situate on the Falls Road, and was erected by the Commissioners of National Education, at a cost of £14,000. It was opened in 1857, and the average attendance has been about 1,100. The Training School and Model Farm, for instructing youths in agriculture, are near the Ulster Railway, between Belfast and Dnmmurry. The Model School is visited by appointed chaplains of the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Roman Catholic persuasions.

*Diocesan Seminary.*—This institution, which adjoins St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, Donegall Street, was erected by the late Primate Crolly. It comprises schools for instruction in classics, mathematics, and other branches of a liberal education, and classes for children.

*Brown Street Daily and Sunday Schools.*—This institution was established in 1810, and erected by subscription, at a cost of £1,800. Its purpose is to supply the children of the poor with a scriptural and literary education. At the daily schools the average attendance is nearly 600, and at the Sabbath schools about 200.

*Industrial Schools.*—The Ladies' Industrial School, Frederick Street, and the Ragged School, (the first in Ireland) Barrack Street, are well attended, and have produced beneficial results among the children of the humblest poor.

*Belfast Museum.*—The Natural History and Philosophical Society, to whom this institution belongs, was founded in 1821, for the cultivation of natural history, and the investigation of topography, statistics, and the antiquities of Ireland. Their meetings are held on the evenings of alternate Wednesdays, during the Winter season, for the reading of papers. The Museum, which is in College Square North, was erected in 1830. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Marquis of Donegall. It is the first Museum ever erected in Ireland by voluntary subscription. The front of the building is in distinct styles of Grecian architecture. The first storey is in imitation of the Choragic monument of Thrasyllus, with a portico which is an exact copy of that of the octagon tower of Andronæus, at Athens; and the upper portions are designed after the model of the Temple of Minerva. The rooms are spacious, lofty, and elegant. The collection of antiquities, natural history, geology, &c., are large, interesting, valuable, and admirably classified and arranged. A considerable addition has, within a few years, been made to the space for the accommodation of donations. The Museum is open daily, Sundays excepted, from 12 o'clock until 4.

*The Belfast Library.*—The central portion of the White Linen Hall is appropriated to this library, which is the property of the Belfast Society for Promoting Knowledge, founded in 1788. The number of works in the catalogue exceeds 14,000 volumes, and there is a collection of mineral and philosophical instruments. A meteorological register is kept by the librarian.

*The People's Reading and News Room.*—This institution is in Donegall Street, near the Brown Linen Hall. It was established under the auspices of the late Dr. A. G. Malcolm and a few other philanthropic gentlemen, for the purpose of encouraging a taste for reading and intellectual cultivation among the working classes of Belfast. The library contains about 2,000 volumes, and the room is regularly supplied with the leading English, Irish, and Scotch newspapers, the magazines and other periodicals. The terms of subscription are very moderate.

Among the other literary and scientific associations of Belfast are :—The Young Men's Intellectual Improvement Association, the Queen's College Literary and Scientific Society, Church of England Young Men's Association, the Young Men's Christian Association, Presbyterian Young Men's Association, Medical Society (established 1822; members meet monthly, at the General Hospital, for the discussion of medical subjects; has a periodical library of above 2,000 volumes, and a valuable pathological museum); Clinical and Pathological Society (founded 1853), Unitarian Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge, Chemico-Agricultural Society of Ulster, &c.

There are also several Musical Associations, including the Anacreontic Society (instituted 1814), the Philharmonic Society, the Classical Harmonist Society, and Queen's College Choral Society. Belonging to the first-named is

*The Music Hall.*—This is a commodious and tasteful building, in May Street, in the Doric style of Architecture. The portico consists of two handsome columns, supporting an entablature. The entrance is approached by a flight of steps. The hall, which affords accomodation for about 800 persons, was opened in 1839, by a grand concert, at which the since celebrated Catherine Hayes made one of her earliest appearances as a public singer.

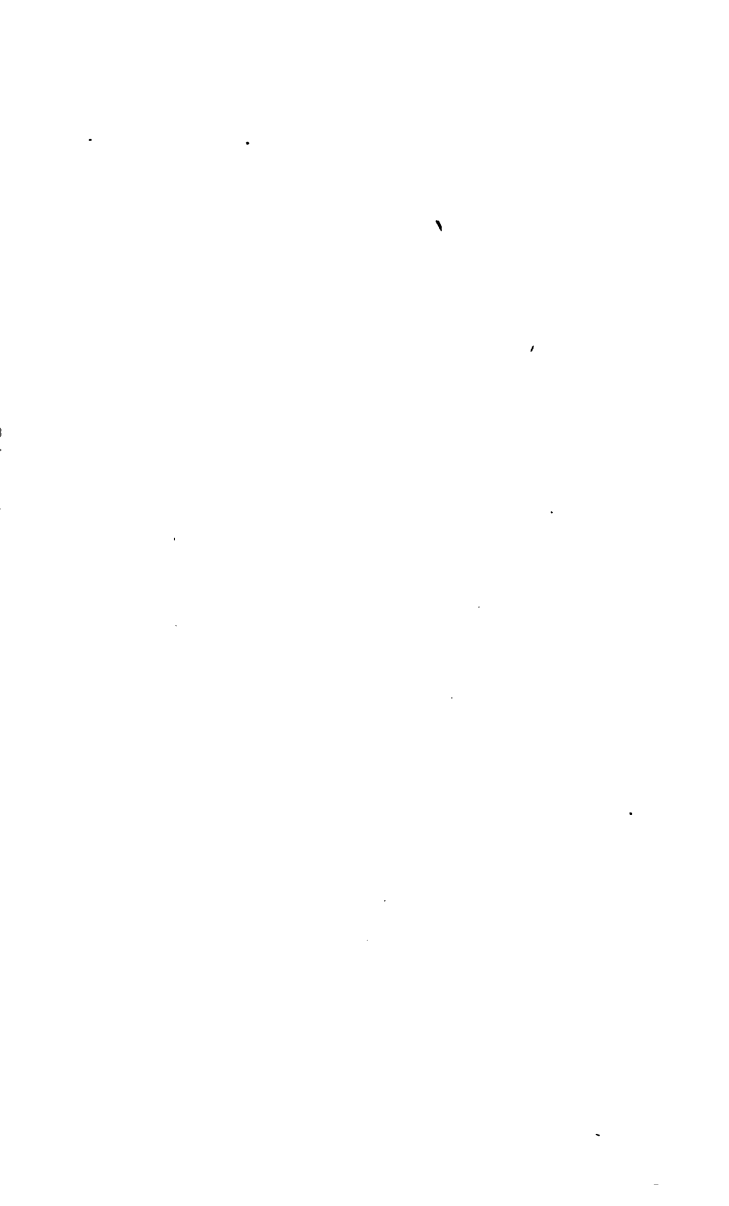
*The Ulster Hall.*—This building, which is intended for concerts and other purposes, will be one of the largest and most splendid public edifices in Belfast. It is at present in course of erection in Bedford Street. The projectors are a joint-stock company.

*The Victoria Hall.*—This is a capacious and handsome structure, in Victoria Street and Queen's Square, in which concerts, public meetings and exhibitions are held.

*The Royal Botanic Gardens.*—These are the only public pleasure-grounds in the vicinity of Belfast, with the exception of those on the Queen's Island. They are as picturesque as they are advantageously situated. They occupy an area of 17 acres, extending from the Botanic Road to the Western bank of the Lagan, and adjoin those of the Queen's College. The surface is gently undulating, and is most agreeably diversified with wood and water, shady vistas, floral parterres, and tracts of smooth-shaven greensward. The conservatories are magnificent, extensive, and richly-stocked; and in them are many of the rarest specimens to be found in any similar collection in the United Kingdom. Among these are plants of the great South American Water-lily, the "*Victoria regia*." The Royal Botanic Gardens were formed in 1827, with a view to promote the knowledge of botany and horticulture, and are the property of the Royal Belfast Botanic and Horticultural Company (Limited). The laying out and keeping of the grounds, and the arrangement of the green-houses, &c., reflect the highest credit upon the taste and judgment of the Curator, Mr. D. Ferguson, who has a handsome residence in the gardens.

#### CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

*Belfast Charitable Society.*—This venerable association was incorporated in 1771. The Poor-house, in North Queen Street, founded by it, was opened in 1744, for the support of aged and infirm poor, and the maintenance and education of poor children. It was erected by subscription and a lottery, at a cost of £7,000. It is a plain but handsome brick building, with a lofty spire of out stone, and consists of an extensive front range and two wings, the former three stories (including basement) and the latter two stories in height. The situation is elevated, airy, and salubrious; and the edifice, in front of which is a spacious lawn, is seen to much advantage from several points—particularly from those leading thoroughfares, Donegall Street and Frederick Street, of which it seems to form the termination. Its affairs are managed by a committee, and it is superintended by a





ULSTER INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF & DUMB, AND THE BLIND, BELFAST.

master and matron. The annual expenditure is about £2,000, which is defrayed as described in a preceding page. The number of inmates is between 150 and 200.

*The Ulster Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, and the Blind.*—This excellent public charity was opened in 1845. Its object is, to afford to deaf and dumb and to blind children, whose parents reside in the Province of Ulster, a religious and literary education, and likewise to teach them useful trades, by which they may be enabled to earn their own livelihood. The situation of the building, which is a gentle elevation on the Western side of the New Lisburn Road, was well chosen. The edifice, which is of considerable dimensions, is greatly and justly admired. The architecture is in the Tudor style, and the building is surmounted by a very graceful cupola. It cost £11,000, and affords accommodation for about 100 pupils, who are boarded and lodged in the institution. The grounds are tastefully laid out, and kept in beautiful order. The first institution in Belfast for the education of deaf-mutes and blind was opened in College Street in 1836. The present charity is principally supported by subscriptions, donations, and bequests.

*General Hospital.*—This institution is situate in Frederick Street, and is one of the most useful public charities in Belfast. It was opened in 1817, and was enlarged at a later period. Until the establishment of the fever hospital in connexion with the Union Workhouse, a large portion of it was appropriated to fever patients. At present only patients suffering from chronic diseases, ulcers, &c, and persons who have met with accidents, which are necessarily very numerous in Belfast, are admitted. Extern patients are also attended to, and a free dispensary is attached. The affairs of the institution are managed by a committee; it is supported by subscription. The main building is a plain but handsome pile, four stories in height.

*District Hospital for the Insane Poor.*—This extensive building is situate on the Falls Road; but its front is turned towards the South-east. It was opened in 1829, for the reception of insane poor of the counties of Antrim and Down, and the county of the town of Carrickfergus. Several additions have since been made to it; but it is still inadequate to the demands made upon it, although it accommodates about 400 patients. A portion of the grounds, which are upwards of 20 acres in extent, are profitably cultivated by a number of the inmates, under the care of wardens. The edifice forms a prominent feature in the Western suburbs of the town.

Among the other benevolent institutions and societies of Belfast may be mentioned the following:—

The Lying-in Hospital, Antrim Road.—Managed by a Committee of Ladies.

The Sailors' Home, Corporation Street.—A commodious building, lately erected, for the comfortable and economical accommodation of seamen during their residence on shore. It has already been extensively useful in preserving sailors from the perils and temptations of a seaport town, improving the tone of morality among them, and providing employment for many.

Ulster Female Penitentiary, Brunswick Street, and Magdalene Asylum, Donegall Pass.—For the reception of erring and repentant Females.

Society for the Relief of the Destitute Sick, Ladies' Society for Clothing the Poor, Society for the prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Ulster Temperance Society, Total Abstinence Association, Temperance League, Rechabite Society, the Band of Hope, several societies of Oddfellows, Ophthalmic Institution (Howard Street), Medical Benevolent Fund for Ireland, &c., &c.

#### COMMERCIAL.

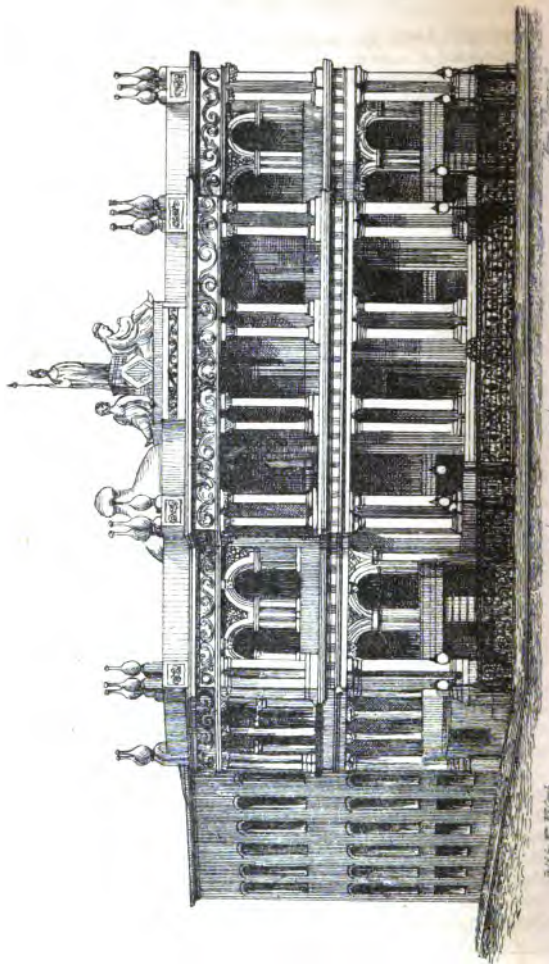
*The Commercial Buildings.*—This structure, from the central position which it commands, is among the most attractive public edifices in Belfast. It is situated at a point whence five thoroughfares diverge—viz., Donegall Street, Waring Street, Bridge Street, North Street, and Rosemary Street. It was erected in 1820, by an incorporated company, and cost £20,000. It exhibits, in the front façade, more than one style of architecture—principally, however, the Ionic, five pillars of that order, with sculptured pannels between, rising from a rusticated basement, and supporting a massive entablature, cornice, and parapet. The material of which the front is built is granite. The buildings comprise the leading news-room in the town—a commodious and beautiful hall, splendidly illuminated at night with gas, on the "solar light" principle; a first-class hotel, numerous mercantile offices, an interior piazza, where change is held, and a range of magnificent shops.

*The Custom-house.*—This pile of buildings, which is of recent erection, has superseded several Government offices, scattered in various parts of the town,—all of which were inadequate to their purposes. The former custom-house was a disgrace to so

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Mr. B. J. B. 1840

J. H. P. 1840

important a seaport as Belfast. The present occupies the site of portions of two docks, the old Harbour Office, and a block of private buildings between Queen's Square and Albert Square. It stands upon an elevated terrace, and has four fronts, the principal one of which faces the river. The entire basement is rusticated, and the second story is of the Corinthian order. The Keystones in the moulded architraves of the chief windows represent classic heads, exquisitely sculptured; and the pediment, the tympanum of which is charged with emblematic devices in bold relief, is noble in design and execution. The material mostly used in the construction of the building is a superior description of Scotch freestone. The cost exceeded £30,000. Not only the Customs' business of the port, but also that of the Post-office, Income Tax and Stamp offices, Inland Revenue and Government Emigration departments, &c., is transacted here.

*The Corn Exchange.*—This pretty building is situate at the northern extremity of Victoria Street, and was erected in 1851, by a company of the grain merchants of Belfast. It consists of two lofty stories, and is constructed of white freestone. The principal apartment is a commodious hall, in which public meetings, &c., are occasionally held, when it is not required for the purposes of trade.

*The Belfast Bank.*—Opposite the Commercial Buildings, and forming a terminus of one side of Donegall Street, is the Belfast Bank, an elegant structure, in the Italian style, occupying the site of the old Exchange. The cash office, which is sixty feet in length, thirty feet in width, and thirty-eight feet in height, is not inferior to that of the Bank of Ireland, in Dublin.

*The Northern Bank.*—This edifice, which occupies an angle at the intersection of Victoria Street and Queen's Square, is elaborate in its architectural details; but want of elevation in keeping with its position detracts greatly from the imposing effect which a more lofty building, on a similar plan, would have presented.

*The Ulster Bank.*—This is, beyond question, the most splendid of all the commercial buildings in Belfast; and, indeed, in architectural beauty, is second to no edifice of the kind in the country. The façade elicits the unqualified admiration of all who inspect it. It is principally distinguished by two series of graceful columns, in pairs, both supporting entablatures and cornices, and the upper, in addition, a highly ornamental frieze. The centre of the parapet is formed by a group of colossal em-

blematic figures, appropriate to the purposes of the building, and executed with consummate skill by a native sculptor, Mr. T. Fitzpatrick—to whom was also entrusted the generally-admired stone carving of the New Custom-house.

*Branch Office of the Bank of Ireland.*—This is a handsome, though not ornate, building, with a granite front, in Donegall Place, adjoining the Ulster Arcade—the most tasteful and boldly designed retail emporium in Belfast, and by many considered not inferior to any building of a corresponding character in Ireland.

The termini of the several lines of railway—very different in their styles of architecture, but all very ornamental, and, with the station-houses, of great extent—are attractive features in their various localities, but do not require particular description, especially to the tourist or traveller.

#### PRISONS AND LAW-COURTS.

*The New County Prison.*—The removal of the assize business from Carrickfergus to Belfast, when the latter was constituted the “County Town” for Antrim, rendered it necessary to erect a new prison here, which was accordingly done in 1848-9, upon a scale of unusual magnitude—much greater, indeed, than, it is to be hoped, the state of crime in the county will ever demand. The jail is capable of accommodating upwards of 350 prisoners. The building is on the North side of the Crumlin Road, and the area comprised within its lofty and gloomy walls and the enclosed precincts is about ten acres. The plan is nearly that of the Model Prison, at Pentonville, near London. From a great central hall diverge four wings, three stories in height—two for male and two for female prisoners and debtors. The food of the prisoners, when prepared, is elevated to the various corridors or galleries by ingenious machinery, and conveyed from cell to cell along a species of railway. The “separate system” of confinement is strictly carried out, even in the chapel, and the arrangements are so perfect that the classification of the prisoners is easily and effectively maintained. There are detached buildings, which include the residence of the governor and matron, apartments for the warders, offices, &c.; and at the front entrance there is a lodge with several apartments. A high and somewhat ornamental ventilating shaft forms a conspicuous object at

a distance. The jail is, for the most part, built of dressed trap rock, or whinstone, from quarries in the adjacent hills, and of Scotch freestone. The various departments of the buildings are lighted with gas, for supplying which works have been erected outside the walls. The cost of the prison exceeded £41,000. The situation is high, well-drained, and healthy.

*The County Court-House.*—Immediately opposite to the Jail is the Court-House—a really magnificent building: one of the finest edifices of the kind in Ireland. The front is very grand and imposing; the style Roman-Corinthian. The portico is a noble hexa-style, in two intercolumniations, with pilasters. The columns, which spring from a broad basement approached by a flight of steps, are thirty feet high, with beautifully-carved Corinthian capitals, supporting an entablature and pediment. In the tympanum of the latter are the royal arms, in *alto-relievo*, and on the apex is a commanding figure of Justice, executed by Mr. Kirk, of Dublin. In the rear of the portico is a porch, from which there are three doors leading into the grand hall, which is nearly fifty feet square, and thirty-five in height. The lower part is Doric, the upper Corinthian. A gallery over the main entrance forms the hustings at the elections of Members of Parliament for the county. To the right and left of the hall are the entrances to the Crown and Record Courts. Each of these is fifty-five feet in length by forty-one in width, and about thirty in height. The galleries for the public have separate entrances from the outside. The courts are excellently lighted and ventilated, but are decidedly defective in acoustic properties. The Grand Jury apartments, the Bar-room, County Offices, &c., are in the rear of the main building. All are spacious, appropriately fitted up, and well adapted to their several purposes. The prisoners for trial are conveyed from the jail to the Crown Court by a tunnel opening into the dock. The Court-house was opened for public business at the Summer Assizes, 1850. The quarter sessions for Belfast, presentment sessions, and other sittings in connexion with County affairs, are held here. The cost of the building was upwards of £17,000.

The only other court of justice in Belfast is what is termed the "Old Court-House," in Howard Street, used for police and petty session purposes.

#### PUBLIC BATHS.

With regard to sanitary auxiliaries of this description, so

necessary—it might be said, indispensable—in a great and populous manufacturing and maritime city. Belfast by no means occupies so creditable a position as that which could be desired. With the exception of the new Turkish Baths, in Donegall Street, recently established by a company, and which are extensive, and suited to the various classes of the community, and some of the ordinary kinds, in Chichester Street, the property of a private individual, it can hardly be said to possess any conveniences of this character.

#### DISTINGUISHED NATIVES AND RESIDENTS.

Among the eminent natives of Belfast may be enumerated the following :—Dr. Black, the celebrated chemist ; Dr. Romney Robinson, principal astronomer in the observatory of Armagh ; John Templeton, Esq., distinguished naturalist, author of “*The Botany and Natural History of Ireland* ;” Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, author of “*The Cottagers of Glenburnie*,” “*Letters of a Hindoo Rajah*,” &c. ; Sir Henry Pottinger, celebrated for his political and diplomatic services in India and China ; Sir James Emerson Tennent, LL.D., joint-Secretary of the Board of Trade, author of a “*History of Modern Greece*,” “*Letters from the Ægean*,” “*Ceylon*,” &c. ; Joseph Napier, Esq., M.P. for the University of Dublin, ex-Lord Chancellor of Ireland ; Thomas O’Hagan, Esq., Attorney-General for Ireland ; William Thompson, Esq., author of “*The Fauna of Ireland* ;” Robert Patterson, Esq., author of “*Zoology for Schools*,” &c., &c.

The following distinguished persons have resided in Belfast :—Dr. Tennent, philanthropist ; Dr. Abernethy, author of “*The Attributes* ;” Edward Bunting, Esq., the celebrated collector of ancient melodies of Ireland ; Dr. J. L. Drummond, author of various scientific treatises and botanical works ; Dr. Bruce, author of a “*Life of Homer* ;” Dr. Drennan, author of various poetical works ; Dr. W. H. Drummond, author of “*The Giant’s Causeway*,” and other poetical, religious, and political works ; Dr. T. D. Hincks, compiler of a Greek lexicon ; Dr. W. Neilson, author of a Hebrew and a Greek grammar ; Dr. E. Hincks, the eminent oriental and archæological scholar ; Dr. James M’Donnell, the talented physician ; Dr. James Thomson, Professor of Mathematics in the University of Glasgow ; James Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist ; Dr. Crombie, first principal of the Bel-

fast Academy ; Mr. David Manson, compiler of several popular works for elementary education ; &c., &c.

Having now given an extended outline of the history of Belfast, social, political, and commercial, and notices of its principal public buildings and institutions, some account of places and objects of interest in its neighbourhood may usefully occupy a brief space. We may premise that about three miles from Belfast, near the Falls Road, was the ancient chapel of Kilivee, of which few traces are now visible ; but several beautifully-carved crosses have been found at the site of the ruined edifices. Adjacent to Callender's Fort, on the same road, are pointed out some vestiges of another religious building, the chapel of Cranock. Capella de Kilpatrick was near Strandmills ; Capella de Crookmuck in Upper Malone. Malone House, on the road to Lisburn, is built on the site of an edifice of forgotten times, named Cam Castle ; and near Lismoyne, in the same direction, was a fortress, the name of which has passed away, though its position is still indicated. A fortress, or fort, is stated to have existed near the Royal Botanic Garden, and close to Friar's Bush Cemetery, Belfast.

In closing our description of Belfast, we have to record a memorable event in connexion therewith. On the 11th August, 1849, her most gracious Majesty the Queen honoured the town with a visit. On this occasion she was received with the greatest demonstrations of loyalty and respect, such only as Irish hearts can feel and express. The following lines, written for the occasion, record the event :—



## TO THE QUEEN,

On the Occasion of Her Majesty's First Visit to Ireland.

### I.

O COME, LADY QUEEN, to our Isle of the Ocean—  
 The greenest, the fairest, the gayest on earth ;  
 We welcome thy coming with heartfelt emotion ;  
 Thy presence will gladden our home and our hearth :

## THE QUEEN'S VISIT.

We love, we revere thee,  
 In homage draw near thee,  
 With a *cead mille fáilte* we give thee good cheer;  
 VICTORIA, we hail thee!  
 Our harps shall regale thee—  
 The harp is the music for Royalty's ear.

## II.

We sighed for thee oft when the big clouds were looming—  
 When the famine was heavy and sore in the land;  
 We shared of thy bounty and longed for thy coming,  
 Where the Irishman's heart gives the press to his hand;  
 Though many belie him,  
 He's true when you try him,  
 His love, like his mountains, is lasting for aye—  
 More prone to believe thee  
 Than e'er to deceive thee,  
 He oft may be doubted, but ne'er can betray.

## III.

We hail thee amongst us, fair QUEEN of the Islands!  
 Bright Gem of the Ocean, VICTORIA *agragh*!  
 Our sons will go with thee o'er valleys and highlands,  
 Our daughters enchant thee with "*Erin go bragh*!"  
 Then come, see our fair ones,  
 For they are the rare ones—  
 Our mothers, and sisters, and wives, by our side,  
 Will go forth to meet thee,  
 With blessings will greet thee,  
 And boast of VICTORIA with womanly pride.

## IV.

Then, hurrah for the QUEEN! and for ALBERT the Royal!  
 For all in their train of whatever degree!  
 Our hands they are strong and our hearts they are loyal,  
 And warm is our welcome, dear *cushla machree*!  
 VICTORIA! come near us;  
 Thy presence will cheer us.  
 Though Albion be wealthy and Scotia be wise,  
 Our hearts you will find them  
 In warmth not behind them,  
 And sooner made glad by the light of thine eyes.

## V.

Our Shamrock is softer by far than the heather,  
 When sparkles the dew on its emerald breast,  
 It will yield to thy tread like the down of the feather—  
 No QUEEN of the Isles has its triple leaf prest.

O come and entwine it;  
 With the Thistle combine it,  
 And mingle its green with the blush of the Rose:  
 From thy bosom for ever  
 No rude hand shall sever  
 This bright pledge of UNION and EARN'S repose!

## THE CAVE HILL.

About three miles due North from Belfast rises the Cave Hill, the bold and rugged outlines of whose lofty and precipitous cliffs form the most attractive feature of the mountain range which, like a Titanian bulwark, skirts the lower portion of the valley of the Lagan, and its basin, from White Mountain and Collin on the West to the point under notice to the Eastward. It is the principal Eastern escarpment of that interesting geological phenomenon, the great basaltic formation of the North of Ireland, the most remarkable portion of which is termed the trap or whin dyke of Antrim. The formation alluded to is probably the most extensive of the kind yet discovered in any portion of the world. From the Cave Hill it can be traced to the Giant's Causeway, following the coast line; thence along the Eastern shore of Lough Foyle; Westward it extends to Slieve Gullion; and then makes a bold sweep to the Eastward, towards the valley of the Lagan, "cropping out" at Moira, Magheralin, &c., whence it is continuous back to the Belfast Mountains. "Thus," observes Mr. Doyle, in his agreeable book, "Tours in Ulster," "it would appear that the lava had been poured into and filled a great calcareous basin of more than 120 miles in circumference, and about 160 square miles." In many places, as in the Cave Hill, the tabular trap, in a series of strata, overlies, to a depth of between 800 and 900 feet, a vast stratum of white limestone, of an average thickness of 90 feet, abounding in nodules and laminæ of flint.

In clear weather, when the summit of the hill doffs its frequent covering of mist, the outline, viewed from Belfast, presents an aspect at once grand and fantastic. In strong relief against the Northern sky, the slopes and indentations of the beetling crags convey a vivid idea of the profile of a huge human head, or, rather of the upturned face:

Grey relic of a world ere man was known—  
 A supernatural being turned to stone.



Many have fancied, and not without optical reason, that the profile bears a striking resemblance to that of the Great Napoleon.

The Cave Hill, which attains an altitude of 1,142 feet above sea level, had a name more ancient than its present—namely, Ben Madigan, which by some is supposed to signify “The Dogs’ Mountain,” or “The Mountain of Foxes.” Its modern appellation is derived from three caves which penetrate its highest precipice. The lowest, which was probably excavated by the hand of man, is 20 feet long, 17 wide, and from 6 to 11 in height. The second is only 9 feet long, narrow, and 7 feet high. The third, which is very difficult of access, is the largest. The two latter are generally considered to be natural. The opposite cliff is crowned by an extensive ancient fortification of earth-work, called MacArt’s Fort, from its having been one of the last strongholds of Brian MacArt (O’Neil), who, with his sept, was exterminated by Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in the reign of Elizabeth. The fort is protected on one side by the precipice, on the verge of which is an indentation called the “Giant’s Chair,” and on the other sides by a ditch of considerable depth, and an extensive vallum. The interior area is almost level. The name of the unfortunate Brian is also preserved in that of the great eastern suburb of Belfast, Ballymacarrett, which should be written “Bally MacArt”—or, *Anglicè*, “Town of the Son of Arthur.” From the summit of the Cave Hill, in favourable states of the atmosphere, views of great extent, beauty, and variety, including the Ards, Lough Cuan (Strangford Lough), and other portions of Downshire, to the South-East; a large part of County Antrim to the North; Lough Neagh, and the blue and distant mountains of Derry to the West. To seaward the outlines of the Ayrshire and Galloway coast, and even those of the Isle of Man, are dimly discernible. Below the hill, and far along the Antrim shore of Belfast Lough—a broad and silvery expanse of water when seen by an artistic eye in the Summer sunlight—stretch most fertile slopes and flats, cultivated to perfection, and dotted over with the mansions of the wealthy, the comfortable and conspicuously white dwellings of thriving farmers, and the gigantic manufactories which evince the enterprise and industry of an energetic and intelligent community. Belfast is only sometimes seen to advantage from the Cave Hill, owing to the intervention of the smoke and haze which so often overhang it. A number of rare wild plants are found on the hill and in its neighbourhood. A large portion of the top, where the table-land slopes to the Northward, is in Summer

covered with thyme, and the air is musical with the hum of bees. Formerly the hill was a favourite holiday resort of young people from Belfast and the surrounding country on Easter Monday, and the scene of much festivity and hilarious revel. For such purposes, however, it is now deserted on the return of the joyous season.

Near the base of the Squire's Hill, between the Cave Hill and Devis, are several ancient raths, in the vicinity of which stone and flint hatchets, flint arrow-heads, brazen celts, and querns or hand-millstones for grinding corn, have been discovered. There is, also, a burial-mound of the same description on the Cave Hill; and on the Black Mountain, near the summit, are two cairns of large size, in one of which, in 1829, a large urn was found, containing calcined human bones, a spear-head, and two brazen ornaments. Near the shore of Belfast Lough, about a mile and a-half from the town, in the grounds of Fort-William, are the remains of an encampment, 70 feet square, surrounded by a deep fosse, and defended by an earthen bastion at each angle. The intrenchment is said to have been thrown up by the forces of William III., in 1690.

The "Hill of Caves" is the subject of a beautifully graphic poem by Dr. W. H. Drummond, a native of Belfast, and the "wild flowers of the Cave Hill" have been poetically described by the author of "The Voice of a Year."

#### GREENCASTLE—WHITEHOUSE—WHITEABBEY.

Fair spreads the vale below : I see the stream  
Stream radiant on beneath the noontide sky.  
A passing cloud darkens the bordering steep,  
Where the town-spires behind the castle towers  
Rise graceful : brown the mountain in its shade.—SOUTHEY.

Immediately below the Cave Hill, and stretching down to the Lough, lies the townland of Greencastle, which has its name from the ruins of a fortress of unknown date, only a fragment of the ruins of which, mantled with ivy, now remains. The neighbourhood abounds in villas—two of them nestling in the bosom of the mountain. At a short distance is a station of the Northern Counties Railway.

Graymount bleach-works, the most extensive and picturesque

in the vicinity of Belfast, are an attractive object, on the slope of the hill.

Two miles and a-half from Belfast, on the road to Carrickfergus, is the pretty and populous manufacturing village of Whitehouse, celebrated as the locality where the first cotton-spinning mill in Ireland was established by Mr. Nicholas Grimshaw, in 1784. That manufacture has now given place here to the spinning of flax, which is carried on in several large mills, owned by the descendants of Mr. Grimshaw, by Messrs. Bell, and others.

A mile farther to the northward is the more ancient and equally prosperous village of Whiteabbey—properly and originally, Whitehouse Abbey. It takes its name from an old monastic establishment, stated to have been built so early as 1242; but there is no certainty either as to its origin or its founders. Dubourdien's "Survey of County of Antrim," says—"Of Whiteabbey there are considerable remains, but no records. In Lord Macartney's papers it is said to have been the daughter of some other religious house, not in that part of the country." The picturesque ruins consist of those of a chapel, the remains of which denote the early English style of architecture. There are many beautiful villas in the vicinity. Indeed, almost the whole intermediate space between this and Belfast is occupied by a succession of such mansions, with their plantations, lawns, and gardens. The inhabitants of Whiteabbey are generally employed in the manufactures of the neighbourhood, where there are flax-spinning mills and other industrial establishments. There is here a station of the Northern Counties Railway, which passes under the turnpike road by a short tunnel; and at a distance of 2½ miles, is the junction with the Carrickfergus branch.

#### WOODBURN—DUNCRAE—THE SALT MINES.

Between Whiteabbey and Carrickfergus, on a limpid brook, the silver stream, which flows from the adjacent hills, is the hamlet of Woodburn, the name of which is very ancient, though the hamlet itself is modern. In the thirteenth century a priory for Premonstre or white canons was founded near this place—probably at Duncrae (Druin or Dunla Croix—"Place of the Cross." It is supposed to have been built by some member of a powerful Scotch family named Bisset, who fled from their own country in 1242, having been concerned in the murder of Patrick, Earl of Athol. The old name of Woodburn was Goodborn,

Woddeborne, or Woodborn. Of the priory, which was a daughter of the celebrated abbey of Dryburgh, where repose the honoured ashes of Sir Walter Scott, no traces remain. The scenery in the vicinity of Woodburn is very pleasing, and on the rivulet which waters it are bleachworks and spinning mills.

At Duncrue (two miles from Carrickfergus), which is on an estate of the Marquis of Downshire, are valuable salt mines, the rich strata of which, upwards of 200 feet in thickness, were unexpectedly discovered, a few years since, while search was being made for coal. The saliferous deposit is in the new red sandstone formation, at a depth of more than 500 feet from the surface, which is some 300 feet above the sea level. The salt beds have been ascertained to be very extensive, having been traced, in a northerly direction, to near Red Hall, on the estate of David Ker, Esq. The rock salt is considerably richer in muriate of soda than that of the well-known mines of Northwich, in Cheshire. The Duncrue mines are actively and profitably worked by a company. The produce is conveyed to Belfast by railway. A short branch railroad has been constructed from the company's depôt, near the main line, to Albert Quay, where the greatest portion of the ore raised is shipped for England, Scotland, and foreign ports. The company have extensive works at Belfast for the manufacture of salt for provision-curing and domestic purposes.

The valley of the Woodburn stream is one of interest for the naturalist. In its vegetable deposits the remains of trees and shrubs which afforded shade, shelter, and sustenance to living creatures in forgotten ages have frequently been discovered—those of the humble hazel, as is generally the case in the bogs of Ireland, being in the best state of preservation. Hazel nuts have been found, the kernels of which were fossilized, while the shells retained their original woody texture. Specimens of these may be seen in the museum of the Geological Society of Dublin.

#### CARRICKFERGUS.

Eight miles (Irish) from Belfast stands the ancient town of Carrickfergus, which, from its historical associations and antiquities, possesses much interest for the tourist: in other respects the place presents little of importance. It was, until a few years ago, the county town of Antrim, and is still a separate jurisdiction, called "the County of the Town of Carrickfergus."

It seems to have been a corporation by prescription, its corporate character being acknowledged in the records of a commission so early as 1274. The date of the foundation of the town is altogether uncertain, and that of the building of the castle is also involved in obscurity. The fortress, however, from its style of architecture, was evidently erected by the English, soon after their conquest of Ireland. The year 1178 has been named as that in which it was built, and De Courcy, with much probability, is stated to have been its projector. Of all the castles built by him, it is in the most perfect state of preservation. Among the MSS. in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, is a communication, in Latin, from the Earl of Morton, Lord of Ireland, to his father, Henry II., dated Carrickfergus, stating that he had taken the castle—of course, from the Irish, who seem to have possessed themselves of it soon it after was built. The hoary fortalice stands upon a peninsular rock, 30 feet high at its seaward extremity. M'Skimin, a very accurate and painstaking local annalist, in his "History of the Town of Carrickfergus," thus describes the castle:—"Towards the town are two towers, called half-moons, and between them is the only entrance, defended by a strait passage, with loop-holes for firearms. A dam, West of the castle, is believed to have been made for supplying water to the fosse. Between the half-moons is a machicolation, for letting fall stones, melted lead, &c., upon the assailants. Inside of the gate there is a portcullis, with a like aperture for the same purpose. In the gun-rooms there are a few pieces of light ordnance. Within the gates is the lower yard, or ballium; on the left are the vaults, which are said to be bomb-proof, above which are the officers' quarters; South of these are the armourer's forge and a furnace for heating shot, near to which is the Lion's Den, a small projecting tower on the outer wall. Southwards and to the right is the entrance into the upper ballium or inner yard, by a gateway or semicircular arch, above which is a large aperture, circular at top inside: this aperture opens considerably, and on each side are notches [niches] to protect those who defended the gate. The openings above this gate appear to have been originally intended for shooting arrows; and the top of the wall above seems to have been garretted [crenelated] for the same purpose. The square tower [90 feet in height] is divided into five stories. The largest room [termed "Feargus's" dining-room] was in the third story, with some circular windows: it was 25 feet high, 38 feet broad, and 40 feet long. The ground story.

was bomb-proof, and within the keep there was a draw-well, 37 feet deep, but now nearly choked up with rubbish. Its water was said to have been possessed of medicinal virtues." Some alterations have been made in the interior of the castle since the foregoing was written; but in the main the description holds good to the present day. The alleged medicinal properties of the well may have been owing to a quantity of old iron which was taken out of it many years since. An ancient triad records that St. Patrick blessed a tower or stronghold of the Dalriadans, in which was a well of miraculous efficacy, called Tubber na Phadruc, "Patrick's Well." While some have supposed this to refer to the well in Carrickfergus castle, it is more probable that the tower alluded to was the more ancient stronghold of Dun Sobhairce, or Dunseverick, near the Giant's Causeway. It may be remarked that the territory of Dalriada comprehended the South and South-East parts of County Antrim, and all the County of Down, extending from Newry to the mountain of Slemish, in the former. Besides the well named, four other mineral springs in the neighbourhood of Carrickfergus are mentioned by Dr. Rutton ("Essay on the Mineral Waters of Ireland," Dublin, 1757)—namely, Miss Spaight's Well, the Saline Spring, Graham's Well, and Kilroot Well. None of them, however, are now of any repute. The first is described in the *Belfast News-Letter* of the day as "a useful, mild, aperient water, when taken to the amount of five or six pints!"—rather a large dose for an ordinary stomach. It acquired considerable celebrity for the cure of dysentery, particularly during the epidemics of 1741 and 1786. It was used with a posset of milk. The well received its name from having been enclosed by a charitable lady, who proved the qualities of the water before using it by cooling a red-hot iron in it!—a rude chemical test, but not without some common sense. The well was situate in the bed of a small river, adjoining the Eastern part of the town; but it is now filled up and neglected.

Carrickfergus was formerly defended on the land side by a wall, portions of which are still traceable on the Western and Northern boundaries. There were four gates, of which one—the North or Spital Gate, having a bold Roman arch, is still in tolerable preservation. The ancient name of the town was Cnoc or Knock Feargus—"The Rock of Feargus"—said to have been derived from Feargus MacErch, a chieftain of Dalriada, who, early in the fourth century, established an Irish colony on the opposite coast of Scotland. Some authorities go so far as to

conjecture that the origin of the name can be traced to another Feergus, who was the first Irish king of the Scots, and whom misty traditions represented as having been drowned off this coast prior to the Christian era. Probability suggests an identity between the two historic notabilities.

The Parish Church (St. Nicholas) is in part a very ancient edifice. The date of its erection is unknown, but is thought to have been the twelfth century; and it was probably attached to an abbey of Franciscan friars built near it in 1232, either by Hugh De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, or one of the O'Neill's, which afterwards attained much importance. Between the two was a subterranean passage, still partially visible. The church is of cruciform shape, 132 feet in length, but of unequal breadth. It is surmounted by a tower and lofty octagonal spire, erected in 1778. The chancel window, of stained glass, represents the baptism of Christ in Jordan. A vault beneath the North aisle is the burial place of the family of Chichester (Donegall), and monuments to the memory of several of its members are here erected—particularly Arthur, third Earl of Donegall, killed during the war in Spain in 1706; Sir Arthur Chichester, first Lord Chichester of Belfast, his lady, and their infant son; and Sir John Chichester, treacherously slain in the reign of James I., by James MacSorley Buidhe M'Donnell, Earl of Antrim, who beheaded him upon a stone at Glynn, near Larne. It is related of M'Donnell, that, having afterwards gained admission to St. Nicholas's Church by stealth and in disguise, and seen Chichester's effigy, he *naïvely* observed, "I wonder how the de'il he cam' to get his head; for sure am I that I took it frae him ance." At one period the chancel was hung with the armorial bearings of the houses of O'Neill and M'Donnell; but these were buried beneath the ruins of the roof, which fell down in 1754.

In 1243, De Lacy, Earl of Ulster, Gerald Fitzmaurice, and Richard de Burgh were interred in the Franciscan monastery already noticed. In 1408, Hugh MacAdam MacGilmore, who had destroyed forty sacred edifices, fled for refuge to the oratory of Carrickfergus Church, and was there discovered and assassinated by some of the English colony of Savage. He had previously removed the iron bars of the oratory with his own hands. After the suppression of religious houses, the priory and its possessions were granted to Sir Edmund Fitzgerald, who assigned them to Sir Arthur Chichester. The latter built a stately castle, about 1610, on the site of the monastery.

The history of Carrickfergus is very chequered; but we have

space for only a brief outline. In 1315, Edward Bruce, brother of the hero of Bannockburn, having landed, with 6,000 Scots, from Ayrshire, at Wolderfrith (Olderfleet) Castle, in Larne Lough, took it, and marched towards Carrickfergus. On his way he encountered and defeated the Earl of Ulster. The Castle of Carrick was gallantly defended by the governor, Sir John Mandeville; but he was slain in a sortie, having been struck down by a battle-axe, and then despatched by Bruce's own hand. The garrison did not surrender until reduced by famine to such direful straits, that, according to one account, they actually devoured the bodies of 30 Scots whom they had taken prisoners. In 1333, William, Earl of Ulster, was assassinated here by his own servants, and the O'Neil's gained possession of the place. In 1386 the town was burned by the Scots, and in 1400 it was again destroyed by the Scots and Irish. From this time until 1573 it underwent many vicissitudes. In that year, when one-third of it was in ruins, it was still further devastated by fire. In this state it remained for many years. Its calamities are partly attributable to an early quarrel with Brian Balough, Chieftain of the adjoining territory of Claneboye, who laid it under "black mail," which Lord Deputy Grey abolished in 1581. On the breaking out of the civil war, in 1641, Sir Henry MacNeill was to have surprised the garrison of the castle; but his plan was defeated by the vigilance of the governor, Sir Arthur Chichester; and it then became a chief place of refuge for the Protestants of the North. In 1642 the castle was occupied by Munro for the Scottish Presbyterians. The first regularly constituted Presbytery held in Ireland having taken place at Carrickfergus, on the 10th of June, 1642. In 1646, it was again occupied by Monk, for the Parliament; in 1649, by Montgomery, Lord of the Ards, for Charles I.; in 1688, by Lord Iveagh, for James II.; but, after an obstinate defence by Cols. M'Carthy More and Cormac O'Neill, it surrendered to Schomberg, in August, 1689. In 1690, William III. landed here to take the command of his army; and a stone, called by his name, at the end of the pier, is still shown as that on which he first set his foot. In 1760, the French admiral, Thurot appeared before the place with three vessels of war; and, having landed 800 men, invested and took the castle after a valiant resistance by the small garrison, as already mentioned.

1778, the celebrated Paul Jones, then in the American service, entered the harbour, and captured the *Drake*, British



sloop-of-war. In 1797-8, the castle of Carrickfergus was made a state prison for persons apprehended on charges of high treason. The last conviction in County Antrim for witchcraft took place at Carrickfergus in 1711, when eight persons were sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment, and to stand four times in the pillory.

Strangers can easily obtain access to the castle, which has lately been placed in a better state of defence than previously; and mounted with some of Armstrong's rifled cannon. There are some flax-spinning mills in the town and vicinity; the other manufactures are not extensive. A number of the inhabitants live by fishing. The oysters are the largest found on the Eastern coast of Ireland, and surpass even those of Carlingford in flavour. A considerable amount of shipping is owned by persons resident here; but the maritime traffic has been small, ever since the purchase, by the Crown, in 1637, of the right of Carrickfergus to import goods at a lower rate of duty than other Irish ports, which gave the first great impetus to the commerce of Belfast.

A short distance East of the town is a tract still called the Spital Parks, which commemorates the hospital of St. Bridget for lepers. The Spital House stood near the Bride (St. Bridget's) Well, a little to the North. In what is called the Middle Division, on the Commons, is the Rock of the Friars, at which are some traces of small circular buildings, thought to have been cells. The ruins of two churches, known as Killyann, or St. Anne's Church, and Carnrawsey, are shown about two miles Westward of the town. There is an artificial cave near the South branch of the Woodburn stream, called Peter's Cave. On the shore of the West Division are some remains of a building called Lugg's Castle, the ancient name of which was Cloughnaharty, or Old Stone, Lough Morne, about three miles North of the town, is said to be the largest lake in Ireland at the same elevation above the sea, which is 556 feet. It is well stored with eels, pike, and some other fish. Near the centre appears to be a powerful spring; but this is probably the outlet of a stream rising in the high grounds above, a part of the course of which is subterranean. About four miles to the North-East of Carrickfergus, on the road to Larne, and close to the village of Ballycarry, is the ancient parish burying-ground of Templecorran, in which repose the remains of James Orr—a poet of no common order of talent, whose name will long live among

his countrymen in connexion with his spirited and justly-popular national song, commencing—

“The savage loves his native shore,  
Though rude the soil and chill the air;  
Well then may Erin's sons adore  
Their isle, which nature formed so fair.”

#### ANTRIM—THE CASTLE—THE CLOTWORTHY FAMILY.

The first town of note on the line of the Northern Counties Railway is Antrim, 13 miles N.-W. by W. from Belfast, which, although not remarkable in itself, has considerable attractions for the tourist in its vicinity to Lough Neagh, its castle, the extensive park of Massereene, the antiquity called “The Steeple,” one of the most perfect round towers in Ireland, and some other objects of interest. Antrim is of olden date. It is mentioned so early as 495, when Aodh (Hugh), a disciple of St. Patrick, founded a monastery here, which was destroyed by the Danes. The ancient name of the place was Entruim, Entrumnia, or Entrum Neagh, which some writers translate, “The Habitation upon the Waters.” Others suppose, with more probability, that the name of the county signifies, “The One (or Solitary) Ridge;” while a few derive it from the Latin *Antrum*, “a cave,” in allusion to the wave-worn caves so numerous along the coast. The town is situate on the Northern bank of the Six-mile Water, at its debouchure into the inlet of Lough Neagh known as Antrim Bay. The former name of the stream was the Owen-view—probably a corruption of *Amhun-buidhe*, “the Yellow River.” Here a sanguinary engagement took place between the native Irish and an inferior force of English under Sir Robert Savage, when the former were totally overthrown, with, it is said, a loss of 3,000. In 1649 the town was burnt by General Monroe; and in 1688, a party of Lord Blayney's troops, which had been separated from the main army, crossed the Bann near Toome, and were made prisoners in a skirmish near Antrim. On the 7th June, 1798, the first decisive engagement between the insurgents and the Royal forces in Ulster took place in the town; and the former, after an obstinate conflict, were defeated with great loss. Their commander, Henry Joy M'Cracken, was afterwards taken, tried by court-martial, and executed in Belfast. The Royal loss in the battle was also very considerable. Earl O'Neill was killed by a pikeman while vainly remonstrating with the rebels.

Antrim Castle, the baronial mansion of Viscount Massereene and Ferrard (of the ancient and noble house of Clotworthy-Skeffington-Foster-Skeffington) occupies an elevated position on the left bank of the river, in close proximity to the town, and commanding fine views of Lough Neagh and the surrounding country. It is of large extent, and its style of architecture is handsome, though somewhat plain, and with few indications of antiquity. The gardens and grounds which surround it are peculiarly attractive—laid out in the style of Louis Quinze: long walks through graceful avenues, terminated by fair vistas; and broad water canals and mimic lakes, environed by lofty walks of close and formally-cut lime trees. The castle was originally erected in the reign of Charles II., by Sir Hugh Clotworthy, but has been enlarged and partially rebuilt. Sir Hugh was a gentleman of Somersetshire. The family of Clotworthy, or De Clotworthy, is of Norman origin, and came to England with the Conqueror. Sir Hugh Clotworthy joined the unfortunate expedition of Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex, into Ulster, in 1573, when he endeavoured to possess himself of Clandeboy, the territory of the O'Neills. The memory of Essex is stained by an act of the blackest perfidy. Invited by Brian MacPhelim O'Neill, prince of Clandeboy, to a grand entertainment at his castle "at Belfast," which lasted for three days, the soldiers of Essex, in the midst of the festivities, burst into the banquet-hall, and murdered all who were present, with the exception of O'Neill, his wife, and his brother-in-law, who were executed after an imprisonment in Carrickfergus Castle. The end of Essex himself was sufficiently tragic. He died in Dublin in 1576, poisoned, it is more than suspected, at the instigation of Leicester, the lover of his wife, the fair but frail Lettice Knollys, whom he afterwards married. Sir Hugh Clotworthy, early in the 17th century, resided in his moated mansion at Antrim (the site of the present castle), on his estate of Massereene, granted him by James I. Thither he brought his bride, the young and lovely Marian Langford, daughter of Sir Roger Langford, of Carrickfergus—another of the stout English adventurers—and began to "plant" his estate with natives of England and Scotland. In 1613 the Castle of Antrim was finished. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* thus describes the building:—"It was quadrangular, of three stories, embellished and strengthened by four square towers, one at each angle. The windows in the rear looked into a small yard in the centre. The walls were of great strength, six feet in thickness. The front

elevation is unaltered, except that the pointed gables of the roof have disappeared, and the angles of the two front square towers are replaced by columns. Half-a-dozen granite steps led from the ground level to the grand entrance door, which opened into the hall from a small stone platform, protected by a stone trellis. The hall itself, square and spacious, had in it one of the large, old-fashioned fire-places, capable of holding an entire 'kish' of turf with its complement of bog-fir. . . .

In the wall of the butlery, at an elevation of three feet from the floor, was a small square door, through which food was handed to the poor as they entered the hall; for that was the custom in the good olden times. . . . From the elevation of mound and bastion, the adjoining country could be swept by ordnance; while the outer wall, moat, and river, afforded every protection from sudden attack. Antrim Castle, therefore, became a place of very considerable strength and importance to the English interest in that part of Ulster. Frowning there, it stood in bold defiance of the neighbouring and less massive, but more ancient, native castles of Edenduffcarriek (now Shane's Castle) and Killilagh, which had rested on either side in the woods of Clandeboy, for, at least, 400 years before."

Antrim Castle is not without its legend; and a touching one it is. The following is an outline, from a graphic sketch given by the writer just quoted:—"For more than a century, the traveller passing through the town of Antrim might have seen, on the top of a turret of the castle, the figure, large as life, in solid stone, of one of that noble, but now extinct, race of animals, the Irish wolf-dog. The natives had an undefinable dread of it, and called the castle after it in Irish, as Anglicised, the 'ugly Sas-senach dog.' There was a mystery about the animal. The legend runs thus:—The Lady Marian, the fair young wife of Sir Hugh Clotworthy, after the first few months of fondest endearment were over, missed, in that interminable and solitary wood, the gaieties of the 'Rock,' her early companions, and the old familiar scenes of Islandmagee, the Green Isle, and Lough Morne. Sir Hugh himself was frequently absent on the dangerous services which his position imposed. On these occasions, to dispel the feeling of loneliness which oftentimes came over her, she would wander forth from the bawn, by the great North gate, and direct her footsteps on the green bank of the river. One day, when standing on a sandy beach, in front of a thicket, she heard a sharp growl from behind. Startled and alarmed, she turned round, when, horror-struck, she beheld a huge wolf,

with distended jaws and eyes of fire, in the act of springing on her from the thicket. Uttering a scream of terror, she fell to the ground. Her weakness saved her life; for the wolf, missing his deadly spring, fell and rolled beyond her. Almost instantaneously another roar was heard, still louder than the first, and a second animal swept with lightning speed across her, and seized the wolf. She swooned, and on returning to consciousness she saw the wolf stretched on the bank, at some distance, mangled and dead, and lying by her side, licking her hand, and looking up wistfully into her face with his large, trustful, mild eyes, an Irish wolf-dog, panting and wounded." The legend goes on to say that the lady Marian dressed the wounds of her canine guardian with her own hands, and that he became the constant companion of her lonely rambles. After a time, however, he suddenly disappeared, and was never again seen alive. Long, subsequently, however, on a wild, tempestuous night, the castle was alarmed by the howling of a dog without, in which the Lady Marian recognised the "voice" of her beloved and lost wolf-hound. Well it was that the alarm was given; for the warders, by the aid of their bogwood beacon and torches hastily lighted, discovered a dark mass of the Irish enemy at a short distance, fully prepared to attack the castle. A round-shot from "Roaring Tatty," the long gun of the mound, and a sharp fusillade from the bastions, shortly dispersed the foe. Before they left, however, a keen cry of pain was heard, as if that of a dog, accompanied by shots; and before the morning a louder and more agonizing howl. In the grey dawn the warders found a stream of blood at the grand entrance gate, and some flattened musket balls by the wall side. But, most singular of all, on looking up towards the roof of the castle, they beheld standing upon the highest turret the wolf-dog himself, perfect in every limb, as he had left the Lady Marian, but transformed into solid stone! In after years, when alterations were made in the castle, the wolf-dog was taken down, and placed close by the grand entrance gate. There he stands at this moment. There is a prevalent tradition in the neighbourhood, that the extinction of the race of the fair Lady Marian Clotworthy, daughter of the stout old planter, Sir Roger Langford, of Muckamore, need not be apprehended so long as her faithful wolf-dog keeps watch and ward over her children there.

The second proprietor of the estate, Sir John Clotworthy, became one of the most zealous Nonconformists of his day, and encouraged the religious revivals in his neighbourhood in 1630,

in which the name and deeds of Clendinning are conspicuous. The plot of the rebellion of 1641 was discovered by Owen O'Conolly, a servant of Sir John, and by him communicated to the Lords Justices.

The "Steeple," or round tower of Antrim stands about half-a-mile North-East of the town, in the plantations of G. Jackson Clarke, Esq., J.P., who keeps it in perfect repair. It is cylindrically built of unhewn stone, and is 95 feet high, 49 feet in circumference at the base, and the cone forming the summit 12 feet in height. The door is 7 feet 9 inches from the ground. Immediately above the door-way is a Grecian cross, rudely sculptured in *alto relievo* on a block of freestone. Around the base of the tower great quantities of human bones have been found. Antrim is the birth-place of John Abernethy, Esq., the eminent surgeon.

#### SHANE'S CASTLE—THE O'NEILLS.

The tourist in this part of the North will not, of course, pass away from it without visiting the far-famed ruins and demesne of Shane's Castle—for centuries the princely residence of a chief branch of the great O'Neills, now, alas! extinct. The park is the most extensive in the County of Antrim, skirting the shore of Lough Neagh for miles, from the Eastern bank of the Maine, at Randalstown, containing some of the finest timber in Ireland, and romantically diversified with shady vistas and bosky glades. The visitor generally enters the grounds at the Randalstown gate, and proceeds along a lengthened and beautiful avenue, winding among thick plantations, towards the blackened ruins of the old castle—Edenduffcarrick ("the Face of the Black Rock"), as it was anciently called. The modern residence of the proprietor (the Rev. William Chichester O'Neill, who assumed the latter name on coming into the possession of the estate) is a building of no architectural pretensions. Of the former baronial hall and its appurtenances no perfect relic remains except a fortified esplanade commanding the lake, which is still kept in the best order, and the guns of which point frowningly through the embrasures, idle guardians of a roofless pile, whose glories, with those of the race who reared and held it, have passed away for ever. In front of the ruins is a splendid conservatory. Formerly, the little battery, which now seems so useless, was not a mere ornamented appendage to the castle, but necessary to maintain the feudal rights of the chief.

tain, as will be evident from the following fragment of local history :—In 1642 an Irish garrison held the fort of Charlemont, from which they were in the habit of sallying, and issuing from the Blackwater with a squadron of boats, plundering the country on the shores of Lough Neagh. To check their marauding incursions, Sir John Clotworthy, the Lord of Massereene, also built a flotilla, one of which was of 20 tons, and armed with six brass guns. Manning his little fleet with 300 men of his regiment, from a fort he had erected at Toome, he placed them under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Connolly and Capt. Langford. Landing near the mouth of the Blackwater, they erected two forts, and then returned. The Irish were not thus to be deterred, and, passing the forts on dark nights, still continued their depredations, and even built a fort at Clanbrassil to protect their boats. Connolly and Langford again had recourse to their squadron, met the Irish fleet near Clanbrassil, and totally defeated them in a sanguinary engagement, the vanquished having 60 men killed and an equal number taken prisoners, while their boats were brought in triumph to Antrim Bay.

Shane's Castle, the sight of whose mouldering vestiges now awakens such melancholy reminiscences, was totally destroyed by an accidental conflagration in May, 1816, while a large party of visitors were enjoying the hospitality of the noble owner. The fire was caused by the ignition of the nests of jackdaws in some of the chimneys, and spread so rapidly that all the exertions used to check the progress of the flames were utterly futile. The splendid library and most of the valuable paintings were sacrificed in the general wreck. The last Earl O'Neill is said to have contemplated rebuilding the castle, but the idea was never realized.

The O'Neills, like many other old and noble families, had, according to popular superstition, their attendant Banshee, who was distinguished by the name of Mavin Roe ("little Red Mave"). Many of the country people in the neighbourhood still believe that, while the castle was burning, Mavin was seen wringing her tiny hands, as if in frantic despair; that her wild screams were heard above the roar of the flames; that, when the work of destruction was all but complete, aerial beings were seen careering amid the tongues of fire and the dense clouds of smoke; and that, when the ancient pile had irrevocably perished, she disappeared, and has never since been seen or heard, either in the environs of Shane's Castle or elsewhere.\*

\* We are indebted to Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall for the following interest-

The family of the O'Neills of Shane's Castle were descended from the clan of Aodh Buidhe (Yellow Hugh), whose domains extended from Lough Neagh to Lough Cuan (Strangford Lough). Several of the royal families of Europe are of this blood. Our present gracious Queen is connected with the branch, through Kenneth MacAlpine, a descendant of Connary, a prince of the Hy-Nial blood.

The family of O'Neill, as we learn from Dr. Stuart's "History of Armagh," is of Gothic origin, having sprung from Belus, a King of the Orkneys. They came into Ireland in the latter part of the ninth century, and were then called Nial, O'Nial, or Hy-Nial, signifying a chief or prince. Another origin assigned to the name is, that two sons of Belus, Nial and Magnus, finding the Orkneys too small a bound for their ambition, set out in search of another kingdom. They steered for Ireland to fulfil an old prophecy, which promised that the first of them who touched Irish land should obtain possession of it. As they were approaching it together, it became evident to the elder that his brother was winning the race, when he cut off one of his hands, and flung it ashore before him, upon which his brother exclaimed, "O Nial!" Hence the name, and hence the crest of the family—"The Bloody Hand"—with the motto, "*Lamh dearg Eirin*," "the Red Hand of Ireland." The prophecy was fulfilled. O'Neill and his descendants became chieftains in the land, and soon the most powerful opponents of the invaders of the country. In 1165 they defeated the Danes; and for several centuries they resisted the encroachments of the English, and were never completely subjected to that power till the reign of

ing description of this imaginary being:—"Banshee, Benshi, or Banshi, is the wildest and grandest of all the Irish superstitions. The spirit assumes the form of a woman, sometimes young, but, more generally, very old; her long ragged locks float over her thin shoulders; she is usually attired in loose white drapery, and her duty upon earth is to warn the family upon whom she attends of some approaching misfortune. This warning is given by a peculiarly mournful wail—at night:—a sound that resembles the melancholy sigh of the wind, but having the tone of a human voice, and distinctly audible to a great distance. She is sometimes seen as well as heard; but her form is rarely visible, except to the person upon whom she more especially waits. This person must be of an old stock—the representative of some ancient race; and him, or her, she never abandons, even in poverty or degradation. Night was the season generally chosen by the Banshee for her visits, as an ancient bard describes her thus:—

'The Banshee mournful wails;  
In the midst of the silent lonely night  
Plaintive she sings the song of death.'



James I. The celebrated Shane O'Neill treated with Queen Elizabeth on equal terms in her own capital. Shane, who is described as a person of singular energy, "subtle in mind, alert in action, quick in expedient, haughty, vindictive, unrelenting, social, munificent, hospitable, but intemperate at table," was the son of Con O'Nial, who made his submission to Henry VIII., and was created Earl of Tyrone. Having invaded the English Pale, and been overcome by the Lord Deputy Sussex, Shane submitted to Elizabeth in person. In London he appeared rather as an independent chieftain than as a vassal of the English Crown. "The citizens of the British capital beheld with lively emotion this renowned Ulster chieftain, accompanied by a splendid train of Irishmen, arrayed in the proper costume of their country. A body of galloglasses marched with O'Nial, armed with battle-axes. Their long curling hair descended on their shoulders from their uncovered heads; their linen vests were dyed with the crocus; long sleeves, short tunics, shaggy cloaks, rendered them singularly conspicuous. O'Nial was greatly distinguished by the royal favour, and for a short time acted with great zeal for the Queen, as her chosen champion." He claimed sovereignty over the principal chiefs of Ulster in virtue of his hereditary descent, counting the Magennis, the Macguire, the O'Reilly, O'Hanlon, MacBrien, O'Hagan, O'Quin, MacKenna, MacCartan, O'Cahan, and all the MacDonnell's, as his galloglasses. There were many collateral branches of the family, and all were distinguished (as were the last Earl and late Viscount) by their noble presence and lofty bearing. The hospitality of Shane O'Neill admits of no doubt, if it be credible that at times his cellars contained no less than two hundred tuns of wine, besides usquebaugh. It is also related of him, that, when intoxicated, his attendants, by his command, placed him, chin-deep, in a pit, and then cast earth about him. In this clay-bath he remained until the fit of inebriety had ceased.

#### LOUGH NEAGH.

Although those charms of scenery—the bold headlands and frowning cliffs—the stupendous mountains and foaming cataracts—the wild sublimity and stern loneliness—the hoary ruins and the verdant islands—which constitute the chief attractions of the Scottish lakes and those of our own unrivalled Killarney, are wanting in this little inland sea and around its shores, it has still much of interest both for the tourist and antiquarian. Its

boundaries are five of the richest and most populous counties in Ulster:—Antrim, Down, Armagh, Tyrone, and Derry. It is about fifteen Irish miles in extreme length, more than nine in breadth at the widest expansion, and even sixty-three in circumference. The superficial area, at the ordinary height of the water, is 97,175 statute acres. The greatest depth somewhat exceeds 100 feet; but the soundings show an average very much less than this. It receives a number of considerable rivers—as, the Upper Bann, Blackwater, Maine, Six-mile Water, Crumlin Water, Glenavy Water, Mayola, Ballinderry, &c., and has but one outlet to the sea—the Lower Bann. The difference between the height of the water at average Summer and Winter levels is very considerable, and large tracts of land on the shores and along the margins of the rivers are overflowed in the latter season; but much has been accomplished by the Drainage Commissioners towards remedying this evil. The lake, in Winters of extraordinary severity, has been completely frozen over. This occurred last in 1814, when Colonel Heyland passed across from Crumlin Water-foot to Ram's Island on horseback. The same gallant and adventurous gentleman, on another occasion, rode round the entire lough in some minutes less than six hours, to decide a bet. It was at one time conjectured by some that a subterranean passage between the lake and the sea existed; but this idea has long since been proved to be erroneous. The Ordnance Survey states the general level of the lough at only forty-eight feet above low-water mark of the tides on the nearest coast; and scientific men are disposed to believe that, taking into account the evaporation from the surface of the lake, the Lower Bann is sufficient to discharge all the waters that flow into it. The theory has also gained some credit, that the basin of the lake is the result of a great subsidence of the underlying strata, corresponding with that in the chalk basin in the vicinity of the columnar basalt formation at the Giant's Causeway. Distinct traces of a similar formation have been discovered in the rere of the gardens of Shane's Castle, on the shore of the lough, the heads of the pillars being polygonal.

To Lough Neagh a fabulous origin has been assigned by tradition, and by some of our early writers. The latter tell us that, in the reign of Lugaidh Rhiabderg, in the fifty-sixth year of the Christian era, its parent fountain suddenly welled forth; and that the lake then received the name of "Linn Mhuine," which has the same meaning as the present. Dubourdien mentions, on the authority of an old MS. deposited in a monas-

tery on the Continent, another account of the formation of the lough—namely, that it was owing to an earthquake which, in the sixth century, threw up a barrier of rock at Toome, which, by impeding the discharge of the river, caused them to overflow, and to produce this great body of water. Still more wonderful superstitions on the subject are prevalent among the least enlightened of the peasantry. Two of these may be noticed. The first insists that the renowned Fionn M'Comhal (whom we English-speaking moderns denominate Finn M'Cool), was at once the excavator of the hollow of Lough Neagh and the builder of the Isle of Man, by adopting the (to him) simple and prompt expedient of lifting a handful of earth and flinging it into the sea! The second legend is to the effect, that a saint had conferred miraculous properties on a well, which were free to all who observed the condition of closing a wicket leading to it. A hapless woman having neglected the injunction, the waters burst out, pursued, and overwhelmed her, having followed her exactly the length of the lough! This ultra-romantic story is associated with the legendary idea that an ancient town is covered by the waters of the lake, which Moore has so beautifully versified in the well-known lines:—

“On Lough Neagh's banks as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear, cold eve's reclining,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining.”

At various places on the shores of the lake are wells which were formerly (some, indeed, still are) held in superstitious veneration, and visited, like those of Struel, near Downpatrick, by pilgrims, at a certain season, about Midsummer. The principal of these wells is that of Cranfield, on the Northern shore. The custom of the devotees who assembled here was, to walk thirteen times, barefooted, round the walls of the old church, and the same number round the well; and, lastly, to drink of and perform ablutions in the water. Pebbles, or rather crystals, of a yellow-tinge, were found in the well, to the possession of one of which were attributed various potent virtues—such as preserving horses and cows from death by certain diseases, and ensuring that married women should neither be barren nor die in child-bed! These wells are now very sparingly visited—an evidence that the belief in their miraculous properties is dying out, to be no more renewed.

The received name of the lake, in the ancient Irish, was Echach, or Eacha, signifying “Divine,” and also “Loch.” The

word *neasg* or *neasgh*, in the vernacular, meant "a sore," and might, while having reference to supposed virtues of the waters of the lake in curing cutaneous diseases, have been corrupted into "Neagh." A popular belief in these virtues was so common, down to the middle of the last century, that great numbers of sufferers annually visited Fishing Bay—the locality most celebrated for possessing them in perfection—for the purpose of bathing in it, to heal ulcers, erysipelas, rheumatism, dysentery, and other "ills which flesh is heir to."

Lough Neagh and its neighbourhood have been long and widely celebrated for petrifications and pebbles. The conviction was very generally prevalent, even among educated people, that the waters of the lake had the property of petrifying wood; but this has been shown to be erroneous. It probably originated from fossilized substances being frequently found on the beach, supposed to have been washed ashore. The current supposition now is, that a petrifying quality exists in the soil and strata adjoining and underneath the lough. In the districts all around it, and near the rivers flowing into it, innumerable petrifications have been found, but none where the wood was subjected to the action of the water alone. A splendid specimen, 700 lbs. weight, was discovered by Dr. Barton, of Dublin; at Water-foot, near Glenavy, he also found a quantity of silified wood, embedded in lignite; and in 1824 an immense mass of petrification was dug out of the bed of the Crumlin Water, near Glendarroch. Stakes and dead trees, petrified where under-ground and in a state of natural decay above it are familiar to all who reside near the lough. In 1796, an ancient canoe, of rude construction, 25 feet long and 4 feet broad, hollowed out of an oak trunk, was found immediately under the surface of the ground, at Crumlin Water-foot. It had been constantly exposed to the action of the water for ages, yet exhibited no signs of petrification. It was decayed in many places. A similar relic of the olden time was, last summer (1860), exhumed near Randalstown, and is now in the possession of a Roman Catholic clergyman in the vicinity of Belfast. It was in a condition closely resembling that of the little craft just noticed.

The pebbles of the lough are all of the siliceous kind, and have, at one time or other, been embedded in the basalt, like those found at the Giant's Causeway. Dubourdien ("Survey of Antrim") thus describes them:—"They are either chalcedony, which is met with in rounded masses, some of them nearly a pound weight, or found in flat, irregular-shaped pieces, mostly

with the corners rounded off by the motion of the waters. There have been instances in which they have the appearance of having been in so soft a state as to retain the impression of the bodies between which they have lain. The very deep red, and the light-coloured with red veins, are considered the most valuable. Many of the dark kinds have the solid, rich appearance of the agate; others have the dots, veins, and figures with which these stones are ornamented, in a ground nearly transparent." These pebbles are of extreme hardness, and, next to the diamond, most difficult to be cut or polished: they are, therefore, peculiarly suitable for engraved seals. They are now, however, little sought after, unless to enrich the collections of the curious.

Lough Neagh is by no means deficient in interesting objects of natural history. Aquatic birds, of rare and curious species, frequent it at certain seasons. Salmon and various kinds of trout, which attain a large size, are abundant; as are also the char (or Lough Neagh whiting), perch, beam, and pike. The perch was introduced, it is said, by the grandfather of the late Viscount O'Neill. Eels, in immense quantities, are caught in weirs near Toome, and are so highly esteemed for their quality as to be a favourite article in the London market. The fish most plentiful in the lake, however, in its season, is the pollan, or fresh-water herring, erroneously supposed, by some, to be peculiar to Lough Neagh. Though somewhat insipid in flavour it is in extensive demand in the towns for miles around the lake, and is a source of considerable profit to the fishermen.

#### RAM'S ISLAND.—THE ROUND TOWER.

The islands in Lough Neagh are neither numerous nor of any considerable extent. In this respect this fine inland sheet of water—the largest in superficial area in the British Islands—stands in unfavourable contrast with Lough Erne, the second of Ulster's lakes in size, but the first in picturesque beauty—an attraction which it owes, in a great degree, to the almost innumerable islands scattered over its placid bosom. Those in Lough Neagh may be enumerated as follows:—Coney (or Rabbit) Island, a short distance from the Armagh shore; the cluster known as "the Three Islands," about four miles from the mouth of the river Maine, off the South-Eastern extremity of the parish of Dunean; and Ram's Island, about a mile and a-half from the Eastern shore of the lake, the nearest point being

the parish of Glenavy. The "Three Islands" were planted by the last Earl O'Neill, who also built on one of them a neat and commodious cottage. From this Island to the mainland a bank of sand and gravel extends, which has been completely exposed, and even traversed on foot, in seasons when the waters of the lake were below their usual level. Ram's Island also seems to have been, at some forgotten period, connected in a similar manner with the shore, in the direction of Gartree Point. It contains nearly seven statute acres, and is beautifully laid out, and planted with rose-trees, and a profusion of other flowering-plants. An extremely ornate cottage, tastefully furnished, was erected by Earl O'Neill, in which the caretaker resides, from whom visitors and picnic parties, who frequently, in Summer, spend a day in the sweet little spot, receive every requisite attention. A portion of the shores of the island is almost perpendicular; yet even here art has covered the scanty soil with verdure, by the introduction of creeping plants and hardy shrubs suited to the situation. Tourists and excursionists have ready means of access to the island by boats from Glenavy Water-foot, the mouth of Crumlin Water, and other adjacent points.

Ram's Island is principally celebrated for the ruins of its Round Tower, the only object of antiquity which it contains. Its original height can merely be guessed at, as

"Time with assailing arm  
Hath smote the summit, but the solid base  
Derides the lapse of ages."

The altitude of the portion which remains is 43 feet; its circumference, over 35 feet; the thickness of the walls is 2 feet 8½ inches. The entrance is on the South-west side, nearly level with the ground. In the second story is a window facing the South-east, and in the third another, looking to the north. There are two rests for joists, and in the first story, about 5½ feet from the surface, is a projecting stone. On some stones in the interior, letters or characters appear to have been cut; but they are so defaced by time as to be illegible. About 40 years since, an excavation was made underneath the floor, and human bones, with fragments of coffin boards, were discovered. A later search was attended with a like result. A human skeleton was also found near the tower, and skulls and bones have been dug up in several parts of the Island. These facts would seem to support the theory of Dr. Ledwich, that the round towers were devoted to ecclesiastical purposes and to those of sepulture.

A prescriptive right to Ram's Island was acquired by David M'Areavy, a fisherman, who disposed of it to Conway M'Niece, Esq., for one hundred guineas. It next passed into the possession of Mr. Whitla, who sold it to Earl O'Neill for one thousand pounds. Its present owner is the Rev. William Chichester O'Neill, of Shane's Castle.

After having made himself acquainted with such places of interest as to scenery, historical associations, antiquities, &c., as Lough Neagh and its not peculiarly picturesque shores present, the tourist will probably return to

#### RANDALSTOWN.

This pretty and thriving market and post-town, which is now connected with Belfast by a branch-railway joining the line from that town to Ballymena—the latter being united with that to Coleraine and Portrush, and all these lines being now owned by the Northern Counties Railway Company—is situated upon the river Maine, a short distance above its embouchure into Lough Neagh. It is four miles (Irish) from Antrim, and about seventeen from Belfast. The town is of considerable antiquity.—Charles II., in 1683, granted the manor of Edenduffcarrick, in which it is situate, to Rose, Marchioness of Antrim, and constituted Randalstown, then called "The Town of Iron-works," or Mein-water, a free borough, with power to return two members to the Irish Parliament. The present name of the town is derived from Randal M'Donnell, one of the Antrim family. In 1688, it was the head-quarters of the Earl of Antrim's forces, which afterwards marched thence to Derry, at the time when that city was about to be besieged. The market-house was burned, and other acts of destruction were perpetrated, by a body of the insurgents in 1798. They were, however, compelled to retreat to Toome, on the approach of a Royal force under Cols. Clavering and Durham. The spinning of flax, the manufacture of linen, and that of flour and oatmeal, are the principal branches of industry carried on in the town and vicinity. In the Maine, which is the third river in importance in the county, there is a valuable salmon fishery. In the neighbourhood, on the road to Ballymena, a portion of the bog called Sluggan Moss, several acres in extent, became raised and detached from that adjacent by the action of underlying water, and moved a considerable distance, covering the adjoining fields and road to a

depth of several feet, and causing much injury. The progress of the moving mass was not arrested until it met the waters of the Maine.

## BALLYMENA.

This town, which occupies a leading position on the inland route from Belfast to the Giant's Causeway, is the second in population and trade in the County of Antrim. It is about 21 Irish miles N.W. of Belfast, on the river Braid, a confluent of the Maine. The name of the place is supposed to signify "The Town of Monks." The population of the town at present exceeds 8,000, and is rapidly increasing. The linen trade is here prosecuted with much energy and enterprise; a large amount of capital is invested in it; and a great number of persons are employed. Bleaching and flax-spinning are extensively carried on along the banks of the Braid; and it is one of the best markets for brown linens in the North of Ireland. There are few notable objects of antiquity in or about Ballymena, and little that is attractive as regards scenery. The most conspicuous object to the North-East is the lofty and lonely conical mountain of Slemish, which rises to the height of nearly 1,400 feet. On the 7th June, 1798, a sanguinary encounter took place in Ballymena between the United Irishmen and a party of yeomanry, who were compelled to surrender after taking refuge in the market-house. The insurgents afterwards left the town in the possession of Colonel Clavering, whose force had encamped at Shane's Castle after the battle of Antrim.

## GRACEHILL.

This neat little village, formerly called Ballykennedy, is a Moravian settlement, about a mile West of Ballymena. It was founded by the United Brethren, in 1765, and is now distinguished as affording superior facilities for the education of young ladies. There is also an excellent elementary school for boys. All the pupils are boarded in the houses of the brethren and sisters. The village consists principally of handsome cottages, and a square. In the centre of the latter is a small fish-pond, surrounded with trees and shaded walks.

The remains of Mrs. Pratt, mother-in-law to the celebrated



Dr. Chalmers, are interred here. In the year 1827 the Doctor paid a visit to her grave, the situation of which he thus describes in a letter to his wife :—

“My first inquiry was after your mother’s tomb. It is placed near the middle of the Church-yard, and I would say almost at the summit of it; the Church-yard slopes a little on all sides from the centre. The inscription is quite entire. You may guess my feelings, and the very powerful interest which an association like this gives, with one, to the whole establishment. The whole scene is in character, and though seen only through the dimness of twilight, I could perceive it to be greatly more beautiful than Fulneck, with its rows of plantation, and fields of tasteful cultivation, and houses of far greater modesty and neatness, than in the more showy establishment of Yorkshire.”

Convenient to Gracehill are Galgorm Castle and Park, formerly owned by the Earl of Mountcashel, but now by John Young, Esq. There is nothing remarkable about either the building or the grounds.

#### COLERAINE.

The district of country intervening between Ballymena and Ballymoney offers nothing likely to arrest the attention of the tourist. Everywhere, however, he will observe indications of the industry, energy, thrift, and peaceful habits which characterize the people, who are mostly the descendants of Scottish settlers. Below Ballymoney, on the route to Coleraine, approaching the fertile and well-cultivated valley watered by the “pastoral Bann,” here, as throughout its entire course from Lough Beg to the sea, a noble and rapid river, the aspect of the country becomes much more pleasing and diversified. Villas, plantations, comfortable farm-houses, trim, well-kept fences, and here and there mills and bleachfields, attest the presence of enterprise and the progress of improvement on each hand, as the swift “iron steed” bears the traveller North-Westward. Six miles from Ballymoney he will reach Coleraine, the second town in importance and population in the County of Derry, and interesting both as a place of much historical note and on account of its fast-developing prosperity in modern times. The town, which contains about 8,000 inhabitants, is one of the most handsome and well-built boroughs in Ulster. It is situated

both on the Eastern and Western banks of the Bann, which is here spanned by a fine stone bridge of three arches, 96 yards long and 33 feet wide, completed in 1844, on the site of a wooden structure. The principal portion of the town lies on the County Antrim side of the river; but it is included in the County of Derry, under the name of "the Town and Liberties of Coleraine." That which is on the other side of the Bann consists principally of two streets. This is the more ancient part of the town. The situation of Coleraine is as agreeable and salubrious as it is advantageous for trade. The deep and wide river which flows through it is now navigable for lighters or barges of considerable burthen the whole distance to Lough Neagh. Where it falls into the Atlantic, however, about four miles to the Northward, there is a bar of shifting sand, which prevents any vessels except those of very moderate tonnage from reaching the quays. Larger ships and steamers, with merchandise for Coleraine, discharge at Portrush, five miles distant, which is likely to be made a harbour of refuge. There is a tolerably extensive direct export and import trade with ports on the other side of the channel. The ground on which the town is built rises abruptly from the river on each side, particularly on the Western. It then, on the Western bank, becomes almost flat, and affords a site for a spacious square, termed "the Diamond," in the centre of which is a large new building, in a beautiful style of architecture, used as a Town Hall and for other public purposes. From this square branch the principal streets, many of the houses in which are modern and handsome,—several of the leading shops particularly so.

The views both up and down the river are very fine. In the former direction the eye is delighted with the bold and thickly-wooded banks of the broad and shining stream as far as Mount Sandy (properly Sandall or Sandil), Castle Roe, and the Salmon Leap, or "Cutts," about a mile above the bridge, where the Bann falls over a ledge of rocks, in several cascades, and where there is a profitable salmon fishery.

Gentle Bann, pure, peaceful river,  
 Gliding noiseless to the sea,—  
 Three-score years and eight, are numbered,  
 Since these eyes first looked on thee.

In the days of artless boyhood,  
 On thy banks I loved to stray,  
 Wond'ring how thy rapid waters  
 Passing, never passed away.

From the mount of lovely Sandy,  
 I have watched thee, many a day,  
 Tying with the dancing sunbeams,  
 Merry as a child at play.

I have seen thee when the moonbeam  
 Silvered o'er thy shining crest;  
 Pleased to see its form reflected  
 In the mirror of thy breast.

I have seen the stars of heaven  
 Twinkling in thy waters bright;  
 Waking marvels in my young mind;  
 How unquenchable their light.

Many a river I have gazed on,  
 Many a wild-flower I have seen,—  
 But the Bann, and Bann-side flowers  
 Aye to me have brightest been,

Onward, lovely river, onward—  
 Nearer, nearer to the sea;—  
 Life's a river, rapid flowing  
 Onward to ETERNITY.

In the other direction, below the town, on one side, for nearly the same distance, are green and pleasant meadows and pastures; on the other, the stately plantations of Jackson Hall. A mile from the bridge, at the Cranagh, is another salmon-fishing station. Nearly all the salmon caught in the Bann, which are of peculiarly fine flavour, are forwarded to the London market. A graceful viaduct, with a swivel bridge for the passage of vessels, connects the Ballymoney and Portrush with the Londonderry and Coleraine Railway. On the line of the latter is a lengthened tunnel, driven through a lofty cliff near the once-celebrated mansion of Downhill, formerly the residence of the Earl of Bristol when Bishop of Derry, but destroyed by fire some years since, with its splendid collection of paintings, statuary, antiquities, &c.

Coleraine anciently ranked as a city, and gave its name to the whole County of Derry, or "the O'Cahan Country." It is mentioned in history so early as 540, when it was the head of a bishopric. It has now been, for nearly two centuries and a-half, the property of the Irish Society of London. In 1641, the small garrison repulsed the Irish rebels with considerable loss. The old name of the town signifies either "the Ferny Corner" (*Cuirlathain*) or "the Fort at the Bend of the River" (*Cuirl Rath Ean*). The linens manufactured in this quarter were long widely celebrated for their quality. A considerable quantity of linen cloth is still sold in the market, and

either exported direct or from Portrush, Derry, or Belfast, much of it having been finished at the bleachworks along the Bann and on its tributary streams. Harris thus describes the progress of the Bann from its source to the sea :—"The river Bann takes its rise from a few springs in the plain called the Deer's Meadow, by some the King's Meadow, in the bosom of the mountains of Upper Iveagh, on the North part of the mountains of Mourne, not far South of eight-mile bridge, where it becomes a pretty large river, forms a serpentine course near two miles East of Rathfryland, flows through M'Cay's bridge, down to Bann Bridge, thence N.N.W. by Seapatrik, Hall's-Mill and Tullelish Church, so on to Gilford and Portadown, where it makes a noble appearance, and after a course of about thirty miles falls into Lough Neagh, near the Bann foot ferry in the County of Armagh; then finding a way through the lough, it issues again at the North end of it, bends its course Northerly, and becomes a boundary between the Counties of Antrim and Londonderry, and having washed Coleraine falls into the sea a little North-West of it." An interesting and minute historical account of the town is to be found in the "Coleraine Almanac and Directory for 1861," published by Mrs. Ward, 6, Diamond.

## PORTSTEWART.

This pretty bathing village is three miles from Coleraine. It is much frequented, as a watering-place, during the season even by persons from considerable distance, attracted by its eminently healthful situation, fine beach and excellent accommodations. In the vicinity was born Dr. Adam Clarke, the celebrated oriental scholar and Biblical commentator, who bequeathed liberal endowments to several schools in the neighbourhood, under the care of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. A tablet to the memory of this great and good man has been erected in the Methodist Chapel of Portstewart.

## PORTRUSH—THE WHITE ROCKS.

Upwards of two miles to the North-Eastward of Portstewart, in the direction of Dunluce, and sheltered by a remarkable and celebrated rock, forming a peninsula, is the flourishing, neat, and healthful town of Portrush, which is fast acquiring impor-

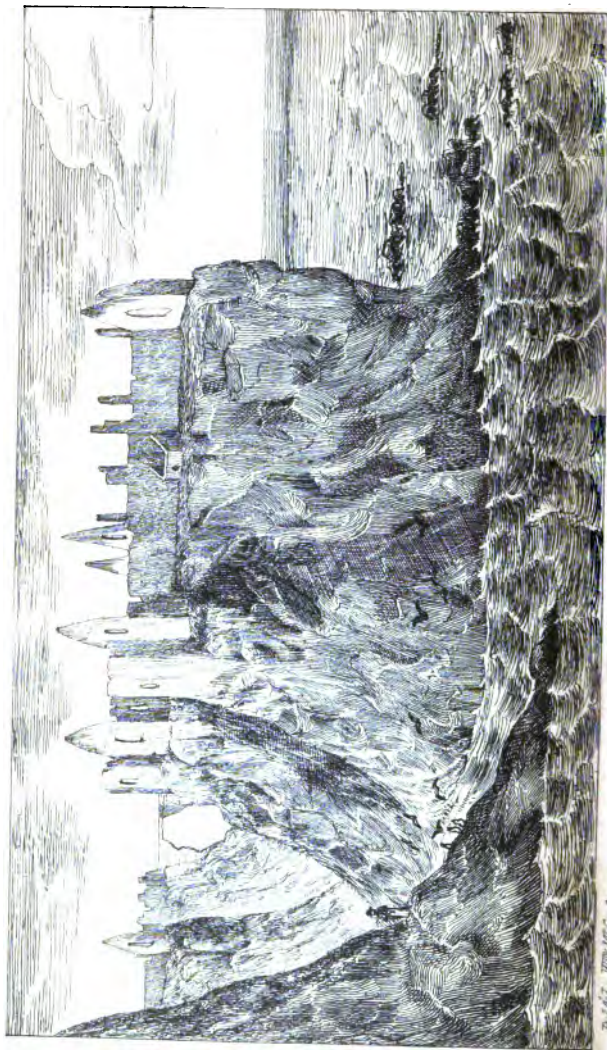
tance as a seaport and eligible watering-place, and from its connexion with Belfast, Derry, &c., by railway, and its steam communication with England and Scotland. Outside of the harbour are a group of rocky islets known as "the Skerries," which have been recommended by some engineering authorities as a proper site for a breakwater for the protection of vessels seeking shelter on that iron-bound coast. At the entrance of the harbour is a depth of 27 feet at low water. Portrush was anciently the principal landing-place in "the Route," or M'Quillan's Country. Here, too, Sir John Perrot, Lord Deputy of Ireland, in Elizabeth's reign, landed his artillery for the siege of Dunluce Castle. Within the last quarter of a century, numerous villas and bathing-lodges have been erected in the vicinity, and houses for the accommodation of Summer residents in the town. Not far distant are some remarkable hills of fine white sand, drifted by the Northerly winds—most of them of no remote formation, as traces of cultivation have been discovered beneath. After a storm in 1827, the remains of an ancient town were found exposed, showing the foundations of dwellings, in which were found domestic utensils, moose-deer's horns, brass spear-heads, and other military weapons.

The "White Rocks," near Portrush, in the direction of Dunluce, are among the most extraordinary sights to be witnessed even on the coast of Antrim, famed for the wild sublimity of its scenery. They are composed of white limestone, which the continued action of the Atlantic waves, that here, in the Northerly and North-Westerly gales, dash against them with inconceivable force, have worn into the most singular forms. In various places, far above the present level of the ocean, perforations, and the remains of caves of unknown antiquity, are to be seen, equally exciting speculation and wonder. Within a distance of about two miles there are said to be no fewer than 27 of these natural excavations, the most remarkable of which is styled the "Priest's Hole." The face of the hill of Craig-a-hullier, not far from the White Rocks, is formed of fine columnar basalt, and is a very striking object.

At Portrush a chaste and appropriate monument, commemorating the Christian virtues, private worth, and public services of Dr. Adam Clarke, has been erected within the last few years, and is much admired by visitors who prize the memory of the distinguished divine, philologist, and author.

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Painted by W. H. Combs

Durham Castle

J. Mayne 21, November, 1870

## DUNLUCE.

The ruins of the once famous Castle of Dunluce, celebrated in song as well as in chronicle, are not surpassed, either in picturesque interest or in historical and romantic associations, by any on the entire coasts of the British Isles. From whatever point of view they are beheld, they at once rivet the attention and excite the imagination of the gazer. The grey and mossy turrets, crumbling walls, and fragments of old fortifications, lie scattered over the surface of a rocky promontory, projecting boldly into the wild and turbulent waters, whose surges rave and foam a hundred feet below the verge of the cliff, which rises sheer from the waves. From a distance they might be mistaken, from their rugged outlines and hoary hue, for portions of the rock itself; but on a nearer approach, particularly from the celebrated and wonderful "Coast Road,"—the best stand-point for the tourist or sketcher—they resolve themselves gradually into the remains of what were once the feudal halls and the fortalice of powerful chieftains, long ages ago shattered, unroofed, and despoiled by war, and now but the naked wreck left by the slow-mining hand of Time.

Dunluce was, previous to the sixteenth century, the princely residence of the renowned M'Quillans—chiefs and warriors of Welsh descent, and whose real name is believed to have been Ap (or Mac) Llewellyn. The castle was the scene of noble hospitality, but occasionally of siege and storm, with all their incidents of lofty valour and daring enterprise. It was at length lost, with most of his wide domains, to the head of the clan, by the treachery and cunning of his friend and guest, M'Donnell, the founder of the Antrim family—a bold and astute Scottish adventurer, from the Western Isles, who had come to Ireland ostensibly to assist Tyrconnel against O'Neill. He was received in the most friendly manner by M'Quillan, whom he aided in quelling his formidable neighbours. For this service he was invited to reside in Dunluce Castle; but he abused the confidence of his host by seducing his daughter. He married the lady, however; and on this circumstance he afterwards founded a claim to the castle and estates of M'Quillan. This was resisted by force of arms; but the issue proved ruinous to the fortunes of M'Quillan. M'Donnell, marshalling his forces, gave battle to the Irish chieftain on the side of the high mountain of Aura, or Slieveanerro. The fight, which was protracted and sanguinary, was continued down the entire vale of Glenshesk, at the foot of the hill. Every inch of the ground was disputed by M'Quillan



and his followers, and the sides of the glen were strewed with the corpses of the rival armies, while the stream that flowed through its midst ran red with their blood, and tinged the sea at its mouth. The M'Quillan performed prodigies of desperate valour ; but, although he was assisted by O'Neill (who was captured and slain), victory declared for his foe, and he was utterly routed and driven from the field. He never afterwards recovered his former position, becoming poorer and more dependent year by year. An appeal to James I. was unsuccessful, that monarch deciding in favour of his countryman, M'Donnell, usurper and false friend as he was. M'Quillan, according to tradition, ultimately died of a broken heart.

Here Erin once, in feudal hour,  
Made foeman yield to Erin's power—  
Here twanged the horn or echoing shell,  
That roused the clans from brake and dell—  
With lion-heart and eagle eye,  
Enthroned in Northern majesty,  
Here sat M'Quillan, brave and bold,  
The faithful wolf-dog of the fold.

M'Quillan's gone—the eagle's fled,  
M'Quillan's men sleep with the dead ;  
M'Quillan's gone—the lion's might  
Fell valiantly on Aura's height.

Oh, lone Dunluce ! thy requiem's sung,  
Time o'er thy roofless walls has swung  
The waste of years ! \* \* \*

In 1642, Dunluce Castle was the scene of a second act of treachery, but this time it was committed against the M'Donnell then ruling in it. General Munroe visited the Earl of Antrim at the castle, was received with frank cordiality, honourably entertained, and promised the assistance of men and money to reduce the country to tranquility. Munroe requited this kindness by seizing the Earl, putting his other castle into the hands of the Marquis of Argyle, and conveying him a prisoner to Carrickfergus Castle, whence he subsequently escaped, and sought refuge in England.

MacSorley M'Donnell held possession of Dunluce Castle and its lands until 1584, when Sir John Perrot besieged the place, and compelled the garrison to surrender. M'Donnell afterwards submitted to the Queen, received a full pardon, and a grant of a large district in the Route. This was confirmed to his descendant, Randal, by James I., with large additions, making him lord of the whole territory of the Route and Glynnnes, from the Leap of Coleraine to Larne.

The domestic apartments and offices of the castle seem to have been situated on the mainland, the rest of the buildings being on the almost isolated rock, which is only connected to the former by a narrow wall and bridge, the wall not more than about 18 inches wide. Tradition relates that, on the occasion of a visit of the Marchioness of Antrim, while the servants were engaged in the kitchen in preparing the viands for a banquet, a portion of the rock on which the apartment stood, having long been undermined by the waves, and a furious storm blowing at the time, gave way, the foaming waters engulfing all who were in the kitchen, except a piper, who escaped from the accident by having been seated in a niche of a wall which did not share the general destruction. It is added that the Marchioness never again set foot within the walls of Dunluce. A natural cavern, of spacious extent, the walls and roof of basalt, is an object of much interest to all visitors. A small room in the ruins, according to popular tradition, is inhabited by a Banshee, named Mave Roe (Red-haired Maud or Matilda), whose principal occupation is to sweep its floor, which is always clean. That office, however, is evidently performed by the wind, which in this exposed spot is seldom at rest.

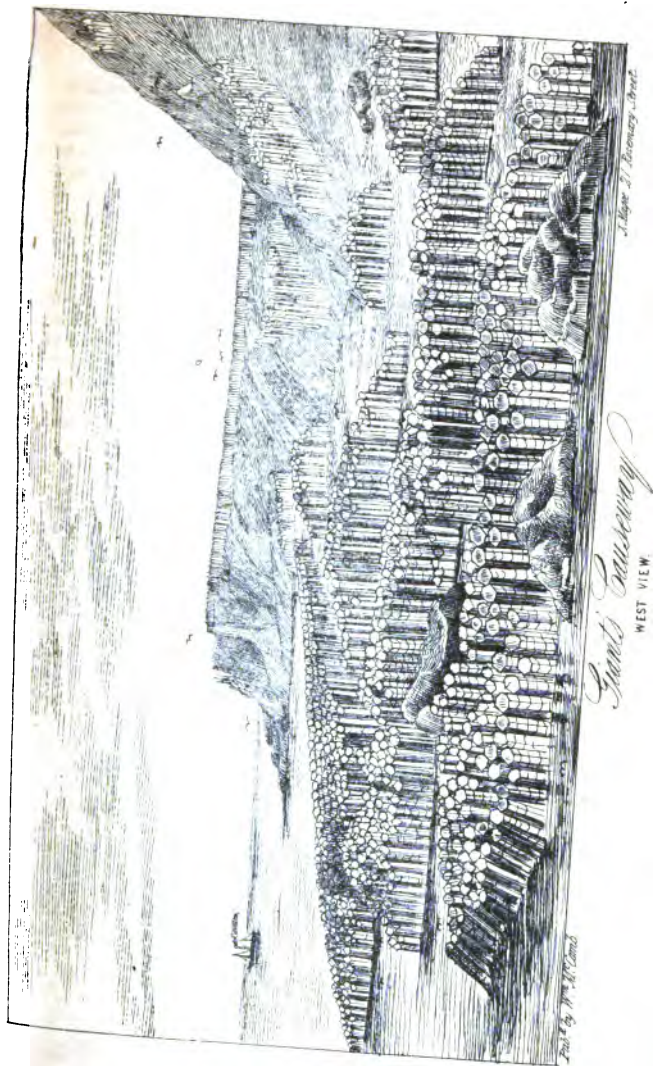
## THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

Whether this far-renowned and stupendous natural curiosity, which is annually visited by thousands of tourists, of all ranks, and from various and often far-distant lands, merits the high distinction of being one of what are termed "the Wonders of the World," or otherwise, it is certainly the most extensive and remarkable assemblage of basaltic columns known to exist, and the most attractive object around the entire sea-board of Ireland. Its name is derived from a very ancient popular tradition, that its erection was commenced by a giant (the famous Finn MacComhal, or MacCoul, has the credit of having been its architect), in order to connect the most Northern point of Ireland with Scotland. This romantic idea, at a time long before "the masses" knew anything of geology, and when the Wernerian and Huttonian theories were speculations reserved for a remote future, was favoured by the fact, that at the small island of Staffa, one of the Hebrides, which in a certain direction lies almost opposite to the Causeway, an apparent continuation of the same basaltic formation rises from the ocean, the pillars being very

distinctly grouped, and forming at one point a grand and wondrous cavern, known as "Fingal's Cave." This wave-worn excavation is explorable by the aid of boats. It is somewhat singular that public attention does not seem to have been effectively directed to the Giant's Causeway until towards the close of the seventeenth century. Even then, the first scientific notice of it which appeared was only second-hand, given by Dr. Lyster, on the authority of a gentleman of learning and taste, who had accompanied the Bishop of Derry in order to see it.

The Causeway is situated between Port-na-Grange and Port Noffer, and forms a portion of a large promontory, one extremity of which—Bengore Head, about a mile distant—is the most Northern land in Ireland, being only fifteen miles from the Mull of Cantyre, the most Westerly point of the Scottish mainland. It consists of three divisions, styled respectfully the Great, the Middle, and the Little Causeway. All of these are composed of columns of unequal lengths, according to their height above the water, and of irregular angles, yet the sides fitting so closely together as not to leave the slightest observable interstice. The columns, which are said to number from 30,000 to 40,000, are, in the majority of instances, pentagonal, hexagonal, or octagonal. Only one triangular pillar and three columns having nine sides have been discovered. Every pillar is perfect, distinct, and separable from those adjoining. None of these natural shafts are continuous: they each consist of a number of pieces, having convex and concave ends, fitted into one another, like the description of joint termed ball-and-socket, or as seen in the layers or pellicles of an onion. The pieces vary much in length, some measuring only a few inches, and others two feet, or more. The upper section, generally speaking, is concave, and the lower convex; but this is not universally the case, and occasionally the arrangement is reversed. The cavity or socket is circular in shape from two to four inches deep; and so exact are the articulations, that accurate impressions of the smallest irregularities on the meeting surfaces are clearly traceable. In some instances the angles are seen to overlap. The joints, in a few of the columns, are scarcely, if at all, visible; from three to six may be discovered in others; and in the fantastic group pointed out by the guides under the name of "The Giant's Loom," columns are to be found with so many as 38 nodes. The joinings are so close that not even water can pass between them.\* It is to be remarked, that every prism, whatever its

\* To this rule, as we learn from Mr. J. B. Doyle's "Tours in Ulster,"



*Giant's Causeway*  
WEST VIEW

*J. Major & J. Brown, Print.*

*Printed by Wm. M. Collins*

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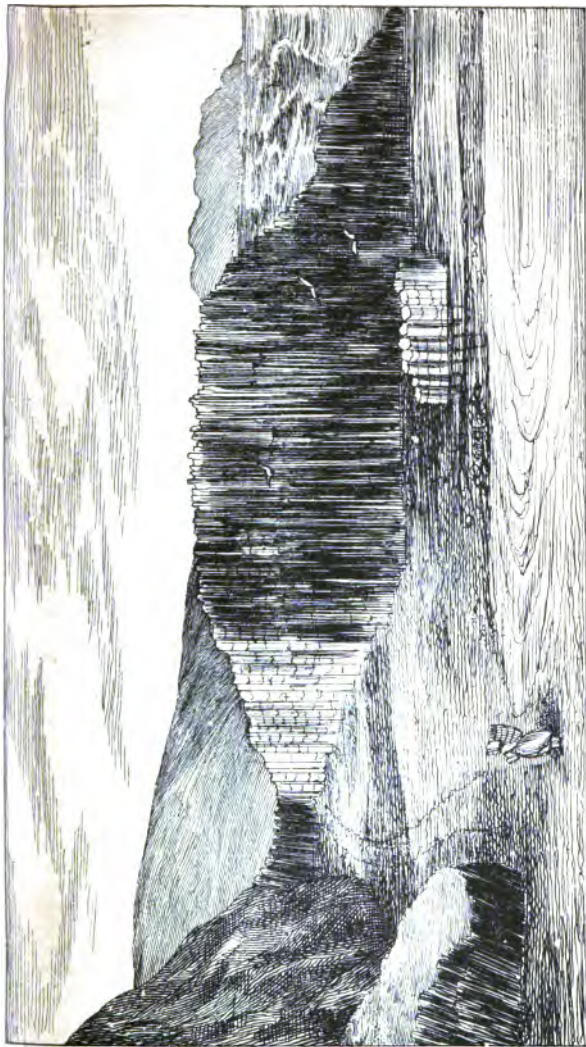
height—whether 15 or 40 feet, the general range—is of equal dimensions throughout, from base to summit, the diameters varying from 15 to 28 inches. To the Eastward of Port Noffer are four stupendous isolated hexagonal pillars, called “the Chimney Tops,” rising to the height of 315 feet. The basalt of which the columns are composed is of a very dark hue, closely assimilating to black. It is also unusually ponderous, being about three times the weight of water. A chemical analysis shows its constituents to be—silicious earth, 50 parts; iron, 25; argillaceous earth, 15; calcareous earth and magnesia, 10.

The only landward access to the Causeway, approaching it from the Bushmills direction, by the Rookheads, is down a very steep pathway, constructed at the expense of the Earl of Bristol, Bishop of Derry. Many tourists, before following this route, procure boats, which are easily to be had, and indulge in the magnificent sea view of the Causeway and the bold and picturesque coast adjacent, “Guide-book” in hand, and with extremely loquacious and communicative rowers near, who are only too anxious to ingratiate themselves with strangers, and to impart their local knowledge, traditional lore, and superstitions “for a consideration.” Neither they nor the landguides are distinguished for that racy and ready humour for which so many of their class in other parts of Ireland are noted. Proceeding by a shelving track to the two detached hills termed “the Stookans,” the first landward view of the Causeway is obtained, and at once impresses the beholder with wonder. The road leads to the base, and from it the Causeway suggests to the imagination the idea of an immense embankment or mole, commenced by some daring engineer, but abandoned and left incomplete. Its general form is somewhat triangular. The base under the cliff measures 135 yards, the Eastern side 220, and the Western 300. The central breadth is about 600 yards. The great natural mole projects boldly into the sea, from which it in some places rises terrace over terrace on a steep incline, while in other places an almost level surface is presented, the tops to the closely-fitting columns forming a sort of pavement. There is one singular exception. “On the West side of the Causeway, just below the Giant’s Punchbowl, a well of the purest water is found springing from between the fine interstices of the pillars; and, by the removal of one of the joints, a beautiful little hexagonal basin is formed, from which, much to his surprise and pleasure, the tourist may quaff a most delicious draught of icy water, to quench his thirst, amid the fervours of the hottest day in Summer. . . . In other cavities in the Causeway water will lodge until it evaporates, without the least portion of it sinking between the pillars.”

Chasms occur at various intervals. The bay in front is broken and diversified with headlands, some of which tower up abruptly to the height of 400 feet. Their weather-worn fronts have the appearance, according to the fancy of the spectator, of gigantic colonnades, grander far and more marvellous than those of Thebes or Palmyra—of a huge honeycomb modelled in stone by some supernatural hand—or of the pipes of a vast organ, denuded of their tops and basis and of their gilding. Where portions of the pillars have fallen, or are scattered and heaped in irregular but pleasing disorder, the ruins of a great city devastated and shaken by an earthquake seem spread out before the rapt gaze of the astounded visitor. The scene from Pleaskein ("the Dry Head"), the finest of all the promontories of the Causeway, where a full conception of the stupendous character of the great basaltic formation comes vividly over the mind, is one to excite at the same moment admiration and delight; but the amazement of the tourist will be greatest when he places himself on the top of the mole, and extends his observations either to right or left or to seaward.

It frequently happens that strangers visit the Causeway with very erroneous notions as to its magnitude, expecting to find its columnar wonders extending over miles of coast. Although the basaltic formation is very marked along a large tract of the sea-cliffs of Antrim, such persons are naturally disappointed as regards the extent of the Causeway itself. The following are the actual measurements :—Grand Causeway, 706 feet long, by 109 feet in the middle, average height, 34 feet; Little Causeway, 386 feet long, of various width, and 16 feet high. The central section is shorter than either, but presents a magnificent group of lofty columns known as "the Honeycomb." An extensive whin dyke forms its limit to the Eastward. The pillars in the Western and middle divisions are all perpendicular, or nearly so; while in the great section they are vertical towards the East, inclining Eastward towards the sea, and in an opposite direction at the base of the cliff.

The tourist will find almost every object of note pointed out by the guides associated with the name and might of the supposed founder of the Causeway, who (Fingal) as those conversant with the olden Gaelic poetry are aware, was the reputed father of the bard Ossian. Thus he will hear of and see "The Giant's Organ," "The Giant's Pulpit," "The Giant's Theatre," "The Giant's Ball-alley," "The Giant's Gateway," "The Giant's



Engraved by Wm. M. Combs

# Great Wall of China

EAST VIEW.

J. Rogers del.



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Well," "The Giant's Granny," and numerous other matters possessed by that colossal personage.

Modern Geologists who have visited the Causeway, with the purpose of scientific investigation in hand rather than the mere gratification of curiosity, concur in their conviction that the basaltic prisms are of plutonic origin. The illustrious Sir Humphrey Davy was a frequent tourist in this locality; and his affability and kindness of manner, while lingering amid its entrancing scenery, are well remembered by some of the old inhabitants, who also speak of him as among the most skilful anglers who ever cast line on the Bush River, famed for its salmon and trout.

It is not necessary that we should anticipate or prejudice the living guides by minutely describing several of the best known points of the Causeway and its immediate vicinity which we have already named. All tourists who visit the place will, it is likely, make himself acquainted with them, and hear all about them, which he will be able to do by rewarding a *cicerone* with 3s. 6d. per diem. There will be no difficulty, however, in persuading the guide to except a higher rate, nor in buying as many curious pebbles, fossils, &c., from the gatherers of these articles along the shore, as may be desirable, at prices which connoisseurs in such treasures for the private museum know to be quite above their value. Some additional objects of interest claim our attention briefly before passing from this section of our sketches. The first of these is Port Coon Cave. This extensive cavern, which is so large that a boat can sail into it for nearly 100 yards, is about half-a-mile Westward of the Causeway. The best view of it is from the sea, but it is also accessible from the land. The walls and roof are composed of masses of rounded basalt, which, from the action of the water, are covered with a greenish slime. The appearance is very striking when the interior is lighted up, as is also that of the sea when seen illumined by the sun beyond the cave's mouth. The echoes are peculiarly fine when a wind instrument is brought into requisition, and absolutely deafening when a pistol is fired. There is a superstition that a hermit giant once lived here, and was fed by seals. Westward of Port Coon is Dunkerry Cave, which penetrates far under the cliffs. The entrance is imposing and somewhat resembles a Gothic arch. The influx of the waves always causes a heavy swell and a great commotion in the cave; and it is believed that during storms the noise of the surge within it can be heard for a mile inland.

We have, in a preceding page, noticed "the Giant's Chimney

Tops." To the Westward of these is a little place called Port-na-Spagna (Spanish Port), in memory of a ship of the Spanish Armada having been wrecked near it. Between this and Pleaskin are singularly-shaped rocks, named the "Priest and his Flock," the "Nursing Child," and the "King and his Nobles." Pleaskin itself attains an elevation of 370 feet above sea level, and exhibits in the face of the cliff no fewer than thirteen separate strata. The basaltic rock immediately underlies the surface, which is a rich green turf. Passing Eastward from Pleaskin, the visitor's eye will be chiefly attracted by the promontory of Bengore (*Anglice*, and peculiarly appropriate, "the Goat's Head"). In order to command the best possible view of the coast on either hand, the tourist should choose the land instead of the sea route. He will not regret the trouble and slight fatigue of the pedestrian exercise necessary for this purpose. At no great distance will be pointed out to him the isolated columns designated "the Four Sisters." Still further Eastward, after rounding Port Fadn ("Longport") another solitary rock, "the Priest," will claim his notice, and, if he be a sketcher, his pencil. Should he enter Pormoon Bay, he may add to his artistic jottings the view of a small but picturesque cataract on the stream which falls into the head of the inlet.

We could furnish ample testimony of the deep impression made on the minds of distinguished individuals, who, for the first time, witnessed the sublime and truly imposing scenery of the Giant's Causeway; one, however, from the graphic pen of the great Chalmers will suffice. On visiting Ireland in 1827, he describes his passage from Campbelton to Londonderry, and his sensations when he first saw from the sea Fair-Head and the Giant's Causeway. "I never tasted," said he, "the delights of nature's scenery with greater relish. The Causeway itself, as an object, is insignificant; but the precipices on both sides, crystallized and shooting into pinnacles, so as to give the appearance of lofty cathedrals at some places, are truly imposing." Proceeding to Coleraine, the Doctor thus writes in his journal:—"We stopped at the inn kept by Miss Henry, Coleraine. She soon learned that it was I, and showed uncommon kindness. We breakfasted there, and went off about twelve. Miss Henry packed our carriage, which was a chaise, with provisions, for which she took nothing. She is literary, well-disposed, and had read my works. We were now forced to tear ourselves away from all her attentions, and spent the most interesting day I ever recollect. I perfectly rioted upon the scenery. The objects

of the day's excursion were most singularly beautiful and interesting, as Craig-a-Haller, a precipice faced with regular columns; Dunluce Castle, built on a projecting rock, underneath which there was a cave open at both ends, which we entered from the land side till we got to the margin of the sea; Port Oon Cave is a most magnificent marine cave, which we contrived to enter by a side aperture, and placing ourselves at the inner extremity, looked to the waves as they rolled in succession from its mouth, towards and nearly to the place on which we were standing. We were followed by a troop of Irishmen with specimens and curiosities which they obtruded upon us. Mr. Paul kept them at bay, and became a favourite among them. They were incessant in their offers of services, and we got quit of them at last by parting a few shillings among them. One of them fired a pistol in foresaid cave, which made a noble echo. We then passed through a succession of very marvellous scenes, as the Giant's Causeway, which exceeded all my previous conceptions of it, not however as a picturesque object, but as a work of apparent art and arrangement by the hand of nature, and with nature's rudest materials. Besides the main causeway, there are smaller ones, and other regular depositions of rock, giving rise to the appellations of the Honey-comb, the Giant's Loom, the Organ, &c., &c. I was far more in ecstasy than about Stonehenge, for additionally to the crystalline exhibitions, there was in the precipices to the East of the Causeway the finest marine or rock scenery, that I ever witnessed. We climbed up these with great boldness, for our admiration of the spectacle had displaced fear in a great measure. We went along the brow of the precipitous range, which, with its recesses and promontories, formed the most interesting walk of three miles or 'so I ever traversed.—There is one point in particular—Pleaskin, the view from which I place before all others that I ever witnessed in the course of my existence. The face of the precipice exhibits vast ranges of basalt in stately columns, which have all the regularity of masonry. I at this period dropped a book, and did not miss it till about a mile onwards. Two little Irish boys ran in quest of it, and brought it to me in triumph, for which service they of course got their reward. We had two guides: one would have sufficed, but we had spoken by mistake to two, and each insisting on his right, we could adjust it in no other way than by taking both. The service of our important followers cost us altogether about twenty shillings. At the end of our walk we recovered our carriage about seven at night; it came forward to

meet us. We got on to Ballycastle, eight Irish miles further, after a very tedious drive. *Friday*.—Started at five: made an excursion in a chaise to Fair-Head, about four miles off. Got three boys as guides to take us to the tremendous crags of this famous North-East promontory of Ireland. Walked along the brink of the awful extended precipice, about 450 feet above the level of the sea, which rolled beneath. Looked fearfully over at different places on the beach below. Most magnificent columns, of a ruder basalt, however, than at the Giant's Causeway, the scenery of which, though not so majestic as that at Fair-Head, is infinitely more various, picturesque, and beautiful. At one part of Fair-Head there is the 'Grey Man's Path,' which we descended about half-way; but the wetness of the morning and the slipperiness of the path, together with the want of time, prevented us from going to the bottom, where we might have had a full view of the vast precipice impending over us. However, as it was, we saw enough to fill and solemnize us."

We are now leaving the Giant's Causeway, but, ere we do so, we feel bound to commend to every tourist who may visit it the excellent and admirably-conducted hotel which has been there provided for the accommodation of the very numerous and respectable classes of strangers who yearly show that they regard the Causeway as among the principal attractions of Irish scenery. The hotel was built and established by the late Miss Henry, the lady already referred to by Dr. Chalmers, who, for many years was widely known and esteemed as the proprietress of the "Society Arms" Hotel, in Coleraine. She has been most worthily succeeded, in the Causeway Hotel, by its present amiable hostess, Mrs. M'Naul, whose tact, not less than kindness and feeling, in rendering her guests comfortable, has caused her name to be recorded in not a few memorandum-books, as a lady well meriting the patronage of all who have visited the Giant's Causeway, or who may direct their search for pleasure, recreation, or health, in that direction in future, so long as she may preside over the justly popular establishment.

We cannot better conclude our sketch of the Causeway, and of the almost equally sublime adjacent scenery, than by quoting a beautiful, graphic, and truthful delineation of the scenery, from the pen of a gifted Irish lady—warm in home feeling and sublime in imagination—who has committed her thoughts and early associations, in connection with the romantic locality, to the genius of Poesy. The lady, Miss Whiteford, is a native of

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*Cartoon-a-Rede!*

J. May, P. Ramsey & Co.

Ballycastle, but has, for a number of years past, been resident in the city of St. John's, Newfoundland. We regard her as a sweet, natural, and pathetic poetess. Her thoughts with regard to the wildly-magnificent scenery of her youth are embodied in the thrilling stanzas we subjoin :—

"Dash, foam, and toss, wild, troubled sea ! thou canst not fret away  
The bulwark firm by sullen wave, nor yet by drifting spray ;  
Sweep over it, and under it ; alike unchanged it seems,  
Amid the tempest's rushing wrath, or 'neath the pale moonbeams.  
Far down, where wild sea-monsters sweep o'er tangles, dulse, and shells,  
To Staffa and to Fingal's Cave the Causeway sinks or swells :  
Its echoes wake a music wild as long forgotten song  
That Ossian's ocean muse inspired its dark wild rocks among.

We gaze on it in silence—our very breath is hushed ;  
For silence here is eloquence : the purest ever gushed  
From patriot in his praise of home, or scorn of traitor's deed,  
Is not more fraught with nobleness than is the worldless meed,  
We would not, dare not, break the spell, by mingling human sound,  
Where the stupendous work attests a deity profound.  
But, leaving myth and legend of the ages dark and dim,  
We bow in adoration at the glorious work of Him."

#### BUSHMILLS.

This pleasantly-situated town, near the mouth of the river to which it owes its name, is, next to Portrush, a general resort for parties intending to visit the Giant's Causeway by the land route, for whom suitable accommodations were provided, so long since as 1827, by the erection of a commodious hotel at the cost of Sir Francis W. Macnaghten, Bart., father of the present proprietor of the town and estate. It is a neatly-built town, and enjoys an extended reputation for the distillation of the finest malt whiskey manufactured in Ulster. The river Bush is well stored with salmon and trout ; but the fishery is in the hands of lessees. Bushmills is about two miles from the Causeway.

#### CARRICK-A-REDE.

Proceeding Eastward from the Causeway by the coast line, the tourist, about a mile and a-half in the Ballintoy direction, comes within sight of the insulated basaltic crag, Garrick-a-Rede ("the Rock in the Road"), separated from the mainland by a chasm 80 feet in depth and 60 feet in width, through which the sea frequently rolls with inconceivable fury. The cliffs on either



side are, however, connected by a bridge of ropes, seemingly fragile, but not really so, generally used by the fishermen who resort to the rock for the purposes of their calling, for which it is a tempting station, large numbers of salmon being caught there in seine-nets. The sides are very precipitous, and the ascent is dangerous; but accidents to the hardy class of men who climb to the summit on the look-out for fish are very rare. The passage of the bridge is sometimes ventured on by tourists, to witness the exciting scene presented by the method of fishing.

About three miles Eastward from Ballintoy are the ruins of the old castle of Dunseverick (anciently Dun-Sobhairle), once a seat of the sept of O'Cahan (O'Kane), tributary to the O'Neills, but granted to them after Sorley (Sobhairle) Buidhe M'Donnell, whose allies they became, had dispossessed the M'Quillans. The rock on which the remains of the castle are seen is insulated. The ruins now possess little even of historical interest.

#### BALLYCASTLE.

This clean and neatly-built town, which is situated at the head of a fine bay, and in picturesque valley at the foot of Knock-layd, the highest mountain in the County of Antrim, was formerly a place of considerable trade, but has declined greatly since the death of Hugh Boyd, Esq., the former proprietor. The harbour has become very shallow, and is now little frequented unless by small craft engaged in fishing. The pier and quay are in a ruinous state; and the custom-house, glass-houses, salt-works, &c., erected by Mr. Boyd, at great expense, have been diverted to purposes very different from those for which they were intended. The town is divided into the Upper and Lower portions by a road bordered with stately rows of trees. What were termed the Ballycastle Collieries were situated in the neighbouring parish of Culfeightrin, and occupied the face of a hill about 500 feet high. The coal, of which formerly from 10,000 to 15,000 tons were annually exported, was found at an elevation of 200 feet above the beach. The mines are supposed to have been worked so long as five centuries ago. They are now deserted. Ballycastle derived its name from a castle built here in 1609 by Randolph, or Randal, M'Donnell, Earl of Antrim, some ruins of which are still to be seen; as are also the hoary remains of the ancient religious house of Bona Margy, the

burial-place of the Antrim family. There was found in a rivulet near the town, in 1811, a flexible rod of gold, composed of twisted bars, 38 inches long, and weighing 20½ ounces. It was probably a Roman torque, and brought hither by some of the Danish or Scottish ravagers of Roman Britain.

On the way to Fair Head, and not far from Ballycastle is the "Grey Man's Path," a singular fissure in the face of a precipice. The passage is fearfully exciting but not attended with much danger. Fair Head, a bold promontory to the East of Ballycastle Bay, rises 636 feet above sea level. Crowning a cliff about a mile and a-half from the town are the mouldering ruins of Duncurry Castle, and, on the top of Kenbane Head, those of a castle bearing that name. Both belonging to the Scottish sept of M'Alister. We have already given a notice of the more important Castle of Dunluce. Below the head, several small caves can be seen. "Grace Staples's Cave," which lies nearer to Ballycastle, resembles in its columnar sides that of Fingal, in the island of Staffa; but it is smaller in extent. Fair Head is four miles from the nearest point of the island of Rathlin, and seventeen miles from the Scottish coast, which is plainly discernible.

Rathlin is of considerable historical note. In 546, St. Columba founded a church in it, which was destroyed by the Danes in 795. Here are pointed out, on the summit of a towering cliff, at the North-East end of the island, the ruins of "Bruce's Castle," where Robert "the Bruce" found refuge in 1306, when compelled to fly from Scotland during the contest between him and Baliol. He was accompanied by Angus, King of the Isles, who then owned Rathlin. A romantic tradition prevails that Bruce, while in this castle, was encouraged to the resolve of making another attempt to gain the Scottish crown by the simple incident of having seen a spider succeed in fixing its thread after two failures—the same number which he himself had met with in his warlike enterprises. The island was originally divided into two districts—Kenrammer at the upper, and Ushet at the lower, end of the island. The people of these two divisions seem to have been of distinct races, and feuds once existed between them, which, happily, have long since subsided. In sepulchral tumuli, near the centre of the island, brazen swords, flint and stone celts, &c., have been found—reminiscences of scenes of deadly conflict. The formation of Rathlin is of coarse basaltic; but the columns exhibit a confusion and irregularity nowhere else to be seen. Many of them, at Doon Point, are horizontal,

and others twisted and curved in an extraordinary manner, their ends resembling those of the trunks of trees, heaped and piled together. The distance between the mainland and Church Bay, the only harbour, is about seven miles, and the channel is often very dangerous, from the tremendous swell occasioned by the meeting of the Atlantic and the tidal waves. A perilous eddy, called Coiryvrecan (*Coire Brechain*, "the Cauldron of Brechain"), is thus formed which derives its appellation from Brechain, a son of the renowned Nial of the Nine Hostages, having perished in it, with his fleet of 50 arraghs. The passage is called Sleuch-na-Mara—i. e., "the Valley of the Sea." Rathlin is famed for its small, shaggy, and sure-footed ponies, which resemble those of Shetland.

#### THE GREAT COAST ROAD.

There is no road of its kind in Ireland—or, indeed, in the three kingdoms—so remarkable for engineering boldness, or for the sublime scenery, both landward and seaward, which it commands, as the Great Coast Road of Antrim. This was designed in 1834, by Mr. Bald, engineer to the Board of Works, and it was executed at the joint expense of the Government and the County, the Grand Jury presenting £18,000 towards the object. It is really a marvel of scientific skill, and has excited the unqualified admiration of all who have travelled by it—more particularly of tourists who, sketch-book in hand, have performed the journey on foot. For many miles the stupendous cliffs along the sea margin have been cut down to within ten feet of high-water mark, and the material used to form an embankment or breakwater to protect the road from the waves, which roll in with tremendous fury during Easterly and North-Easterly gales. On one hand, in various places, a lofty mountain seems about to overwhelm the wayfarer; while the roaring and foaming surges are ready to engulf him on the other. Here and there the road is boldly thrown, by means of handsome bridges, across those wildly picturesque ravines and valleys which give to the district the name of "the Glyns of Antrim," which are numerous, penetrate far into the land, and are all the outlets of rapid mountain streams. The grandest of the viaducts is that which crosses the mouth of Glendun, the central arch of which rises 80 feet above the river.

We have pleasure in presenting to the tourist the following

extracts, taken from a larger poem on "*the Glyns of Antrim*," by Mr. W. J. M'Mullan, a native of Belfast, and author of several beautiful lyrics mostly descriptive of Irish scenery:—

In leafy June, by brae and linn,  
 How oft, in Antrim's greenest glyn,  
 A lonely wand'rer I have been  
     At dawn and fall of eve;  
 Where, from the hill-slopes bare and brown  
 The arrowy streams shoot seaward down,  
 And sunbeams through the beechen crown  
     A path all golden cleave!  
 In all our glorious Western Isle  
 The Summer's flower-baptizing smile  
     Falls not so bright as there,  
 On hazel copse, on quivering lime,  
 On heath-bells twinkling 'mid the thyme:  
 'Tis life and joy to bask or climb  
     Fann'd by that fragrant air.  
 The breakers lap and curl below;  
 And sea-birds, poisd on wings of snow,  
 Wheel fitfully in-shore and fro,  
     And soar, and dip, and skim.  
 To East and North, a waste of waves,  
 From Antrim's coast of cliffs and caves,  
     Blends with the blue sky's rim;  
 And, heeling to the fair, fresh gale,  
 The brave bark bounds with tightening sail,  
     Far out in wild mid-sea—  
 Dim mountains on her weather-beam—  
 Grey mist beneath her lee.

Stranger! if e'er thy steps should turn  
 To the deep dells of fair Ierne,  
     Their dark-haired sons mark well;  
 For warmer heart or stouter hand  
 Ne'er maiden woo'd, ne'er wielded brand,  
 Than theirs who tread this Northern land  
     Of strath, and moor, and fell.  
 The kindly word, the open door,  
 The ready aid on wave or shore,  
 From Garron height to far Bengore,  
     The stranger's right and meed.  
 A welcome in their Doric tongue,  
 Artless, but gushing, prompt, and strong,  
 The grateful breast remembers long—  
     The accent and the deed.

\* \* \* \* \*

Passing Murlough Bay, Tor Head, and the Western side of Cushendun Bay, the tourist enters the neat little village of Cushendun. Here, however, there is nothing to detain him—not even the old attraction of capital poteen, once distilled in

no stinted quantities in the neighbouring glens, but now not to be had, of a *bonâ fide* character, "for love or money." Lovely Glenariff with its caves, and other smaller valleys, desolate but not unpleasing in aspect, intervene between this village and Cushendall—a small but thriving town, at the head of Red bay. Its name (Cush-na-dall) signifies "the foot of the Dall river." Near this place, at a rath called Duncrana Morne, on a hill, was, according to tradition, the regal abode of the great Finn M'Comhal. The grave of the tuneful warrior-bard Ossian himself is believed to be in a little ruined church on the sea-coast, not far off; and that of a Scottish giant, Dallas, slain by him, is also shown. The coast hereabouts presents numerous sea-worn caves, once the convenient resort of smugglers, but now only tenanted by sea-fowl.

## GLENARM.

This is the next point on the coast line to attract the special attention of the tourist—which it deserves equally with any sea-side town of its size in Ireland. It is situated in a delightful valley on a pretty bay of its own name, and is much frequented in Summer by those in search of recreation and health. It is well sheltered on the land side by the fine park surrounding Glenarm Castle, the magnificent seat of the Antrim family. A considerable stream flows past the embattled walls of the castle, and enters the head of the bay. There are numerous sparkling cascades along its course through the glen. The castle is built in an old Gothic style, but furnished according to modern ideas of elegance and taste. In the church-yard are some remains of an old monastery, built by Robert Bissett, a Scotch refugee of good family, in 1465. The property came into the hands of the M'Donnells by marriage, and has ever since remained with them. The park is well stocked with deer, and the hazel underwood produces a great abundance of filberts.

## LARNE.

Several objects of interest, in the way of scenery, meet the eye on the route from Glenarm to Larne. These, however, need not be particularised. It is only necessary to name Garron

Tower, a picturesque edifice, occasionally the Summer residence of its munificent, affluent, and spirited owner, Frances Anne, Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry; Sallagh Braes, two vast and striking semicircular hills; the cliffs at Ballygally Head; and the solitary ruins of Carn Castle.

Larne, which is next reached, can boast of considerable antiquity, as regards its neighbourhood, though the town is modern. It was anciently called Inver, which is still the name of a district adjoining—now forming part of the estate of Edward Coey, Esq., J.P., the present Mayor of Belfast—one of the merchant princes of that city—who is a native of Larne—and through whose liberality and enterprise that town is likely to increase rapidly in importance and prosperity; the more so as it will soon be connected with Carrickfergus and Belfast by railway. It is watered by a stream formerly called the Ollarba, which rises in a hill about four miles from the town, where a Dalriadan chief was killed in the second century by Mal Mac-Rochraide, king of Ulster. The vicinity was the birth-place of St. Comgall, the founder of Bangor. The harbour of Larne was of old called Olderfleet or Wolderfrith Haven. The most conspicuous object in it is the ruined Castle of Olderfleet, where Edward Bruce landed in 1315. The Curraan, which is the entrance of the lough, is a fine, deep channel, having the large and fertile peninsula of Islandmagee on the left. On the right a jetty and quay have been formed, at which vessels of the largest tonnage can discharge. The inner lough, which forms a wide expanse, is only navigable for very small craft. The town enjoys a considerable foreign import trade, and also an improving trade coastwise, both inwards and outwards.

About six miles from the mainland of Larne are two lofty lighthouses, on the rocky islets called the North and South Maidens. These are seen from a great distance, and are of great advantage in the navigation of the Irish Channel. Islandmagee, to which there is a ferry across the Curraan, has one of the most remarkable Druidical altars in Ulster, the incumbent stone of which, though of great weight, can be easily moved, and is therefore called "the Rocking Stone." At the Eastern end of the peninsula are lofty precipitous cliffs called the Gobbins, over which a number of Irish were driven into the sea, at a remote date, by English and Scottish soldiers from Carrickfergus, in retaliation for atrocities committed by them. At Glynn, near Larne, are the ruins of a very ancient church, with a distinct nave and chancel, different in architecture.

Some Pagan remains, consisting of square enclosures, are to be seen on Ballyboley Hill.

#### LARNE TO CARRICKFERGUS.

A considerable portion of the road between these places is very uneven ; but the worst part has been improved, by the formation of a short line nearer to the shore. It is not characterized by much that is interesting ; but the views from it to seaward are beautiful and extensive. A long stretch of the Scotch and English coasts is visible, and even the Isle of Man ; while the shores of the wide and sheltered Lough of Belfast are highly picturesque. At Magheramorne the attention is arrested by the immense deposit of limestone, great quantities of which are exported to Scotland and England. Glencoe is a romantic village, on a stream along which there are several waterfalls. Eden is a pleasantly situated hamlet ; and Ballycarry—the birth-place and resting-place of the poet Orr (mentioned elsewhere)—occupies a pleasing locality. At Kilroot commences a road into Islandmagee ; and on the neck of land it crosses are the remains of Castle Chichester, once a fortified place belonging to the Donegall family. Here also is Slaughterford Bridge, so named from some forgotten but sanguinary conflict, probably between the Irish and Scots. At Kilroot landed the division of William III.'s forces, commanded by himself, on their way to the Boyne.

We have now conducted the reader and tourist back to an interesting point—the ancient borough of Carrickfergus—from whence, in a preceding section of our "Guide," we accompanied him to the Causeway. We will not allow ourselves to doubt that the full measure of satisfaction and delight which we predicted for him from an exploration of our Northern scenery, antiquities, and objects of natural and artistic curiosity—not less than from his making himself acquainted with our manners, habits, and social and commercial position—has overflowed for him. Should our little work have at all, or, at least, to any considerable degree, assisted him in his researches, invested with additional interest, places, things, characters, and events associated with the districts he has traversed, beguiled the tedium of the less attractive spots, or smoothed the difficulties which a stranger necessarily meets with in a first tour, we shall have the proud gratification of knowing that our labours in the compilation have served a use-

ful purpose. The "Guide" might have been greatly extended, and we were almost tempted to fall into an error in that respect which has been complained of in the case of similar publications; but we hope it will be found that the work has by no means suffered either in utility or interest by our having, so far as was possible, avoided dry details and elaborate minuteness.

## LISBURN.

No town on the line of railway between Belfast and Armagh possesses so much historical and general interest as that of Lisburn, which is of very considerable antiquity, and one of the most prosperous inland boroughs in Ireland. The ancient names of the place were Linsley Garvin, Lisnegarvey, and Lisnagarvagh—the latter signifying "the Fort (or Court) of the Gamester;" or, as some suppose, "the Fort of Garvey, or Garvin," thought to have been the name of some local chieftain. Since 1641, when it was burnt by the Irish, under Sir Phelimy O'Neill and Sir Con Magennis, it has been called Lisburn—"the river Fort." Speaking of Lisburn and its neighbourhood, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall say:—"There is, probably, no town in Ireland where the happy effects of English taste and industry are more conspicuous than at Lisburn. From the Drumbridge to the banks of the Lagan on one side, to the shores of Lough Neagh on the other, the people are almost exclusively the descendants of English settlers. Those in the immediate neighbourhood of the town were mostly Welsh; but great numbers arrived from the Northern English shires, and from the neighbourhood of the Bristol Channel. The English language is, perhaps, spoken more purely by the populace in this district than by the same class in any other part of Ireland. The neatness of the cottages, and the good taste displayed in many of the farms, are little, if at all, inferior to aught that we find in England; and the tourist who visits Lough Neagh, passing through Ballinderry, will consider it to have been justly designated the 'garden of the North.' The multitudes of pretty little villages scattered over the landscape, each announcing itself by the tapering tower of a church, would almost beguile the traveller into believing that he is passing through a rural district in one of the midland counties of England. . . . The inhabitants of Lisburn are, in general, social and well-educated; and the class of shopkeepers and other business people



will at least bear comparison with the same class in any other provincial town in the kingdom."

The increase and importance of Lisburn may be dated from the grant, in 1627, by Charles I., of the remainder of the manor of Killultagh to Edward, Viscount Conway—a portion of the same manor having been previously conferred, by James I., on his brother, Sir Fulke Conway. The latter was an English general, who, in the reign of Elizabeth, rendered valuable service against the Irish, particularly in Tyrone's Rebellion. His prowess gained for him the forfeited estate of the "Captin" of Killultagh (O'Neill). In 1627, Viscount Conway commenced erecting a castle at Lisburn, in the grounds now called the Castle Gardens. This, with a large portion of the town, was destroyed by fire in 1707: a part of the walls is still to be seen. The proprietor of the estate induced many English and Welsh families to settle in the town and neighbourhood. His heir was Colonel Conway, whose only child, a daughter, stated to have been very beautiful, was affianced to an English officer, Captain Seymour. While preparations were being made for the marriage, the lady fell sick, and died after two days' illness. Her affianced was adopted by his intended father-in-law as a son, and made his heir, taking the name of Seymour-Conway, which is that of his descendant, the present Marquis of Hertford.

The town was gallantly defended against the insurgent army in the rebellion of 1641; but, on their defeat, was by them reduced to ashes. The garrison consisted of only five newly-raised companies, and Lord Conway's troop of horse, who valiantly held their ground until a small reinforcement, under Sir Arthur Tyringham and Sir George Rawdon, arrived, which was afterwards increased by troops from Belfast and Carrikerfergus. A sanguinary contest was then maintained in the streets of the burning town until nearly midnight, when the insurgents were finally put to flight, leaving behind them dead and wounded thrice the number of the entire garrison, of whom only from 20 to 30 were killed. General Monroe made an unsuccessful attempt to obtain possession of the town in 1644, and in 1648 was signally defeated in the vicinity by Colonel Venables and Sir Charles Coote, two of Cromwell's commanders, to the former of whom, in 1650, the castle was surrendered. In 1689, a considerable force, in the interest of James II., assembled at Lisburn on the landing of Duke Schomberg, but soon retired, and William III. passed through the town in June, 1690. The church was erected into a cathedral for the united dioceses of

Down and Connor by Charles II., to reward the fidelity of the inhabitants to his father and himself. It contains a monument to the memory of the celebrated Dr. Jeremy Taylor, who, when Bishop, died here in 1667, and was buried in the church of Dromore; also one to the memory of Lieutenant Dobbs, who was killed in an engagement with Paul Jones off the Antrim coast. The handsome and lofty octagonal spire was built in 1807, at the expense of the late Marquis of Hertford.

After the revocation of the edict of Nantes, a number of respectable Huguenot families settled in Lisburn and its environs, who introduced most important improvements in the manufacture of linen—a branch of industry for which the district soon became, and still is, famous. The most enterprising, and one of the most enlightened and energetic, of the refugees was Louis Crommelin, Esq., who established bleach-works at Hildlen, and otherwise signally promoted the linen manufacture; in which he was liberally encouraged by Baron Conway, and subsequently by William III. Some of the descendants of the Huguenots still live in Lisburn and its neighbourhood; and one of them, N. D. Crommelin, Esq., is a leading member of the great linen manufacturing firm, the York Street Spinning Company, in Belfast. The manufacture of damask was introduced by Mr. William Coulson last century, and is at present extensively carried on by a member of the same family. The produce of their looms is of world-wide celebrity. The spinning of linen yarn, the manufacture of thread, the weaving of fine linens and cambrics, and bleaching on an extensive scale, employ much capital and many hundreds of hands in and around Lisburn. The manufacture and embroidery of muslins are also important sources of industrial employment in the district.

The town, which is one of the three Parliamentary boroughs in County Antrim, is, on the whole, well built, containing many fine houses and shops, and numerous places of worship. Nearly in the centre is a tasteful and commodious market-house, surmounted by a cupola. A portion of it forms a spacious suite of assembly-rooms. The streets are in general airy and clean; well lighted with gas; and there is an abundant supply of excellent water. The Castle Gardens are kept in excellent repair, as a promenade for the inhabitants, by the noble owner of the estate, who usually resides on the Continent. In the grounds were a pair of remarkable elm-trees, called "the Two Sisters," which were of the most gigantic growth. One of these yet flourishes; the other was all but destroyed by the great tempest

of January, 1839. The situation of the town, its communication with Belfast by the Lagan river and canal, and by the Ulster Railway, and the intelligence, business habits, and spirited enterprise of the inhabitants, contribute highly to its prosperity. About two miles to the North of the town, on the White Mountain, are the ruins of Castlerobin, built by Sir Robert Norton in the reign of Elizabeth. The remaining walls are 84 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 40 feet high. Near them is a mount of considerable height. Lisburn confers the title of Earl and Viscount on the English family of Vaughan.

#### HILLSBOROUGH.

The tract from Lisburn to Hillsborough, three miles in length, is one of the richest and most picturesque in the province of Ulster—or, indeed, in the whole of Ireland. It possesses all the characteristics of the finest English landscape, and the majority of those who inhabit it are the descendants of English settlers. The surface is gently undulating, and beautifully diversified with plantations, trimly-kept hedgerows, orchards, and gardens, fields in the highest state of cultivation, and farm-houses and cottages not surpassed in Ireland for their neatness, size, and air of comfort. The handsome town of Hillsborough occupies a delightful situation, on the slope of a steep hill, from which there are delightful prospects in every direction, particularly of the fertile valley of the Lagan to its opening far to seaward, a distance of many miles. The lofty octagonal tower of the church, 200 feet in height, is a conspicuous object from every point of approach; as also is a tall and graceful column to the memory of the late lamented Marquis of Downshire, who was killed by a fall from his horse, while on a visit to his estate at Edenderry, King's County. The town was anciently called Cromlyn, and derived its present name from a castle erected by Sir Arthur Hill, in the reign of Charles I., which, after the Restoration, was made a royal fortress by Charles II., who made Sir Arthur and his heirs hereditary constables, with 20 warders and a well-appointed garrison. The castle is still kept up as a royal garrison. Here, in 1690, William III. stopped for two nights, on his way to the Boyne; and his army encamped under the walls. On this account the neighbourhood has since been free from the payment of tithe. Hillsborough Castle, the

residence of the present Marquis of Downshire, is a large and magnificent building, at the Western extremity of the town, in an extensive and picturesque demesne, finely embellished with wood, open glades, and an artificial lake. To the East of the town is the park, which contains 1,500 acres, surrounded by a wall. Within it is Sir Arthur Hill's fort, in the centre of the West side of which is a castellated mansion, supposed to have been built as a residence for the constable. The church is a spacious cruciform structure, in the later English style, with square embattled towers at the extremities of the transepts, and a similar tower at the West end, surmounted by a spire, erected in 1774, at the sole expense of the late Marquis, who is stated to have expended £15,000 on the building. The windows are richly ornamented with stained glass, and a powerful and sweet-toned organ was presented by the late Marquis, which has been further improved by the present noble lord, who also keeps the church in repair, and pays the salaries of the organist, choristers, and vergers. Two monuments claim special attention; one, by the celebrated Nollekens, to the memory of Archdeacon Leslie; the other to that of the late deservedly-popular Marquis. This nobleman erected the market-house of the town, a commodious and handsome building, which also serves as a court-house.

The family of Hill is of Norman extraction, and originally bore the name of De la Montagne, by which it was styled in the reign of Edward III. Sir Moyses Hill, who had an estate in Staffordshire, came over to Ireland, with the Earl of Essex, in the reign of Elizabeth, to put down the rebellion of O'Neill. He was appointed governor of Oldfleet Castle, in Larne Lough; and was afterwards rewarded, by James I., by being raised to the rank of Mareschal of Ulster and governor of the royal fortress of Hillsborough. As a more substantial mark of the royal favour, large grants of land were conferred upon him. The present Marquis, who generally resides at Hillsborough Castle, is highly esteemed, and is an improving and beneficent landlord. Horse-races take place twice a-year, alternately at Downpatrick and the Maze Course. Many of the small farmers in this locality are engaged in the manufacture of linen and cotton fabrics, in which they excel. The people of the district are noted for their orderly habits, for regularity of features, and for clear complexions—indications of the prevalence of Anglo-Saxon blood among them.

The tourist having visited the various beautiful outlets on the Antrim side of Belfast, will find those of the County Down equally attractive. A few minutes will bring him to Sydenham station, the first on the Holywood line.

## SYDENHAM.

This is the name given to a highly-picturesque and healthy locality, on the slope gently ascending from the Downshire side of Belfast Lough, about a mile from the Eastern suburb. Among the many eligible sites for the erection of villa residences, in the neighbourhood of the town, it is, in all respects, one of the very best—affording at once delightful views of the bay, the town, and the boldly-diversified scenery of the Antrim shore. The advantages of the situation have already discovered themselves to the merchants of Belfast, several of whom have beautified the neighbourhood by the erection of splendid mansions, surrounded by ornate pleasure-grounds. As a site for that description of country seats, it will become still more popular when the contemplated “Victoria Park,” between the County Down Railway terminus and the new channels for the harbour navigation, shall have been levelled, planted, and otherwise rendered attractive to the public. The district was formerly known by the familiar and appropriate name of Strand-town; and in the immediate vicinity was a time-honoured Knoll, crowned by a modest villa, to which some admirer of American principles had given the appellation “Bunker’s Hill.” These homely designations are likely soon to be forgotten, supplanted by the more modern and euphonious names suggested by the encroachment of the adjacent city. Our pictorial sketch, taken from the bay, gives a very accurate view of the new Presbyterian church, erected principally through the liberality of Thomas M’Clure, Esq., J.P., of Belmont, the proprietor of the townland; the architecture of which is justly admired. The gentleman just named, in addition to making a grant of about two acres of land for the site of the church, subscribed £1000 towards its completion. Norwood Tower, the picturesque seat of James A. Henderson, Esq., and the handsome residences of other gentlemen, also form leading features of our transcribed landscape. Within a short distance is a neat group of villas situated in Sydenham Park. The next railway station on the same estate is called Glenmachan. Passing through a beautiful avenue between Shaston and Garnerville, the



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Moat House is reached, the present lawn of which was formerly an ancient burying-ground. "There are no remains of the church or church-yard now to be seen, but it is known that they occupied the ground at present under the orchard which belongs to 'The Moat House.' At the building of this house, several of the ancient tomb-stones were employed for architectural purposes; and one, which was set in the wall of an adjacent office-house, is still exposed to view."—*Reeves' Ecclesiastical Antiquities*. Immediately above the Moat House an extensive park is laid out for building of villas. In olden times, it was occupied as a garden by Friars of the Franciscan order. It is recorded that in the burying-ground was the tomb of the once great but eccentric and jovial Con O'Neill, who in his day held sovereignty, not only over the baronies of Castlereagh, on the highest hill of which was his castle (now undiscoverable even in its foundations), but throughout the whole of "the Ards"—the large and fertile peninsula separating Belfast Lough from that of Strangford—anciently Lough Cuan. Many historical associations are connected with Ballymachan; and it would be difficult to persuade some of the older inhabitants of the vicinity that "one of the last and best of the princely O'Neills" had not found a place of sepulture in a corner of the grave-yard. It unfortunately happens that, whereas there are records in abundance to show where, when, and how big-hearted, deep-drinking, rollicking Con *lived*, there are none to inform us definitely as to when he died or where he found a last resting-place—scion of a race of heroes. We are informed that a tomb-stone, conjectured to be that of Con O'Neill, and removed from Ballymachan burying-ground some years since, is now among the antiquarian treasures of the Museum of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society. The associations connected with the realm of the stalwart and the doughty chieftain naturally recal Moore's plaintive lines:—

"Thus shall memory oft in dreams sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,  
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time,  
For the long-faded glories they cover."

## HOLYWOOD.

This beautiful and rapidly-improving village and watering-place, situate four miles from Belfast, on the Downshire side of



the lough, is well worthy of a visit from strangers. It may be regarded, in some respects, as the Kingstown of Belfast. The situation is delightful. The town is sheltered, to the East and South, by a range of low hills, cultivated to the summit, and dotted with the white dwellings of comfortable farmers. The scenery in the vicinity is diversified and pleasing; quite English, indeed, in its aspect, from the number of parks, the extent of woodland, the admirable order of the grounds and fences, and the neatness of the cottages and gardens. Many handsome and commodious houses, for Summer visitants, have been erected in and near the town within a few years; and, on the sunny slopes above, modern buildings of a high class, and in elegant styles of architecture—some in continuous ranges, and others forming detached or semi-detached villas—are occupied as permanent residences by the wealthy: not a few of them by gentlemen who have places of business in Belfast, with which there is railway communication 14 times daily, on week-days, and 11 times on Sundays. One side of the entire road leading townward displays a succession of splendid mansions, groves, and pleasure-grounds. One of the principal buildings is "The Palace" of the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor. In delightful situations, commanding extensive views of the bay and the picturesque shore on the Antrim side, are numerous villas.

Holywood, although so modern in appearance, and though, previously to 1800, it contained only about 30 dwellings, mostly poor cabins, is a place of ancient date. It derived its name from a priory of the third order of St. Francis, founded here in 1200 by Thomas Whyte, which was amply endowed, and flourished till the dissolution of such houses. Among its possessions were the Copeland Isles and the island of Rathlin, which with all its other endowments, in the third year of James I., were granted in fee-farm to Sir James Hamilton, afterwards Viscount Clarendon, at the rent of £1 3s. 4d. Irish. On the 8th of April, 1644, a meeting of the Presbyterian clergy and laity was held here, at which 32 persons entered into "a solemn league and covenant for the defence of the reformed religion, the safety of the king, and the peace, happiness, and security of the three Kingdoms, and to secure and hold fast the league and covenant with England." The original document is in the Belfast Museum.

From its vicinity to Belfast, its well-sheltered and agreeable situation, and the fine view which it commands of the Antrim coast of Belfast Lough, from Collin Mountain to the bold basaltic promontory of the Black Head. Holywood is, of course, much

frequented by bathers and invalids. Dr. Knox, in his excellent volume, "The Irish Watering Places," remarks:—"Bathing, however, is only practicable at certain times of the tide; and as the waters roll over extensive beds of mud in their progress to the shore, they have not the same strength, freshness, and purity as on a more open beach." At Cultra (signifying "The Corner or Nook of the Strand"), a mile farther down the shore, all these advantages are accessible to the bather. A well-supplied news-room, public baths, literary, musical, and benevolent societies, &c., have been established in the village by the spirited inhabitants; and gas-works have been erected on a judiciously chosen site—the Kinnegar, a small peninsula a little to the West. The *Rosa Hibernica*, afterwards called the *Rosa Tempetonia* from its discoverer, John Templeton, Esq., of Belfast, was first observed in this parish.

The parish of Holywood comprises the two ancient parishes of Ballymechan, or Columbkil, and Craigavad. There was a church at each of these places, but no vestiges of either remain. The cemeteries of both were used as places of interment till 1765; and in the former, it is stated, were deposited the remains of Con O'Neill. Of the manner in which Sir Hugh Montgomery, a follower of James I., acquired possession of a portion of Con's forfeited estate, the following explanation is given:—"Con MacNeil MacBrian MacFertagh O'Neill, lord of Clanebois, making a grand debauch at Castlereagh for his brothers and friends, sent some of his followers and servants for wine to Belfast. Getting intoxicated, and quarrelling with the garrison, the wine was taken from them by the soldiers: they returned to their company empty and bleeding. Con made a strict inquiry into the matter; and, finding that the number of his followers exceeded twice that of the soldiers, he reproached them bitterly, and threatened that they should never serve him again unless they went back forthwith, and avenged the insult on those *bodagh Sassenach soldiers*. Stung with the reproof, they went back instantly, succeeded in killing one soldier, but were finally repulsed, with the loss of several killed and wounded. Con was now declared a rebel, and he and his followers were seized and imprisoned in Carrickfergus. Lord Hugh (he was lord of Braidstone, in Scotland) heard of the whole transaction, and contrived his escape in the following manner:—He engaged Thomas Montgomery, of Blackburn, master of a trading vessel, to undertake it, which he did thus:—Having made love to Anna Dobbin, the Town Marshal's

daughter, he contrived through her to acquaint Con with the design, and had him conveyed on board his ship, and landed safely at Largs, in Scotland; from thence he was conducted to Braidstone, and there entered into indentures with Montgomery to divide his estate with him if he could procure his pardon. The matter was soon arranged. Con was graciously received at court, and kissed the king's hand." Montgomery was thus confirmed in his portion of the estate, and it is still retained in the family.

The old church of Holywood occupied the site of the ancient Franciscan priory. The new church, a handsome building, is on rising ground a short distance to the South of the village.

#### BANGOR.

About  $11\frac{1}{2}$  statute miles from Belfast, on the County Down side of the lough, is the ancient and considerable town of Bangor, which, as well from its antiquity as from its being the principal watering-place on the shores of the bay, deserves notice. Here, so early as about 555, a famous abbey of Canons Regular was founded by St. Comgall, over which he presided for fifty years, and died and was interred in it. A school was also established here by St. Carthagus, which became one of the most eminent seminaries in Europe, and supplied King Alfred with some professors for his University of Oxford. In 613 the town was destroyed by fire, and in 674 the abbey was burnt. In 818, Danish marauders murdered the Abbot and 900 Monks. It is related that, in its most flourishing days, the abbey contained no fewer than 3,000 (some state 4,000) ecclesiastics. In 1125, the abbey was rebuilt by Malachy O'Morgair, then Abbot, who added an oratory of stone and lime, said to have been the first of the kind in Ulster, and from which the place, formerly called "The Vale of Angels," obtained the name of "Bean Choraidh"—the White Choir—whence Bangor. The abbey continued to flourish, and had large endowments, some of which were added by the English Kings after the Conquest. Amongst its possessions was a townland in the Isle of Man, called Clenanoy, which the abbot held on the singular condition of attending the king of that island at certain times. In 1469, the buildings having fallen into decay, Pope Paul II. transferred the possession of the abbey from the Regular Canons to the Franciscans, by whom it was held to the dissolution of the monasteries. After that

period a great portion of the lands was either granted to or seized by the O'Neills, but was forfeited by the Rebellion of Con. The following novel mode of escape of the celebrated Con from Carrickfergus Castle and his landing in Bangor is thus recorded by Dr. Reid :—"Con's wife had access, when she would, into the castle of Carrickfergus where her husband was ; sometime to bring in clothes, sometime meat and drink, and never almost without some appearance of a good errand. At last she had appointed a boat to come from Bangor, which being light, might even come under the castle and receive Con out at a window. One day she came into the chamber with two large cheeses, the meat being neatly taken out, and filled with cords, well packed in, and the holes handsomely made up again. Those she brought to him without any suspicion of deceit, and left him to hang himself down from the window at such a time when, by moon-shine, he might see the boat ready. All this is done accordingly, and Con brought over to the church of Bangor, where, in an old steeple, he is hid till relief came." James I. granted the site of the abbey and all its former possessions in the county to Sir James Hamilton, subsequently Viscount Claneboye, at a rent of £4 Irish. He brought over a colony of Scots from Dunlop, in Ayrshire, who were accompanied by their minister, Robert Blair, who, although a Presbyterian, was presented to the church living of Bangor, and ordained in 1623, according to the Presbyterian form, the Bishop of Down officiating as a Presbyterian. Blair was the grandfather of Robert Blair, author of "The Grave," and great grandfather of the celebrated Dr. Hugh Blair, of Edinburgh. From Sir James Hamilton are descended, lineally or collaterally the families of Bangor, Dufferin, and others, of note. In 1689, the advanced portion of William III.'s army, under Duke Schomberg, landed at Groomsport, about a mile from Bangor. The town was made corporate in 1613, and returned two members to the Irish Parliament. At the Union, £15,000 was granted, as compensation for the abolition of the franchise, to the Earl of Carrick and the trustees of the estate of Viscount Bangor. The cotton manufacture was introduced here between 1783 and 1786, by Mr. George Hannay ; and weaving, embroidery, &c., are still carried on to a considerable extent. In the town there are no antique remains worthy of note. In a bog in the neighbourhood were found several skeletons of the Irish elk, the antlers of one of which measured nine feet from tip to tip. Vestiges of numerous raths exist in the neighbourhood, the largest of which, Rathgael ("the Fort of the Strangers") extends over more than

two acres, and was encompassed by a double vallum. It is now covered by plantations, &c. Druidical remains have also been frequently found. Slate, coal, and lead are among the deposits of the vicinity: the last-named has been profitably worked. In 1816, the first parochial ploughing society in Ireland was formed in Bangor. Christian O'Conarchy, the first abbot of Mellefont, afterwards Bishop of Lismore, and the Pope's legate in Ireland, was born at or near this place; and William Hamilton, a clever poet, was also born here, in 1704.

Bangor, although not well adapted for a Winter residence, owing to the exposed nature of its situation, is a favourite Summer-resort, being recommended by the purity of the sea-water and the atmosphere, its vicinity to Belfast, its numerous and comfortable lodgings, and its fine views of the Antrim coast. During the bathing season, steamers ply several times daily to and from Belfast, with which it will, in due time, be further connected by railway. Among the mansions in the neighbourhood are Bangor Castle, the seat of R. E. Ward, Esq., part proprietor of the town; Ballyleidy, that of Viscount Dufferin, her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary in Syria; and Crawfordsburn, that of W. Sharman Crawford, Esq., the venerable political reformer, formerly M.P. for Rochdale.

#### DRUMBO—THE GIANT'S RING—THE CROMLECH—THE ROUND TOWER.

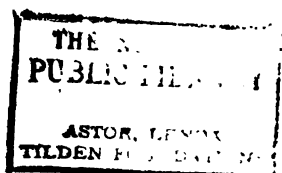
About four miles from Belfast, in the parish of Drumbo—a particularly fertile district—near the old road leading to Lisburn, and not far distant from the river Lagan, is the Giant's Ring, a rath of extraordinary dimensions, and one of the most remarkable monuments of Pagan antiquity in the kingdom—certainly the most notable in the County Down, which abounds in such objects of interest. At Donaghadee, Downpatrick, Dromore, and Crown-bridge, near Newry, are raths of great size; but that which we are about to notice surpasses them all in several respects. The Giant's Ring consists of an enormous circle, perfectly level, about 580 feet in diameter, or nearly one-third of an Irish mile in circumference, comprising an area of above 10 statute acres. The earthen embankment by which it is enclosed is 80 feet in breadth at the base; and the height, although necessarily much reduced in the lapse of ages, is still so great as to hide all the surrounding country, except the lofty hills, from the view of the spectator in the enclosure. It is probable



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Giants Ring & Druid's Altar

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that, at one period, only the sky was visible from it. Dubour-dieu, in his "Survey," observes :—"A person cannot but feel a degree of awe, from the idea of total seclusion which strikes upon his mind ; and he must be persuaded that, at whatever period, or by whatsoever denomination of men, this work was performed, superior judgment has been shown in the planning of an object which, situated as it is, affects by its simple justness ; and he must feel a high idea of the influence necessary, in times so remote, to unite a body of men sufficient to execute it." The same author states that the top of the mound was wide enough for two men to ride abreast. In the centre of the enclosed space is a Druidical altar, or Cromlech, which has been described by several writers on the antiquities of Ireland. It has evidently suffered much from the vicissitudes of time, even within the last century, if we are to rely upon the authority of Harris, who, in his "History of County Down," (1744) states that two ranges of pillars, each consisting of seven, supported the great superincumbent rock ; besides which there were several other stones fixed upright in the ground, at the distance of about four feet. At present, the incumbent stone rests upon only four supporters—that on the South side being also an incumbent stone, resting upon three upright ones, and thus forming a secondary Cromlech. There are two large detached stones, one on the West and the other on the South side of the altar. The altar-stone measures seven feet one inch in length, and six feet eleven inches in breadth, and has an average thickness of about two feet. The entire Ring has been enclosed by a substantial wall, by the proprietor of the estate on which it is situated. On a tablet inserted in the wall, at the entrance gate, is the following inscription :—"This wall, for the protection of the Giant's Ring, was erected, A.D. 1841, by Arthur, third Viscount Dungannon." This stupendous monument of a remote age and people is also recommended to the care of Lord Dungannon's successors.

Upon these relics of the past, which form the subject of an article in the *Illustrated London News* of 23rd February, 1861, the writer observes :—"The opinion once prevalent that monuments of this description were connected with the rites of Druidic worship, and that the horizontal slab at top was a sacrificial altar, is now pretty generally exploded. It has been found that the cap-stone has almost invariably its flat side turned downwards, and that the form of the upper side is utterly unsuitable for the reception of sacrificial victims. Recent investi-



gation has shown that, among semi-civilised races, it was a widespread practice to protect the remains of a distinguished person with a massive stone-covering, and archæological inquirers are now almost agreed that these primitive remains are sepulchres. Originally, no doubt, they were covered with earth; but, the mound having been removed by time, or some other devastator, these cromlechs, as they are called, exhibit now only the rude skeleton of the early structure. They are found in several parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and in the Channel Islands. They are to be met with in France, Germany, Spain, and Denmark, and even in North and South America, and Hindostan. The most common form of these primeval catacombs is that of three vast upright stones, which form a rectangular chamber, roofed by a large slab, thus leaving one side open. Mr. Lukis, who has thrown more light on the subject of cromlechs than any one else, and who has personally explored about twenty of such chambers of the dead, gives an interesting account of one of an elaborate shape and huge dimensions which he inspected in Guernsey. It is situated on the summit of a gentle hill standing in the plain of l'Ancrese. Large blocks of granite are here and there visible on the sides. Five large cap-stones are seen rising above the sandy embankment which surrounds the place; these rest on the props beneath, and the whole is enclosed by a circle of upright stones of different magnitude. On obtaining an entrance through the earth and sand, and removing the several strata of white sand, dark sand, limpet shells, &c., he found not only human bones, but bones of the horse, the ox, and boars' tusks; stones for grinding, troughs for pounding, stone hammers, quoits, arrow-heads; jars and vessels of sun-baked pottery, &c. 'The burnt human bones,' he remarks, 'appeared in distinct heaps, and the jars in contact had partaken of the colour of them.'

In the burial place, close to the site of the ancient church of Drumbo, stood an abbey founded by St. Patrick, of which St. Mochumna was abbot in the beginning of the seventh century. At a very short distance to the North are the remains of a round tower, thirty-five feet in height, forty-seven in circumference, and nine in diameter in the clear. The entrance-door is on the East side, six feet from the ground. The inside surface, towards the bottom, has a vitrified appearance. This tower, according to Petrie, the best authority on such a subject, belongs to the most ancient type of these singular buildings. It is supposed that there was formerly a small fortified town at

Drumbo. In the environs, many hearth stones and other remains have been dug up in the course of cultivation. In the parish of Drumbo, in addition to the entrenchment described, are eight large raths; the most conspicuous of which, on the summit of Tullyard, is constructed of earth, loose stones, and vitrified substances.

The signification of the term Cromlech—properly Cromliagh—is literally “a crooked stone,” from the inclined position that was generally given to the incumbent slab. “Altar-stone”—i.e., “stone of bowing or adoration”—is, however, the more appropriate meaning. There are many of these ancient structures for heathen sacrifice in Wales and other parts of Britain. Rowland, in his “Antiquities of Mona,” ventures to conjecture that the first British colonists brought the word *Carem-lech* with them from Babel, and that it was derived from the Hebrew *Cærem-luach*—“a devoted table or altar.” The Irish Druidical cromlech closely resembles, in one important particular, the altar which is spoken of in Exodus xx., 25, inasmuch as it was built of stones which were not “hewn,” and had not been “polluted” by any “tool.”

With regard to the purposes for which Danes’ Rathes and Mounts were constructed, antiquarians are not agreed, though much learned research has been expended on the investigation of the subject. Monuments, exactly similar to the mounts, or mounds, are recorded as having been raised by various nations of ancient times. Plutarch, in the “Life of Alexander the Great,” describing the funeral of Damaratus, the Corinthian, says:—“The old man, making a visit to Alexander, then in Asia, fell sick in the camp and died, and had a most magnificent funeral, the whole army raising him a monument of earth four-score cubits high, and of a vast circumference.” Herodotus, speaking of the tombs the Scythians raised for their kings, states that “they laboured earnestly to raise as high a mound of earth for them as possible.” In Scandinavia, Russia, and Persia, honours of the same kind were paid to the illustrious dead. In Virgil, too, we read (*Æneid*, lib. ii.):—

“There, like a mountain, rose a lofty hill,  
In which old Laurent’s King Dercennus lay  
Stately interr’d, though in a tomb of clay.”

Lucan thus alludes to the same ancient manner of burial (*Phars.* lib. viii.):—

“Under a mountain, raised by hands, they keep  
Kings’ sacred ashes that securely sleep.”

In England these mounds are usually called barrows. As the Danes had power in Ireland for more than 400 years, Harris thinks it is not to be doubted that they erected many mounts and raths, particularly in the North. Sir Thomas Molyneux makes a special distinction between the uses of the mounts and raths—namely, that the former were places of sepulture for the dead, and the latter, as shown by their ramparts, ditches, or entrenchments, places of security for the living. The words *rath* and *dun* are promiscuously used in Irish for “a fortified place.” Many of the raths have caves and galleries contrived within them—not, apparently, to shelter men, but as vaults for stores, arms, and provisions. Molyneux thinks it probable that there is such a vaulted gallery in the rath at Donaghadee, which is 70 feet high, and on the summit of which a powder magazine was erected.

#### NEWTOWNBRED A—CASTLEREAGH—THE KNOCK.

About two miles South of Belfast, on the road to Saintfield, is the pleasant village of Newtownbreda. It has an interesting appearance, from its agreeable situation, on an eminence near the river Lagan, its neat and tidy white-washed cottages, mostly detached, and with gardens in the rear, and especially the elegant parochial church of Breda, an edifice in the Grecian style, with a handsome spire. This building was erected in 1747, under the direction of Mr. Castell (designer of the Irish houses of Parliament), through the munificence of the Dowager Viscountess Middleton. It immediately adjoins the demesne of Belvoir Park, the seat of Sir R. Bateson, Bart. Overlooking the village is the hill of Castlereagh, where once stood the “right royal” residence of the celebrated Con O’Neill, once the owner of 224 freehold townlands, and many others held by various tenures. The fortress was said to have been erected in the reign of Edward III., by Aodh Flann. It was situated within a Danish rath, and encompassed by a fosse. No traces of the baronial stronghold now remains.

“Here are sands—ignoble things,  
Dropp’d from the ruined sides of kings.”

It is stated that the ancient coronation chair of the O’Neills, of Castlereagh, is still in existence. After the downfall of the family, in the reign of James I., it was thrown down, and neglected till 1750, when Stewart Banks, Esq., Sovereign of Belfast, caused it to be removed to the town, and built into the wall

of the butter market, where it was used as a seat until the butter market was pulled down. It was then taken possession of by one Thomas Fitzmaurice, who placed it in a garden in front of his house in Lancaster Street, where it remained till 1832, when it was purchased for R. C. Walker, Esq., at whose seat at Rathcarrick, County Sligo, it is carefully preserved. The chair is very rudely constructed, and composed of common whinstone.

On an eminence near the South-Eastern extremity of the parish of Knockbreda are the hoary ruins of Knock Church; and convenient to them are the remains of a cromlech, consisting of five large stones, and also a Danish fort of conical form. Of Breda church there are no remains except the cemetery, enclosed with a high wall, in Belvoir Park, in which is a small mausoleum erected by the first Viscount Dungannon. At the Knock there is a station of the Belfast and County Down Railway.

#### DUNDONALD—THE KEMPE STONES.

Five miles from Belfast, near the line of the County Down Railway, with a station, is the village of Dundonald, which boasts of considerable antiquity, though the place is modern in appearance, and has several elegant mansions in its neighbourhood. It anciently bore the name of Cardonnel and Kirkdonnel or Kirkdonald. About a mile distant, near the old road leading to Newtownards, is a singular monument, of unknown date, called the Kempe stones. In their general appearance they resemble the cromlechs, or Druidical altars; but their name, and that of the townland in which they are situated, as well as tradition, seem to assign them a different origin, and to raise the probability that they were erected as a memorial to the dead. *Kempe*, in Anglo-Saxon, signifies a warrior; and there is a legend that a giant was interred here, who was slain by a hero of superior might. The Celtic name of the district was *Baille-clough-togal*—i.e., "The Town of the Stone of the Strangers:" the townland is still called Greengraves. The monument consists of an incumbent stone or rock, of enormous dimensions, being upwards of eight and a-half feet in length, nearly the same in breadth, from four to five feet in thickness, and supposed to weigh at least forty tons. There are three principal and two inferior supporting pillars, two of the former wedge-shaped, and about five feet in height; the third a massive

slab, resting on two others. In the grounds of Summer-hill, adjacent to Dundonald, is a mineral spring, the water of which Ruttly describes as a comparatively pure chalybeate, and recommends that it should be drunk on the spot, as when allowed to stand for some time, it becomes wheyish, and very fetid. The Rev. Gilbert Kennedy, a distinguished Presbyterian minister, was interred in the Church at Dundonald, in 1687. Close to the church is a large circular Danish fort, surrounded by a moat from which the parish and village are supposed to derive their name.

## NEWTOWNARDS.

This town, which is beautifully situated, a short distance from the Northern extremity of Strangford Lough, and eight Irish miles from Belfast, is the most populous and rapidly improving town exclusively in Co. Down. (Newry, although larger, lies partly in Down and partly in Armagh). It is partially surrounded by a picturesque amphitheatre of hills, the highest of which, Scrabo, has supplied the freestone of which it is principally built. It is one of the cleanest, most healthful, and most flourishing inland towns in Ireland. For much of its prosperity it is indebted to the late and the present Marquis of Londonderry; and for the rest to the enterprise and industry of the inhabitants, who are largely engaged in the muslin manufacture, particularly in embroidery for Glasgow and Belfast firms. Many of the buildings are handsome, and the leading streets are wide and well laid out. There is a spacious square, with a commodious town-hall and court-house, and the edifices for public worship are numerous in proportion to the size of the place.

From an early period Newtownards was celebrated for the number of religious foundations in its immediate neighbourhood. In 1244, Walter De Burgh, Earl of Ulster founded a monastery here, dedicated to St. Columb, for Dominican friars. On the dissolution of the religious houses, it was assigned to Viscount Montgomery, of the Ards. No traces of the building are to be seen. On the North side of the town was the cell of Kiltonga, supposed to have originally given name to the parish; and within five miles were the abbeys of Bangor, Holywood, Movilla, Greyabbey, Comber, and the Black Priory. The Ards, Down, and Newtown were at one time separate counties: the period of their consolidation is not clearly known, but it was probably in the fifteenth century. Newtownards was a parliamentary

borough previous to the Union. The entire territory of the Ards was formerly called "the heights of Ulster near the Eastern Sea." The noble family to whom the Newtownards property belongs are descended, both in the male and female line, from the royal house of Stewart. The male line is derived from Sir John Stewart, of Bonhill, second son of Alexander, sixth Lord Stewart of Scotland, and grandfather of Robert II., the first Scottish king of the name of Stewart. John Stewart, Esq., of Ballylaun Castle, was the first who settled in Ireland, having received from Charles I. a grant of the manor of "Stewart's Course." He settled the estate with Protestants. His descendant, Alexander, purchased the estate of Mount-Stewart from the Colville family. He was the father of the first Earl of Londonderry. The late Marquis, whose distinguished military career is well known, was first married to the fourth daughter of the third Earl of Darnley, which lady was the mother of the present Marquis, and through her he is united to the Stewart line through Catherine, only sister and heiress of Charles, Duke of Lenox and Earl of Darnley, of the house of Stewart. The Earl of Darnley was descended on the male side from John Bligh, Esq., who came over to Ireland in the time of Cromwell, and was successively created Baron Clifton, Viscount Darnley, of Athboy, and Earl of Darnley. He married Lady Theodosia Hyde, daughter and heiress of Edward, third Earl of Clarendon. By this marriage the family of Darnley is related to the Royal Family of England through the Lady Anne Hyde, who was mother to Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

In the vicinity of Newtownards, in addition to the valuable freestone of the Scrabo quarries, now extensively used for first-class buildings in Belfast, are lead mines, very rich in ore, which have been profitably worked; and there is no doubt that the mineral deposits of the neighbourhood will soon be further developed, in consequence of the extension of railway communication.

Mount-Stewart, the seat of the Marquis of Londonderry, to the Eastward of the town, is a large and splendid mansion; the architecture is a combination of the Grecian and Roman styles. A beautiful little temple, of truly classic taste, modelled after the Temple of the Winds, at Athens, is a conspicuous object at a short distance to the South of the house. The demesne comprises more than 500 acres, is admirably laid out, and contains a great variety of magnificent timber trees.

The antiquities in the environs of Newtownards are not numerous or of particular interest. In a bog at Loughriescouse, in this parish, were found, in 1824, at a depth of 23 feet below the surface, the body of a man, in Highland costume, in a good state of preservation. Portions of the dress were perfect; but the body crumbled into dust on exposure to the air. In the townland of Ballymagreehan, in 1832, the head and antlers of an enormous elk were discovered. They are now in the Glasgow Museum.

#### MOVILLA—GREYABBEY.

About a mile E.N.E. of Newtownards, on the road to Donaghadee, at Movilla, or Moville (anciently Maigeville), are some vestiges of a Monastery of Augustine Canons, founded by St. Finian about 550, and therefore somewhat earlier than even the establishment at Bangor. At the time of its dissolution it enjoyed large possessions, which were granted by James I. to James, Viscount Clanboye (Hamilton), and from him were assigned to Hugh, Viscount Ards (Montgomery). In the cemetery enclosure there are traces of large foundations. Near the old church are the ruins of a private chapel, built by Sir Robert Colville. In that church were deposited the remains of the Earl and other members of the family of Mount-Alexander, of several of the Colville family, of the first Marquis of Londonderry, and of his father.

Greyabbey, as one of the most ancient towns in the Ards, is deserving of a brief notice. It owes its name to a monastery founded here, in 1193, by Africa, wife of Sir John de Courcy, and daughter of Godred, king of the Isle of Man, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, for monks of the Cistercian order, who were brought hither from Cumberland. It was nearly destroyed in Tyrone's Rebellion; and by James I., its site and possession were granted to Sir James Hamilton. The remains of the abbey, which cover a large area, are imposing and picturesque. The Eastern gable is nearly entire, and the stone-work of the lancet-shaped windows is perfect. The nave was used as the parish church till 1778, and is now the place of sepulture of the Montgomery family. Within the choir are two recumbent effigies, finely carved in freestone, and supposed to be those of John de Courcy and his wife. There are also several other ancient monuments. The abbey appears to have been in the early English style of church architecture. In 1825 a large tumulus was opened here

by Dr. Stephenson, and found to contain 17 stone coffins. In each was an urn of baked clay, containing granular earth of a dark colour. Near the ruins of the abbey is a well of limpid water, from which flows a copious stream. Over it are the remains of an ancient arch, showing some curious stone carving.

Greyabbey occupies a pleasant and salubrious situation, on the shore of Strangford Lough, six miles from Newtownards, on the road from Belfast to Portaferry. It is prosperous and increasing, and the inhabitants, many of whom are engaged in the muslin and linen manufacture, shew unquestionable indications of comfort. The beautiful demesne of Rosemount is adjacent to the old abbey, and is open to visitors, the number of whom, for the purpose of enjoying the pure air and bathing, are yearly increasing. For their accommodation a beautiful little temple has been erected in the grounds.

#### DONAGHADEE.

This is decidedly one of the most agreeable, clean, and breezy towns on the Eastern seaboard of Ireland. It is within convenient distance of Belfast (16 miles), with which there is communication in Summer by steamer: a railway is also contemplated, and the project will certainly be carried out within a reasonable period. Donaghadee is the nearest point of County Down to Scotland, the intervening channel being only 21 miles wide,—little more than an hour's sail to Portpatrick, in the present improved state of steam navigation. The opening up of railway communication to the two opposite points will induce many tourists, travellers, and persons of business, to avail themselves of the "short-sea passage," which will, of course, be secured by steamers of sufficient power and speed. Donaghadee was formerly one of the three principal Irish stations for post-office packets; and, to render its harbour suitable for the requirements of the service, large sums of the public money have been expended in the construction of an artificial harbour, by the formation of massive piers outside the original quay, and the excavation of the enclosed space (about seven acres), to a depth of 16 feet at low water. A fine lighthouse has also been erected at the extremity of the South pier, with a stationary red light. One of the most remarkable objects in the vicinity of Donaghadee is a great Danish rath, 140 feet in height, 480 feet in circumference at the base, and 219 feet at the top, overlooking the town, and converted



into a powder magazine, having a castellated wall round the platform on the summit, which commands an extensive view of the Irish Channel, the opposite shores of Scotland, and even of the North-Western extremity of the Isle of Man. The Copeland Isles, on one of which is a lofty lighthouse, are separated from the mainland by a sound about three-fourths of a mile in width. Donaghadee anciently belonged to the monastery of Black Abbey, afterwards to the O'Neills, and from them passed to the Montgomeries. Its present proprietor is D. Delacherois, Esq. The embroidering of muslin, which was introduced here by Scotch manufacturers so long since as 1805, employs a large number of females in the town and neighbourhood, who are excellent needle-women. The port has a considerable trade, principally coastwise. "Before the introduction of steam navigation, large numbers of horses, black cattle, and sheep, and quantities of wool, butter, oats, and oatmeal, were shipped for Scotland. Harris quaintly remarks (1744)—"It is certain vast numbers of horses are exported from hence to Scotland, *many of which are stolen*. Each of them pays only a shilling duty upon embarkation; and they are generally landed by stealth in the creeks of Scotland, to avoid paying a high duty there." At one time, Donaghadee enjoyed another description of contraband traffic—namely, the exportation of fugitive lovers, *en route* to Gretna. It is needless to say that both these branches of underhand commerce have long ceased. Donaghadee is not much frequented as a bathing-place; but the agreeable situation of the town, its salubrity, and the fine views of coast scenery which it affords, render it popular as a summer residence for families and invalids. There are many fine villas in the neighbourhood, one of the most noticeable of which is Portavo, a seat of D. S. Ker, Esq., M.P., near the coast road to Bangor.

We shall now return to the County Down Railway line, and follow its course, commencing at

#### COMBER.

This is a thriving town, modern in appearance, but of remote historical antiquity. It is stated that St. Patrick founded an abbey here, but no traces of it are now discoverable; and it is also recorded that Brien Catha Dun, from whom were descended

the O'Neills of Claneboye, and who fell by the hand of Sir John de Courcey about 1201, had an abbey erected at the place, in honour of the Blessed Virgin, supplying it with monks of the Cistercian order from Albalanda, in Carmarthenshire. The site and lands were granted by James I. to Viscount Claneboye, whose successors used the greater portion of the materials of the abbey in erecting a mansion near the town, named Mount-Alexander, long since in ruins. The parish church occupies the site of the abbey. In it are several neat monuments—among others, to the memory of the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, vicar of Portaferry, Capt. Cheturynd, Lieut. Unet, and Ensign Sparks, of the York Fencibles, who fell in the battle of Saintfield, during the insurrection of 1798. The town, which is 8 miles from Belfast and 18½ from Downpatrick, by railway, is situated near an inlet of Lough Strangford, the tide flowing to within half-a-mile of the place. The manufacture of linen and cotton fabrics, and muslin embroidery, employ a number of the inhabitants of Comber and its vicinity; and in the town is an extensive and old-established distillery. In the square is a stately monumental obelisk, to the memory of Major-General Sir R. R. Gillespie, who fell gloriously when leading his division to an assault upon the fort of Kalunga, in Java. He was Colonel of the 86th (Royal County Down) Regiment, whom he personally commanded at the time of his death. In the townland of Ballygraphan, in the parish, is a large Druidical altar, the table-stone of which, now lying on the ground, measures 19 feet by 6, and is four feet thick: the five upright stones are in an adjoining hedge-row. Scattered over the parish are numerous raths. The estate is the property of the Marquis of Londonderry; and the state of agriculture is scarcely surpassed in the province of Ulster.

At a time antecedent to the invention of flax-spinning by machinery, and when the process of manufacturing the textile thread by hand labour was a cheerful and profitable branch of household industry, the females of Comber and its neighbourhood were celebrated for their proficiency and neat-handedness in the art. To this they were encouraged by facts such as one given in the work already referred to, "Our Staple Manufactures"—namely, that, in 1799, out of a pound and a-half of flax, costing 10s., a woman produced yarn value for the sum of £5 2s. 6d. From the same book, we have pleasure in reprinting, to the honour of the fair spinsters of Comber, the record of the astonishing feat, that one of them, Miss M'Quillan, spun 94 hanks out of a pound of flax, and that she split the fibre

with a needle to give this degree of fineness. Her wonderful expertness secured for her a handsome prize. The following verses are *à propos* to the time and manner of such exploits of skill, and to the change which the march of progress has since wrought :—



### THE SONG OF THE SPINNING WHEEL.

I sing the song of the Spinning Wheel—  
The song of our by-gone days ;  
The *lint* on the *rock*, the *hack* and the *reel*,  
And the fireside's cheerful blaze ;—

The dance of the hand, and the fine-drawn thread,  
So quick and so gracefully spun ;  
The *click* of the *reel*, as it slowly sped,  
That told when the *cut* was run.

The mother within her old arm-chair  
(And a loving old one was she)—  
Her daughters around, all blooming and fair,  
And singing right merrilie.

Oh ! 'twas heartsome to see, on a Winter's day,  
The neighbour lasses come in,  
With the wheel on the shoulder, playfully,  
To sing, to chat, and to spin.

And when, at gloamin, the lads would come,  
And shyly open the door,  
The wheels would birl with a louder hum  
Than ever they did before.

The song and the joke would cease awhile,  
To list to some tale of woe—  
Some legend tale of our own Green Isle,  
Of the years long, long ago.

As the pliant *hank* from the reel was ta'en,  
And twisted and twined with care,  
The thrifty old dame would reckon her gain  
When sold in market or fair.

And proud was she when her own gude man  
 Brought the cart frae 'yont the barn,  
 And seated her snug, with his own kind han'  
 By her *bunch* of well-spun yarn.

Oh! the Spinning Wheel was a blithesome boon  
 To our mothers and sisters dear:  
 There was work at hand from noon to noon,  
 And plenty of gold and gear.

But, alas! what a change to the cottage hearth!  
 The song of the wheel's no more—  
 The song that gladdened, with guileless mirth,  
 The hearts and homes of the poor.

## SAINTFIELD.

This improving inland town, 15 miles from Belfast, and 11½ from Downpatrick, by railway, shows, by its neat appearance and prosperous condition, the fostering care of a good resident landlord, and the enterprise, diligence, and thrift of the inhabitants. The private dwellings are in general well-built and comfortable, and it has a commodious market-house, where a good business is done. The manufactures carried on are principally linen and cotton cloths, a number of those who weave them, in the neighbourhood, being as in many other parts of Ulster, particularly in Down and Armagh, holders of small portions of land which they till. The ancient name of saintfield was *Tullach-na-naove*,—that is, Saint-hill—from a religious house, of which there are no traces and few records. The first improvements in the town were made early in the last century, by General Price, ancestor of the present landlord. Hutcheson, author of a work on natural philosophy, was a native of this parish.

On the 9th June, 1798, Saintfield was the scene of a sanguinary engagement between a large body of United Irishmen, under Henry Munro, and the York Fencibles and a detachment of Yeoman Cavalry, under Colonel Stapleton. This battle, which occurred two days after the defeat of the insurgents at Antrim, was the first collision in County Down, between the armed peasantry and the military—the commencement, indeed, of the outbreak in that quarter. The insurgents had assembled on the previous day, near the town, under a leader named Jackson, and set fire to the house of an informer, named M'Kee, where eleven persons are said to have perished in the flames. On the following morning, the rebels were posted in ambuscade, behind hedgerows and elsewhere, to await the approach of

Colonel Stapleton with the greater part of the garrison of Newtownards. The attack was commenced by the insurgents, with great spirit and determination. The yeomen cavalry were driven back, with much slaughter, upon the infantry, who, for a time, were thrown into confusion, but afterwards rallied, and fought with coolness and intrepidity, eventually dislodging the enemy. The action, however, was indecisive; Stapleton, after losing upwards of sixty men, including three officers and a clergyman—the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, Vicar of Portaferry, a volunteer on the occasion—retreated to Comber, and afterwards to Belfast; and the insurgents, who claimed a victory, took possession of Saintfield. They are stated to have lost 360 in killed and wounded; but this is probably considerably above the mark. Harwood, in his "History of the Rebellion," gives a very meagre account of the battle, and Teeling's is also a mere outline. The conflict did not begin till the afternoon, and the first place of rencontre was a hedge-row by the side of the road leading from Comber. The military seem to have been ignorant of the position of the insurgents, who, rushing from their ambuscade, charged them so furiously that they were struck with a temporary panic. Every soldier had to fight his way as best he could, in opposition to the formidable pike, and other weapons to which they were unaccustomed. A writer in the *Belfast Magazine* (1825), who was an eye-witness of the engagement, says, speaking of occurrences which followed the battle:—"As some of the insurgents with pikes stabbed the body of one of the officers after he lay dead on the road, the soldiers of his company, exasperated, perhaps, with this atrocity, in scouring the country a day or two after the battle, committed various outrages. Among others, they shot a very sober and harmless man, at his own door, from whom they demanded money; and, though he gave them half-a-crown—all he possessed at the time—they immediately shot him through the heart.—If the report of his neighbours may be credited, he had not been in the battle, nor up in arms; nor was he at all implicated in the rebellion. . . . They threatened, with terrifying oaths, to shoot his poor wife, who, bathed in tears, stood trembling over the fallen and bleeding body of her expiring husband. Calling at the house of another peaceable man, they also demanded money; but, he having none to give, they ordered him to the street before his door, and, with awful menaces, set him up as a mark for their muskets: nay, one of the company actually presented his piece, but did not fire." After the battle of Saintfield,

the people encamped for two days on a high and rugged hill, a mile from the town. This spot, known by the name of Creevy Rocks, is thus rendered memorable in the neighbourhood. Here were assembled a motley crowd of men and boys, women and children. From this rendezvous, orderlies were despatched to summon the country to turn out in arms. The camp ground was loaded with provisions, partly brought to the place by the friends of the cause, and partly taken without leave or pay, as the right of warriors. Many visited the camp from curiosity, who had no intention of fighting, and who never thought of the evil of appearing in arms in open rebellion. Many who were armed were undisciplined, and knew nothing of the difficulty, nor reflected on the danger of meeting a regular force on the field of conflict. Some were clothed with offices to which they had been elected, and others assumed command; some were disposed to obey orders, and others not.

On the next morning, by another body of insurgents, a determined attack was made on the town of Portaferry; but the assailants were repulsed by the vigorous and well-arranged efforts of Capt. Matthews, the officer in command. In the course of the day another party took undisputed possession of Newtownards, from which place they marched the same night to Saintfield, the general rendezvous of the insurgent army of Down, which, on the morning of the 11th of June, numbered nearly 7,000 men.

## BALLYNAHINCH.

No town in the County of Down—or, indeed, throughout the whole of Ulster—is so much resorted to by valetudinarians as this pleasant, central, and beautifully situated place: a popularity for which it is chiefly indebted to its widely-celebrated SPAS, which have held their place in public estimation, through all changes of opinion and caprices of fashion, for more than a century, and are more frequented at the present day than any spa in Ireland.

Ballynahinch is about 74 miles (Irish) from Dublin, 20 miles from Newry, 7 from Downpatrick, and 12 from Belfast. With the two last-named places it has communication five times on week-days and twice on Sundays by railway; and it is probable that, before long, it will be accessible in the same manner from the others, as a line from Downpatrick to Newry is projected, under highly favourable auspices. That it was formerly much

less easy of approach than in these days, we learn from Harris, who, in his "History of County Down" (1744), tells us that "the country about it is extremely coarse, full of rocks and hills, which render all access to it troublesome and unpleasant, and is justly complained of by travellers, who can only hobble through the broken and narrow causeways; and from this terrible condition of the roads it has obtained the name of Maghera-droll [*Magher-na-droibhell*, 'the Field of Difficulties'], which it truly deserves." Long since, excellent county roads replaced those thus animadverted upon; and now visitors proceeding from Belfast, the usual point of departure, are conveyed to their destination, along one of the smoothest railroads in the kingdom, and in carriages not surpassed for comfort, a distance of 21 statute miles, in an hour and a quarter, including stoppages. "The town," says Harris, "lies in the midst of the great roads leading from Lurgan, Lisburn, Dromore, and Hillsborough, to Downpatrick." It was founded after the Rebellion of 1641, by Sir George Rawdon, Bart., an ancestor of the Marquis of Hastings,\* as appears by a patent granting him the patent of the Manor of Kinelearty. In this family the property remained till the early part of the present century. The present proprietor is D. S. Ker, Esq., M.P., by whom it has been much improved and beautified, and who erected an elegant and commodious hotel, in every respect suitable for the most respectable class of visitors. In a work of interesting miscellaneous local information, by J. Moore Johnston, Esq., Seneschal of Ballynahinch, in 1802, published at Downpatrick, in 1803, the great salubrity of Ballynahinch and the surrounding district is shown by a long list of persons of unusual longevity who had died there from

\* The noble family of Hastings is of great antiquity, as appears from the title-deed of their estate, granted by William the Conqueror. The following lines are taken from the original deed, mentioned in "Weaver's Funeral Monuments":—

"I, William King, the third year of my reign,  
Give to Paulyn Royden [Rawdon], Hope and Hopetowne,  
With all the Lands, both up and downe,  
From Heaven to Yearth, from Yearth to Hel,  
For thee and thyne, there to dwel,  
As truly as this King right is myne,  
For a cross-bow and a arrow,  
When I sal come to hunt on Yarrow.  
And in token that this thing is sooth [true],  
I bit the whyt wax with my tooth,  
Before Meg, Maud, and Margery,  
And my third sonne Henry."



BALLYNAHINCIL.



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the middle to the close of the last century. Seven or eight had reached the age of 100; one was 107, another 108, a third 111, and a fourth 114. The same writer informs us that Lord Moira commenced his great improvements at Montalto, in 1770, and expended about £30,000 upon them. In the former year, it is described as "one of the best improved and most elegant demesnes in the country, having about 100,000 timber trees of various kinds growing upon it. There are," says the writer, "good gardens, a great variety of fruit-trees, a neat pinery and grapery. The demesne is adorned with shrubberies, temples, statues, ponds, and walks. The planting is laid out on each side of a deep glen, through which the river runs." A poetical delineation of the scenery, by the same author—somewhat quaint in its metaphors—contains the following lines:—

"By easy steps I regularly rise,  
Where Ednavady's top statues the skies,  
And view with pleasure all the distant fields.  
The noble scenes which fair Montalto yields.  
Where once a hawthorn bush and bramble grew,  
A turf, and rocks unpleasing to the view,  
Now sprouting groves disclose a smiling green,  
And blushing flow'rs, intruding, glance between:  
Here the sublime of Nature wakes surprise;  
While there the gentle charms attract the eyes."

At the present day, the Muse would find, in the delightful landscape seen from "Ednavady's top," a much more exciting and worthy theme for the inspiration of descriptive verse.

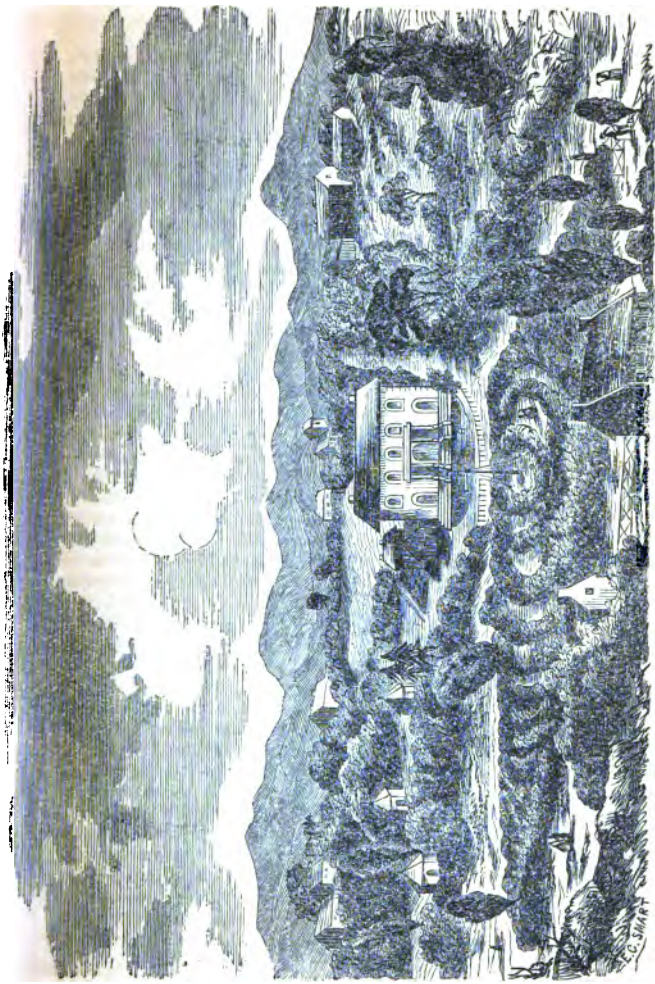
## THE SPAS,

The great attraction of Ballynahinch, are situated in a sheltered and picturesque vale, about two miles from the town. In one direction they are screened by planting; while they are further protected by the adjacent lofty hills, the prospects from the summits of which are diversified and extensive. Slieve Croob, a little to the Southward, rises to the height of 1,800 feet; and on its slopes are the head springs of two or three rivers, which flow in various directions, the principal of which is the Lagan, which falls into Belfast Lough. It is, for the most part, composed of sienite, some of it porphyritic, and very beautiful. In its neighbourhood are found a durable description of slate and three species of limestone. The sienite crops out at intervals from Bakaderry to a height of 900 feet. On the summit of Slieve

Croob is the largest cairn in the county, with one exception, that of Carnbane, near Newry. Its circumference is 77 yards at the base, and 45 yards at the top; its conical height, 18 yards on one side, and only about six on the other. Twenty-two smaller cairns are raised on the top of the principal one, ranging from three to five feet in height.

The long ridge of the Mourne mountains forms the line of the horizon to the extreme South. Dr. Knox, author of "The Irish Watering Places," says:—"As the character of this place has grown up gradually, so everything points to the increase and permanence of its reputation. Its pure, dry, bracing mountain air—its elevated situation—quiet but cheerful retirement—its excellent tonic and alterative waters—the favourable opinions of the neighbouring physicians—and the vicinity of Belfast, the metropolis of Ulster—will, I doubt not, long combine to render Ballynahinch a favourable resort of the inhabitants of the North-East of Ireland; nor will it be venturing too much to assert, that the majority of invalids to whom the Ballynahinch waters may be suitable will have no reason to regret a visit to this most healthful vicinity." Abundant and comfortable accommodation for all classes of visitors is to be found within a moderate distance of the springs, at charges varying from 10s. or 15s. to £3 per week; and also in Mrs. Walker's excellent hotel at Ballynahinch, in which lodgings may be had by the day or month. In the neighbourhood is the delightful demesne of Montalto, surrounding the mansion of D.S. Ker, Esq., M.P., proprietor of the estate; and the picturesque scenery of Bryansford, Tollymore Park, Seaforde (all open to strangers); as well as Downpatrick, Dundrum, Newcastle, Hillsborough, and other towns, villages, and places of interest within easy distance of the wells, and described in subsequent pages, are attractive to visitors, and much resorted to in excursions, by way of variety. A mile and a-half from the Spa, at Whitepark, there has been established an excellent seminary for young ladies, conducted by Mrs. Milliken—under whose highly-efficient superintendence it is becoming widely and deservedly popular. The situation is one of the most agreeable and healthful that could be desired.

The discovery of the virtues of the Spa is attributed to its accidental and successful application in a case of inveterate ulcer. When Sir John Rawden was proprietor, he caused attention to be paid to it, and its reputation gradually extended. Harris describes it as a "rich sulphureo-chalybeate spring of very clear water, and withal very cold; of disagreeable smell, resembling the waters of



THE SPAS—BALLYNAHINCH.

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Aix-la-Chapelle, or the water used in scouring a foul gun." Ratty quotes instances of its great efficacy in scorbutic disorders. The chalybeate, or upper well, discovered long after the other, is in great repute, but, according to Sir Robert Kane and Dr. Knox, who have analyzed it, has no iron whatever, and is "nothing more than ordinary water, containing lime, sulphuric acid, muriatic acid, carbonic acid, and soda, and these in smaller quantities than many of the ordinary springs of the country." It is thought, however, that as iron exists in the other well, only a few yards distant, a proper examination would again disclose the source of the pure chalybeate spring. The sulphureo-chalybeate water rises from a white, marl-like substance, overlaid by blue clay under a surface of peat. "In wet weather," observes Dr. Knox, "the strength of the water is diminished, in consequence of the ground-soakage. In a medicinal point of view, the action of sulphur springs is stimulant and alterative, producing most beneficial results in diseases marked by torpor of the constitution. Chronic ulcers, obstinate cutaneous eruptions, affections of the liver, intractable rheumatic pains, and paralytic debility, have been specially benefited by sulphureous waters."

According to Kane, 3·21 grains of residuum, obtained by evaporation from the water of Ballynahinch lower well, consisted of—muriatic acid, 0·18; sulphuric acid, 0·24; soda, 0·35; protoxide of iron, 0·15; lime, 0·35; carbonic acid, 0·39; organic matter, 1·55. The specific gravity was 1,000·539, and the colour a yellowish brown, from the organic matter of turf which it holds in solution.

The existence of sulphuretted hydrogen gas is at once indicated by the odour of rotten eggs. The presence of sulphur is also very accurately determined by immersing a piece of silver, on which the sulphur, of a dark-brown or golden hue, is deposited. Sulphureous waters have generally a soft feel. When employed in the form of baths, the gas rapidly escapes, and their medicinal virtue is lost. Chalybeate waters have an ochrey deposit—protoxide of iron, changed into peroxide by oxygen derived from the atmosphere. That the solvent of the metal in the Ballynahinch spring is carbonic acid may be ascertained by boiling. The carbonic acid is driven off, and, the iron being thrown down in the form of a yellow or brown precipitate, no blackness will be produced by the addition of gall-powder. Sulphate of iron is not known to exist in any mineral water hitherto discovered in Ireland.

Dr. Knox states that "the metal of the Ballynahinch water is apparently derived from the schistose formations, which closely adjoin the pump-room. Its temperature, when examined fresh from the spring, is cold, being about 50 deg. Fahrenheit at all hours of the day. The flavour is disagreeable, although the *apres goût* is not so; and soon after being swallowed a pleasant glow of heat is generally diffused over the frame.

"On reference to the analysis, we find the characteristic ingredients of the Ballynahinch spring to be sulphuretted hydrogen and iron combined, in proportions sufficient to impart a degree of stimulus and tone to the stomach and general system, without being so strong as to produce over-excitement, unless taken in immoderate quantities; thereby confirming the correctness of the general impression of its value, and justifying the uninterrupted recourse which has been had to it for more than a century, as the increase of visitors has been steady ever since the time of Harris." It may be added, in justice to Dr. Knox, that the influx of visitors to the mineral wells of Ballynahinch has been greatly promoted, of late years, by the attention drawn to them by his accurate and valuable book, "The Irish Watering Places." The opening of railway communication to the town, and the improvements there and in the vicinity of the springs constantly in progress, through the spirit, taste, and liberality of the proprietor, and under the superintendence of his late excellent and efficient agent, W. R. Anketell, Esq.,\* have also, in an eminent degree, had the effect of rendering the springs a centre of attraction to invalids to whose cases their curative properties are recommended by physicians of high standing, not only in Down and the adjoining counties, but also in remote quarters of Ireland.

"The season best adapted for resorting to Ballynahinch" (we again quote Dr. Knox), "as to other medicinal springs, is from the middle of May to the end of September. At this period the water is in its greatest strength and purity, being undiluted by the rains of Winter, whilst the serenity of the weather and the joyous aspect of nature are alike favourable to that regularity of out-door exercise and cheerfulness of mind which prove such powerful adjuncts in effecting a cure. Patients who suffer much from heat and perspiration, and consequent liability to cold,

\* We are indebted to the pencil of Mrs. ANKETELL for the drawings from which our wood-cuts have been copied; and we also feel pleasure in tendering our thanks to the fair artist, Miss Smart, of Edinburgh, who has added to her fame by engraving them.

will find the Spring and Autumn the most favourable periods for a visit to their favourite watering-place.

“The duration of the course must be regulated in some degree by the disease and constitution of the patient. About three weeks or a month may be looked on as a medium course: a less period can be of little benefit; and, on the other hand, double that time, or even longer, may be necessary. With reference to the dose, more caution appears to be requisite than seems to be usual at Ballynahinch; and in this respect the custom at the German baths is preferable to our own. Thus, at Carlsbad, the full of a beaker, holding about six ounces, is taken at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes, and repeated five or six times. A glass, holding from four to six or eight ounces, twice a-day, may serve to begin with, increasing the quantity according to the constitution of the patient, or the necessities of the case. When waters taken cold disagree, they may be slightly warmed, and then sipped slowly, and not suddenly gulped down, to prevent the occurrence of flatulence and oppression of the stomach, which are likely to follow.

“To promote the circulation and action of the blood, gentle walking exercise should succeed each glass of water; but much fatigue is to be avoided. Breakfast should follow our early visit to the Spa, in about half-an-hour. This direction of course implies that the waters should be used in the morning, which is the customary, and in most cases the best, period of the day for the purpose, the stomach being then empty, and the body and mind alike refreshed by sleep. The custom at Ballynahinch is, for the company to assemble in the walks about eight o'clock, and again between the hours of one and three. When a patient is very delicate, he may not be able to leave his bed early without manifest injury, and in such cases, he may choose another hour for the use of the waters; but we must be careful not to concede to indolence what is only due to real delicacy of health. After breakfast, fatigue, whether of body or mind, is better avoided for some time.

“We should not advise the use of the waters, particularly in delicate patients, immediately on their arrival. Time should be allowed to enable them to shake off the fatigue and feverishness consequent upon a long or hasty journey, and a cold mineral water should never at any time be swallowed when the patient is heated from exercise.

“The usual action of the Ballynahinch water is diuretic—nausea, vomiting, and abdominal relaxation being only acciden-



tal results ; and its effects, when judiciously employed, are seen in daily increase of appetite, strength of flesh, buoyancy of spirits, and gradual improvement of the general health.

“ In any case when we find the employment of a chalybeate to produce headache, giddiness, flushing of the countenance, or other febrile symptoms, we should at once direct it to be discontinued ; for it can no longer be persevered in with benefit, nor even without danger. As the waters of Ballynahinch are especially adapted for the nervous dyspeptic, a moderately nutritious diet of mixed animal and vegetable food, plainly dressed, thoroughly masticated, and in quantities not exceeding the digestive powers, will agree best with the majority of such persons. Peculiar cases may require a peculiar regimen ; but all exclusive dietetical precepts are injurious. ”

“ Exercise should not be immediately engaged in after meals. As a general rule, an hour’s repose after breakfast, and the same, or—better still—two hours after dinner, will be found conducive to the process of digestion ; on the other hand, it should not be delayed till the exhaustion arising from want of food has commenced. . . . The entire time devoted to exercise should not be less than three hours in the day ; and, if we spend four or five hours in this manner, all the better will it fare with us.

“ Early hours are beneficial to all, and indispensable to the invalid, who should never be found out of his bed after eleven o’clock ; and from seven to eight hours may be considered as a fair proportion of time to be devoted to the purposes of sleep.

“ Where we hope to derive from the Ballynahinch waters the full benefit which they are capable of conferring, it is indispensable that we forego, while there, our usual sedentary employments, and leave behind us, as far as may be, the monotonous and carking cares inseparable from the daily routine of human life.”

Enough has, perhaps, been said to point out, in a practical manner, the advantages of the mineral waters of Ballynahinch to the invalid, and the peculiar eligibility of the situation, in other respects, as the occasional or regular Summer resort of persons of delicate constitution.

It may be mentioned that there are several of the ruder monuments of antiquity in the neighbourhood which to many will not be without their interest. Among these are Danish forts, particularly one on the summit of Slieve Croob, measuring 80 yards in circumference at the base, and from which there is

a magnificent prospect, both landward and seaward. There are several small mountain tarns, such as those of Achray and Erne, in the neighbourhood of Ballynahinch, in which are found trout, pike, perch, and eels. The botany, geology, and zoology of the district are sufficiently interesting for those who are partial to scientific pursuits. The pearl mussel is found in the Upper Bann and other mountain streams, and skeletons of the extinct Irish elk have been discovered in the bogs. The region, we are informed by ancient authorities, was at one period overgrown with dense forests of wood and underwood, where roamed the wolf and wild boar; but we believe it is not generally known that frogs were observed in the County of Down before they were seen in any other part of Ireland, any more than the fact is patent that toads—so obnoxious to our idea of the “Island of Saints” as respects venomous and uncouth reptiles—have actually been discovered alive in Kerry.

It would be unpardonable for us to pass from this truly interesting locality without referring to an event which has given to it more historical importance than any other, perhaps, with which it is associated. We allude to what has been termed, and which a few still in existence remember as,

#### “THE BATTLE OF BALLYNAHINCH.”

In noticing this momentous crisis in the Irish Insurrection of 1798—at once its culmination and extinction in Ulster, in fact—we shall, after giving an outline from sources which have been more or less drawn upon already, avail ourselves of an account of the engagement, and matters incidental to it, which have not hitherto been published.

With the long train of events which first led to the banding together—first in secret conclave, and afterwards openly—of the societies of United Irishmen, most readers of Irish history are sufficiently familiar. When the confederation had attained a growth and strength which the Government regarded as dangerous in the extreme, measures were adopted, in order to check its further spread, which, so far from effecting that object, tended to precipitate the unfortunate outbreak which subsequently took place. Speaking of those measures, Gordon, in his “History of Ireland” (vol. ii., p. 862-8), says:—“The coercive system, maintained by a numerous army, and seconded by great numbers, from various motives of interest, fear or

fashion, was condemned as cruel, unjust, and dangerous, by many reflecting men, substantially loyal, too timid or too weak to attempt opposition to the torrent. With a nobility of mind suitable to his station, Francis Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Moira [proprietor of Ballynahinch], made repeated exertions in favour of his suffering country. In the March and November of 1797, he had moved in the British House of Lords, as Charles Fox in that of the Commons, 'that an humble address should be presented to the king, praying him to interpose his paternal interference for the allaying of the alarming discontents then subsisting in Ireland.' 'Before God and my country,' said this nobleman, 'I speak of what I myself have seen. I have seen in Ireland the most absurd, as well as the most disgusting, tyranny that any nation ever groaned under. I have seen troops sent, full of this prejudice—that every inhabitant of that kingdom is a rebel to the British Government; the most wanton insults, the most grievous oppressions, practised upon men of all ranks and conditions, in a part of the country as free from disturbance as the city of London. Thirty houses are sometimes burned in a single night; but, from prudential motives, I wish to draw a veil over more aggravated facts, which I am willing to attest before the Privy Council, or at your lordships' bar.' These motions were negatived, as was a third, which Lord Moira made in the succeeding year, on the 19th of February, in the Irish House of Lords, where he offered to produce full proof of many and various acts of barbarous violence." Gordon, here quoted, was a minister of the Established Church, Rector of Killegny, in the Diocese of Ferns, and of Cannaway, in the Diocese of Cork. His evidence as to the state of affairs which he narrates may, therefore, be taken as impartial.

We have already given an account of the engagement between the royal forces and the insurgents at Saintfield, on the 9th of June, 1798. On the morning of the 11th, Munroe,—who had been a Volunteer—a man of good military talent, "spoiled," says Teeling, "by a romantic love of glory and a mistaken feeling of honour,"—despatched one of his officers, named Townshend, to take possession of Ballynahinch—a commission which was easily executed, as the garrison fled at his approach. On the 12th Munroe marched for Ballynahinch with the remainder of his force. (With that detached under Townshend, it amounted to nearly 7,000 men.) On his way he learned that the royal troops under General Nugent, supported by the artillery of General Barber, had left Belfast to intercept him. It

was not long before their approach was indicated by unmistakeable signs. As far as the eye could reach, they had fired the country along their line of march. The two armies shortly came into collision. For upwards of an hour, Munroe succeeded in keeping the royal forces in check. He had, however, no artillery except a few small ship guns—some six or eight—mounted on country cars, while the British artillery was effective and well served. Obligated at length to give way, he sent instructions to Townshend to evacuate Ballynahinch, a part of which had already caught fire from the enemy's shells, and drew off his forces to the neighbouring hill of Ednavady. The British troops entered the town late in the evening, and began plundering, burning, and drinking. The disorganization caused by these excesses afforded the insurgent army an opportunity, during the night, of repairing the disaster of the day. A council of war was held, and instant action was urged by all except Munroe. "We scorn," said he (as stated by Teeling), "to avail ourselves of the ungenerous advantage which night affords. We will meet them in the blush of open day; we will fight them like men, not under the cloud of night, but the first rays of to-morrow's sun." This decision was so unpopular among Munroe's men, that a well-armed division of about 700, with their leader, marched off *en-masse*, and numerous other desertions followed.

At dawn on the 13th, Munroe formed his men for action, and soon after commenced the attack by cannonading the town as best he could with his inadequate means. His small guns were promptly replied to by the heavier artillery of the enemy. A strong division of insurgents marched from Ednavady hill, with the view of entering the town on the right, a still more formidable column, led by Munro, directed its march to the left. The former, drawn up in solid column, received a body of troops despatched by Nugent with a destructive fire, by which their leader was killed, and they were compelled to retreat to the town. Munroe's division, bearing down all opposition, entered it, under a dreadful fire of musketry and grape. A piece of heavy artillery fell into the hands of the pikemen, who charged to the very muzzle of the guns. Munroe gained the centre of the town, where he was exposed to a cross-fire of musketry in the market-square, and raked by artillery. His ammunition-failing, he made an irresistible charge with the bayonet and the pike. The British general ordered a retreat. The insurgents, unacquainted with the trumpet's note, and enveloped by the

smoke, mistook the sound for the signal to charge; and, conceiving that the enemy had been reinforced, fled precipitately from the town in a Southerly direction, while the royal troops were as rapidly evacuating it on the North. The consequence was an utter rout of the rebels. The 22d Light Dragoons charged the flying insurgents, and were joined by the infantry who had rallied. Munroe regained his former position on Ednavady, but too late to offer decisive resistance. There remained no alternative between flight and destruction. The former was adopted. Numbers of the insurgents fell in the retreat. The town was pillaged and burned by the victorious royalists. Two days afterwards, Munroe was captured, tried by court-martial, and executed in front of his own house, in Lisburn. His head was exhibited from the market-house on a pole, so situated as to be the first and last object daily before the eyes of his wife, mother, and sister.

The particulars of his capture are fully narrated in a series of very able papers, published in 1855, on "Our Staple Manufactures." Alluding to Munroe's connection with the linen trade, the author remarks that "he was also a woollendraper, and had his place of business in the Market Square, Lisburn. He was a Protestant, a staunch member of the Church of England. Some days before the Battle of Ballynahinch, the individual who had been expected to lead the insurgents refused to take his place, and Munroe having been called upon for that purpose, agreed to accept the command.

"The result of that unfortunate movement, as is well known, was a complete victory on the part of the royal army, and a total overthrow of the insurgent troops on the night of the 13th of June, 1798. Though sadly broken down by fatigue, and dispirited by defeat, and the total flight of nearly all his followers, the unfortunate chieftan was among the last to leave the field; nor did he actually abandon the scene until the final remnant of the few people who had remained were placed in comparative safety. For two days he had roamed about the country, and, though well known by many of the farmers, the large rewards offered for his apprehension were passed by unheeded, and in the house of one of the loyalists he found a temporary home, and, for the time being, all the attention that an honest and intelligent man could bestow on an ill-fated fellow-creature. As the very fact of harbouring a suspected person was, at that time, construed into an offence of great magnitude, the hospitable entertainer of Munroe dare not run the risk

of allowing him to stop any lengthened period, especially as patrols of cavalry were ever on the search, consequently, early on the morning of the 15th, Harry was once again obliged to seek further shelter. Not daring to appear, except in the most unfrequented districts, he at length made his way into a small farm-house, in the parish of Dromara, County of Down, and at nearly equal distances from the towns of Lisburn and Hillsborough. In that house he met a man named Holmes, to whom he offered five pounds and a small parcel of shirts to conceal him for some days, until the opinion of Government should be known as to the prospects of pardon. Holmes at once agreed to the terms, brought Munroe out of the cottage, and, as the unfortunate chief was led to hope, placed him in a secure retreat, by hiding him in the end of a pig-house, covering him over with several bundles of straw. Having performed that part of his arrangement, the fellow thought he would make the most of the affair by informing some of the local yeomanry, and thus obtain further booty. Holmes gave his information to four men, members of what was called the Black Troop. Those fellows were known to be loyalists; they did not wear uniform, but, being well armed, they proceeded to the spot described by the informer. When he found himself betrayed, Munroe promised the four men a large sum to let him escape; but, either from the hope of obtaining a larger reward, or from fear that Munroe's promise would not be kept, they refused to make any terms, and brought him prisoner into Hillsborough, and from thence to Lisburn."

As regards the losses on both sides during the two days of the conflict, various statements have appeared—none of them, probably, accurate. Gordon says that the loss of the rebels was about 150, and that of the royal troops more than 40. Another account states that only 20 bodies of the rebels were found in the town, and 28 scattered over the surrounding country; and a third gives the number of insurgents killed on the field and in the flight as from 400 to 500. The forces of the latter, on the 13th, amounted, deducting for desertions, to over 5,000; that of the royalists to from 2,000 to 3,000.

#### THE INSURGENT CAMP.

The following is a description of the Insurgent Camp, at Ednavady, on the evening before the battle, as given by "An

Eye-Witness"—a boy at the time\*—in the *Belfast Magazine*, (1825):—"There were on the ground a considerable number of females, chiefly servants, or the daughters or wives of cottiers or small farmers. These were almost all employed on the same business as ourselves—that of curiosity; though it is said that two or three of them remained on the field during the battle, submitting to their share of its labours and dangers, and performing as valiant deeds as the men. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and kindness with which these visitors were received, and conducted through the camp. . . . The eye was presented with a mixed and motley multitude—some walking about, others stretched listlessly on the green turf along the field; a considerable number sheltering themselves from the scorching rays of a burning sun, under the shade of the trees with which the field was skirted; and many restoring nature with the sweets of balmy sleep. They wore no uniform, yet they presented a tolerably decent appearance being dressed, no doubt, in their 'Sunday's clothes.' The thing in which they all concurred was the wearing of green, almost every individual having a knot of ribbons of that colour, sometimes intermixed with yellow, in his hat. Most of them, besides, had their hats and button-holes decorated with laurel from the adjoining grounds. Their leaders, also in general, wore green or yellow belts; and many, both of them, and those under their command, bore ornaments of various descriptions, and of different degrees of taste and execution—the most of which had been presented as tributes of regard and affection, and as incentives to heroic deeds, by females, whose hearts beat as high in patriotic ardour as those of their husbands, their sweethearts or their brothers. The most common of these decorations were, the harp, entwined with shamrock or bays, but without the crown; the British lion and unicorn in a falling position; the cap of Liberty, &c., with corresponding inscriptions, such as—'Liberty or Death;' 'A Downfall to Tyrants;' 'Freedom to Ireland;' and many others. In their arms there was as great a diversity as in their dress. By far the majority had pikes—truly formidable instruments in close fight—with wooden shafts, seven or eight feet long, and sharpened heads of steel, generally 10 or 12 inches in length, some of them with a sort of hook, thought likely to be

\* The late Dr. James Thomson, Professor of Mathematics in Glasgow University, who was born in the vicinity of Ballynahinch. The site of his birth-place is now occupied by the house and grounds of Spamount, the residence of Mr. John Irvine.

of use in dragging horsemen from their seats, or in cutting the bridles of their horses. Others wore old swords, and some had merely pitchforks. Those of the higher class were armed with guns. The army was composed chiefly of persons in youth and middle life; with not a few, however, on the precincts of old age, or on the borders between boyhood and youth. Their leaders were everywhere moving through the field, speaking familiarly and kindly to the men, and cheering their courage."

#### PERSONAL NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE AND ITS CONCOMITANTS.

The following stirring narrative, with the writer of which (long since dead) we were well acquainted, and in whose authenticity, impartiality, and intelligence we place perfect reliance, now appears in print for the first time:—

"The eventful year of 1798 at length arrived. My feelings, on leaving all I held dear, and going to war, from which it was probable I would never return, can be more easily conceived than described. When we mustered at the appointed place to march off, such tender scenes of parting took place that I could have 'played the woman with mine eyes.' We proceeded to Ballyboley, where we were joined by other parties; there I was left by my leader to bring him intelligence, which I was to receive from a messenger who was expected shortly to arrive. I was detained till near sunrise, surrounded by weeping females who had parted with their lovers, brothers, or husbands, expecting never more to behold them. My post, therefore, was not an agreeable one. I had also the mortification of seeing numbers of the most active propagators of the Union stealing homeward, and leaving the poor fellows whom they had seduced exposed to all the danger.

"My elder brother was gone with the body, but I had one to part with here to whom I was peculiarly attached. He was two years younger than myself, and our pleasures and pursuits had been nearly the same. This separation caused the most painful struggle that my feelings had experienced. The messenger at length arrived, when we reluctantly parted, and made all the haste possible to overtake the body, by taking through the country to Newtownards, but when I came to Movilla they were flying in all directions. I hastened to join a small party who were collected on the hill, and found my elder brother among them. I learned that, having marched into the town, a volley of fire from the market-house having killed six men, they



had all fled. After some deliberation, this small party marched to Conlig, a small hill near Bangor, and there passed the greater part of Sunday, the 10th day of June.

"While here we were reinforced by a considerable number of our friends, and were provided with six swivel 3-pounders. In the afternoon we marched into Newtownards, which the military had evacuated, from thence we proceeded to Scrabo, and next morning reached Saintfield. We passed the field where a battle had been fought the previous day. The country people who had fallen were all buried, and they were interring the dead soldiers as we passed. To see a number of my fellow-men thrown on a car like dead dogs and cast carelessly into a large pit, filled my mind with gloomy reflections. I had before this only thought of the glories of war, but its horrors had never been taken into consideration.

"Monday, and a part of Tuesday were spent in and about Saintfield; but hearing of the approach of a large party of military, we got the route to Ballynahinch. When we mustered on a hill, South-West of the town, our number was so much augmented that I thought it impossible that we could be conquered. But, alas! on the approach of the enemy, all these thoughts vanished. The firing of their cannon no sooner commenced than our men fled in thousands, and when night came on we had not more than a third of our force remaining. Few men were killed on Tuesday evening; but few minds were unclouded by fear. We were reduced to a handful, ill appointed, and undisciplined, exposed to the attack of a regular body of military, well armed, and led by experienced officers. During the night I met my brother, who addressed me nearly in these words:—'You see we are deserted by all our friends. We must all die early in the morning. If I be killed first, search my pockets and take what money you find, and endeavour to save your own life by flight. If you reach home alive tell my wife how I fell.'

"He was about a month married, and his words sank deep into my heart. In the morning a tremendous cannonade commenced, which was supported by both sides with great spirit.

"We received orders from Munroe, our general, to go foremost into the town, but we refused.

"Three parties were then sent before us, but before reaching the town they all found means to flinch, and we were obliged to go up in the face of a party of the Monaghan Militia, who did not fail to salute us with a brisk fire. We ran up like bloodhounds, and the Monaghans fled into the town, where they kept

up a kind of a broken fire, which we returned, although only about twenty of us were armed with muskets.

"We obliged them to take shelter in the houses twice, but when we attempted to pursue our victory, a cannon which raked the street with grape shot compelled us to retire. Our ammunition being spent, and the army receiving fresh supplies, we at last gave way, the 22nd Light Dragoons pursuing us, and killing all they could overtake. In the general confusion I lost my brother, and was shortly after informed that he was fallen. This gave me a new pang of sorrow. However I endeavoured to make the best of my way home, which, after some hardships, I effected. The burning and hanging which followed drove me almost to distraction.

"One of my dearest comrades lost his life, as well as a great many of my acquaintances.

"When I reached home I found my brother there before me. We both escaped punishment, as neither of us had been active in compelling others to rise in rebellion. I now gave up the idea of making amendments in the constitution, and Pope's two lines became my political creed:—

'For forms of government let fools contest,  
Whate'er is best administered is best.' "

The following additional incidents are from the "New and Popular History of Ireland" (London, Kent, 1857):—

"Dr. Jackson, of Newtownards, commanded a body of Down insurgents, who, on their way to Saintfield, burnt a family of eleven persons belonging to M'Kee, an informer. They then chose for general, Henry Munroe, of Lisburn, and, lying in ambush killed a number of troops. On the 10th of the month, they mustered a force of 7,000 at Saintfield, and proceeded next to Ballynahinch, where they encamped, and where they were visited by a number of young heroines, interested in the fate of their lovers and brothers. Nothing could surpass the delicacy and kindness with which these interesting visitors were received and conducted through the camp. Many of the insurgents, who were generally well dressed, wore ornaments, presented by fair hands, and rendered more dear by the sympathy of hearts that beat as warmly for liberty and Erin as those of the men."

The insurgents were routed, after a hard contest; many of them were killed by the yeomanry in their flight; and among them one of the sympathisers just alluded to—a young girl of extraordinary beauty, named Elizabeth Grey, of Killinchy. She

went into the action with a brother and a lover, determined to share their fate, mounted on a pony, and bearing a green flag. After the defeat the three fled, and on their retreat they were overtaken by a detachment of the Hillsborough Yeomanry Infantry, within a mile and a-half of Hillsborough. She was first come up with, the young men being at a little distance, seeking a place for her to cross a small river, and could easily have escaped. She refused to surrender; and when they saw her likely to fall into the hands of the yeomen, they rushed to her assistance, and endeavoured to prevail on the captors to release her, offering themselves as prisoners in her stead. Their entreaties were in vain. Her brother and her lover were murdered on the spot. She still resisted; and it is said that a man called "Jack Gill," one of the cavalry cut her gloved hand off with his sword. She was then shot through the head by Thomas Nelson, of the parish of Anahilt, aided by James Little, of the same place. The three dead bodies were found and buried by their friends. Little's wife was afterwards seen wearing the girl's earrings and green petticoat.

M'Skimin, speaking of the foregoing occurrence, in his sketches of the rebellion, says:—"There was no quarter given to the fugitives from Ballynahinch; and amongst those who perished was a young girl, of extraordinary beauty and daring courage, who had accompanied her lover and his faithful companion—her own brother—to the field."

This girl is described by Teeling as "the pride of a widowed mother, the loved and admired of the village, where to this hour the comeliness of the fair Elizabeth Grey is spoken of as the perfection of female beauty." The above incident suggested the following lines:—

#### BESSIE GREY.

It through Killinchy's woods and vales  
You searched a summer day,  
The loveliest maiden to be found  
Was bonnie Bessie Grey.

The wild flowers shed their sweet perfume  
Whene'er she passed them by,  
And put their brightest colours on  
To meet her gladsome eye.

She gathered pebbles in the brook,  
And berries in the dell—  
A favourite wheresoe'er she went—  
The neighbours loved her well.

And Willie loved her tenderly,  
 And won her maiden heart;  
 He loved, and was beloved again,  
 And nought but death would part.

Alas! alas! Killinchy woods,  
 Woe worth the summer day  
 When Willie left his native hills  
 To join the battle fray!

And Bessie by her brother's side  
 Rode on in sadden'd glee,  
 While many a weeping one cried out  
 "God bless the gallant three!"

'Twas morning when they reached the hill,  
 And welcome words were said  
 By many who, before the night,  
 Lay numbered with the dead.

Fierce looks were quickly interchanged  
 Between contending foes,  
 As sound of sharp'ning pike and song  
 From Ednavady rose.

And shouts of noisy soldiery  
 From Windmill Hill were heard  
 As proud defiance lifted up  
 The musket and the sword.

Now Bessie on her tiny steed  
 Bore high her flag of green;  
 Where'er the battle fiercely raged,  
 Killinchy's Lass was seen,

Now woe be on thee, Anahilt!  
 And woe be on the day,  
 When brother, lover, both were slain,  
 And with them Bessie Grey!

Miss Balfour, in her volume of poems published in 1810, thus tenderly alludes to the death of Bessie Grey:—

"The star of evening slowly rose,  
 Through shades of twilight gleaming,  
 It shone to witness Erin's woes,  
 Her children's life-blood streaming;  
 'Twas then sweet star, thy pensive ray,  
 Fell on the cold, unconscious clay,  
 That wraps the breast of Bessie Grey,  
 In softened lustre beaming.

Poor maiden, she, with hope elate,  
 With fond affection swelling,  
 To share a lover's, brother's fate,  
 Forsook her peaceful dwelling;

With them to share her simple store,  
On all their griefs a balm to pour,  
The field of death she dared explore,  
Each selfish thought repelling.

The battle lost, the vanquished fled,  
The victors swift pursuing,  
And trampling o'er the mighty dead,  
With blood their steps bedewing;  
They come to where, with fervent zeal,  
These friends their Bessie would conceal:  
Mark! how they point the gleaming steel,  
Their destined victim viewing.

"Oh spare that life!" her brother cries,  
With indignation glowing,  
Tears tremble in the lover's eyes,  
His arms around her throwing;  
But lover's, brother's sighs are vain,  
Even in their sight the maid is slain,  
And now on Erin's ruined plain.  
Their mingled blood is flowing."

Many rude ballads were composed at the time, on the death of "Bessie," and a rough map representing the battle scene with our heroine mounted on a pony and bearing a green flag, was to be seen hung up in many a cottage. A verse from one of the ballads will suffice :—

"They murdered a beautiful lady,  
Her name it was Miss Bessie Grey,  
And for doing that barbarous action,  
We'll reward them on some other day."

The following incidents were supplied to the *Belfast Magazine* by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Edgar (father of the Rev. Dr. Edgar, of Belfast), who was a Presbyterian minister near Ballynahinch in 1798.

"At ten o'clock on the Saturday before the battle of Ballynahinch was fought, when passing on official duty through Ballynahinch, I observed the people of the town and neighbourhood assembled together, in and near the village, in little close groups. Work seemed to be given over, and consultations, apparently secret and unusual, occupied its place. During the day, a party of the Castlewella Yeomanry brought a prisoner into town, under some suspicion or charge of disaffection. The inhabitants rescued him; one man (a townsman) was killed in the scuffle; and the military departed from the village without their prisoner. Numbers of the people fled from their houses, in

terrifying apprehensions that the military were on the road to burn the town. . . . Before I reached my own house, I met one who I afterwards learned was a captain, leaving home to join the people in arms. As he had for years been my neighbour, he stopped to speak, and asked advice. I told him he would do well not to go, as I feared the cause he had espoused was not good, and that nothing could be expected but defeat. 'So I think,' was the reply; but he hastily rejoined, 'I have embarked in the business, and must go.' I next met a poor girl, warm in the cause, who had assisted in raising some gunpowder for action, that was buried in the earth for safety; but on trying its power it exploded, and scorched dreadfully her arms and face. . . . The soldiers that had been expected and so much dreaded on Saturday arrived in Ballynahinch on the morning of Sunday. They came exactly in time to rescue two or three yeomen, whom some of the more hardy insurgents had caught, and were just about to hang. Those who had seized, judged, and were about to execute them, fled; and the next week a lad of seventeen was hung at Newry, by order of a court-martial. . . . The country was all in motion. Some hesitated what side to join. Some determined to join neither, but were much perplexed in devising means of safety from the soldiers and the people. Goods and furniture were carried to places of concealment. Some left the neighbourhood, and, the better to cover their departure from a scene of disturbance, and to escape in safety, summoned the people, as they themselves retreated from the theatre of action, to turn out and repair to the camp. . . . Not half-a-mile from home, a horseman in full uniform, and with a naked sabre, appeared on a height, one hundred paces before me, and directly on my way. This sight was not a little appalling to one unarmed, and at a time when the country was under martial law. I found the soldier to be a yeoman, who seemed, on meeting, to be quite as much afraid as myself. He said, with great frankness, that he had joined a yeomanry corps, taken the oath of allegiance, and, firmly determined to keep it, was going to join the King's forces at Blaris, near Lisburn. . . . At the houses which I passed, some were busy sharpening their pikes and preparing for battle; others, armed with these frightful weapons, were meeting me and crossing my path on their way to the camp. One stated the number in the camp to be 17,000. None asked what I was, or whither I was going. I had an accidental salutation from a respectable woman, as I

passed the door of her house. Her husband, immaculate in character, except as connected with the political frenzy that cost him his life, had gone to the camp in the rank of commander. She wore the *deshabille* of mourning; her speech was fraught with gloomy forebodings; her eyes were swollen with tears. Next morning, however, she was gay; her eyes sparkled; her language was sprightly, and her prospects were bright, owing to news from the place of encampment . . . . During the hours of public worship on the Monday, the news arrived of the military being on march from Downpatrick to the insurgent's camp. Their route was close by the church where we were assembled. The congregation were much agitated. Orders were sent to them to keep within doors, by a guard in advance and on the look-out. Yet some, impelled by strong curiosity, ventured to steal out and spy; others stood up, and intently gazed through the windows; and some whispered aloud. I was the preacher. In such circumstances, it was equally difficult to proceed and inexpedient to stop; while it would have been imprudent to blame the confusion of the audience. Trying, therefore, to persuade them to quietness and attention, a forward hearer, more frank than welcome, unexpectedly seconded my admonition, with the abrupt exclamation, 'oh, ay; keep your seats, and listen to the gentleman.' Happily, however, the worship was conducted to the close without further disturbance."

We have been furnished with another account of the memorable proceedings, connected with the movement, which terminated in the defeat at Ballynahinch, and though it is to some extent, a repetition of what has been already given, yet, as it supplies several new and interesting particulars, and is otherwise corroborative of our narrative, we are sure it will not be unacceptable to our readers.

"On Saturday, the 9th June, 1798, the insurgents made their first appearance at Saintfield, where they defeated the King's troops. Flushed with this first success, they removed to Creevey Rocks on Sunday, where they spent that day and night. On Monday morning they marched in full force to Ballynahinch, took possession of the Windmill Hill, passed through the town, and proceeded to the hill called Ednavady, above Montalto House, in the demesne of Earl Moira. On this hill, which is of considerable height, with an old fort, and a circular grove of trees on the top, they encamped, having in their front all the large plantings between the hill and Montalto House.

"Their numbers have been variously reported—5, 6, 7, and

up to 10,000 men. About 3,000 came first, and though, reckoning comers and goers, more than thrice as many may have visited the scene of action, yet, at no one time was there a body of more than 5,000, which was about their number when the engagement commenced. An immense number of females also attended them, some of whom showed great prowess in the time of the battle. From their encampment they sent out foraging parties, consisting of about twenty men each. Their demand was for *men, arms, ammunition, and provisions*; they took from the farmers whatever suited them; they seized two puncheons of whiskey, a free use of which, at that warm season, was very detrimental, in so much that great numbers were incapable to act from intoxication. They drove in cattle and slaughtered them; they took oatmeal wherever they could find it; some of it was baked into bread, and the remainder left lying in loose lumps on the hill; a considerable quantity of which was found there after the battle. They pressed horses, cars, and people into their service; they threatened all who would not join them; and, if the army had not come so seasonably, they would have proceeded to the utmost violence. But they did no injury to the town. They had several ship cannon, or swivels, fastened on common wheel cars, from which they discharged grape shot with much effect. They were well armed with pikes, muskets, and swords, and seemed well supplied with ammunition.

"On the morning of Sunday, the 10th June, a large detachment of horse, foot, and artillery, amounting to 800 men, arrived in Ballynahinch, from Blaris Camp. The Argyle Fencibles forming part of this force, freely supplied themselves with whatever they could find in the houses that suited them. They remained in town, and had breakfast prepared for them. A respectable inhabitant undertook to furnish it to the satisfaction of the officers. The colonel, on leaving for Downpatrick, desired a bill to be made out for the expense, and promised to see it paid. When the bill (amounting to £40—a very insufficient remuneration) was presented to him in Belfast, he tore the paper in pieces, and said that was his answer. This was one of the iniquitous proceedings witnessed during the unhappy rebellion.

"On Tuesday evening, 12th June, three cannon shot, from the direction of Downpatrick road, and other signals, announced the approach of the army, under Col. Stewart, to the troops on their march from Belfast, under Generals Nugent and Barber, the intermediate country being in the hands of the insurgents. The latter had placed outposts on the Saintfield road, as far as

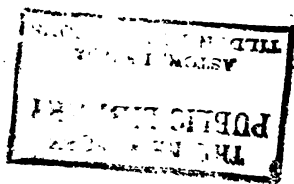


Bell's Bridge, with a considerable reserve of pikemen upon the Windmill Hill: the latter filed off to the assistance of the outposts; and an immense file firing commenced. The insurgents, then in great numbers, with much irregularity and shouting, advanced up the West side of Bell's Hill, and spread themselves through the country, next Saintfield. They soon gave way, and their defeat afforded the army an easy opportunity of taking possession of the Windmill Hill, where they formed, and such of the enemy as did not fly, retreated into the town, which they kept possession of for a considerable part of the evening.

"The army, from the Windmill Hill, began about six o'clock in the evening to cannonade the hill of Ednavady, where the pikemen were encamped, and continued the cannonading until about ten o'clock. It appeared that the cannon shot or bomb shells from either hill did much execution. The roofs of the houses in the town were shattered by the balls discharged from the Royal army. The King's troops entered it early in the night, as it was then deserted by the other party, and it was plundered by them of everything valuable. They then set it on fire: 63 houses were burned: 69, including the houses of worship, were left standing; but all were pillaged of everything that was valuable in them, and wrecked. All the best houses, and those containing the most valuable property, were burned. About one o'clock, on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th June, a gun from the insurgent camp announced the preparation to commence the action anew. A severe firing now began both of cannon and musketry. The conflict was severe in the town for more than an hour. The army from the Windmill cut their way through the fields by Mill Hill, and up the Spa Well Road to Durnin's Hill, opposite Montalto House and Ednavady, and there placed their cannon, under the fire of which their infantry and cavalry advanced to nearly the foot of Ednavady, where smart firing, and a severe action took place. At length the insurgents gave way, and fled by the back of Ednavady, or the Western side of the hill, from whence many of their body had fled in the night; and about seven o'clock in the morning the army took possession of the hill, the town, and all the other places that had been occupied by the United Irishmen, one of whom they made prisoner, and hanged on the blades of the Windmill. In the town, on the morning of the 13th June, the army brought their cannon to the head of the street leading to Montalto, and to bear upon the street next the bridge, but the pikemen boldly advanced up each side of the street, and assailed the Monaghan



MONTALTO.



Militia so vigorously that they were obliged to abandon their cannon, which fell into the hands of the insurgents. They tried to work them against the army, but finding their inability and want of skill they attempted to throw them down a flight of cellar steps. In this severe struggle Captain Evett, of the Monaghan Militia, was killed; and Lieut. Ellis was wounded. The army regained the cannon, but were obliged to retreat down Meeting-house Street, as far as the old meeting-house, the others pursuing and fighting with great vigour.

"At this juncture General Nugent ordered the bugles to sound a general retreat. The insurgents, not understanding this military intimation, were discouraged, as they thought it was a call for a reinforcement. They, therefore, retreated up the street. General Barber seeing this, ordered the troops to return to the charge and pursue the enemy through the town. The cavalry followed up to the hill of Ednavady, and so ended this short-lived rebellion.

"The army under General Nugent was in a great hurry leaving Belfast, and the artillery, in putting up their ammunition, put 9 and 12 lb. balls for the 6 lb. field-pieces. It is said the 6 lb. balls were all expended at the time the retreat was sounded.

"In the conflict from 80 to 100 of the insurgents were killed, and many wounded. Of the army it could never be ascertained what number was killed, as their dead and wounded were carried off in tumbrels. There were, it is thought, about 40 killed, or perhaps more.

"Seven only of the inhabitants remained in the town, three of whom were burned to death, and two were shot at their own doors. The other two escaped.

"The damage done to this town by burning, wrecking, and pillage, was estimated at from £18,000 to £20,000.

"On the two following days many people from the country came into the town with white bands round their hats, calling themselves Supplementary Yeomen, and many of them armed with rusty guns and bayonets, and what little the devouring flames had spared, this banditti in a great measure carried away.

"In this forlorn condition Ballynahinch continued some days, almost totally deserted of its inhabitants, until Courtland Skinner Esq., a brother-in-law to General Nugent, passing through with his troop of Belfast Yeoman Cavalry, and seeing the distress of the place, very humanely appointed a guard of twelve men

of the most respectable of the people to whom he committed the care of the town, after which pillage in some measure ceased.

"The insurgents at the battle were mostly from Bangor, Holywood, Donaghadee, the Ards, Comber, Killinchy, Killyleagh, Castlereagh, and some young commanders from Belfast. Comparitively speaking, very few of the inhabitants of the place or of the neighbourhood were concerned. Dr. Valentine Swail of Ballynahinch, acted as an adjutant under General Munroe. He advised Munroe to surround the army during the night, which could have been easily accomplished, by a party crossing the river at the mill bridge, while another party could have crossed to the North above the town. Munroe rejected this counsel, and it was most fortunate he did so, for had it been adopted, there would have been frightful loss of life. Dr. Swail secreted himself after the battle in a sequestered place in Montalto Demesne for several weeks. None of his family dare go near the place of his concealment, but he was attended to by a most faithful old servant, Shulah Durnin. In time the Doctor obtained liberty from Government for himself and family to emigrate to America. Old Shulah was not forgotten by the inhabitants for her fidelity to her master.

"General Munroe was taken, concealed in a pig-house, on the skirts of Slieve Croob mountain, and basely betrayed by the farmer whose protection he had solicited. He was conveyed to Lisburn and executed, and his head was fixed on the Market-house, in that town. He was not the person intended as the general when the Insurrection commenced. There was another who was not forthcoming.

"The Rev. Dr. Steel Dickson had been appointed by the delegates of the United Irishmen, general in chief for the County Down, and Ballynahinch being the centre of the county, was the place selected for the rendezvous or general rising. The Doctor was made prisoner a few days before the battle, and sent forward to Blaris Camp from which he was taken to Belfast, and after being kept there for some time, was removed with other prisoners to Fort George, in Scotland.

"The insurgents cut down several large trees on the road leading to Dromore, to prevent cannon or cavalry coming that way. The want of those trees is still observable out of the beautiful row that remains.

"As the victors returned to Belfast, Blaris Camp, and other places, they committed many disgraceful outrages. The cavalry

pursued the poor fugitives without mercy, shooting them down in all directions. A party of seven or eight in one group were pursued by the horsemen; they took shelter, and entered the kitchen of a respectable farm-house in Cargycreevy. The lady of the house had the presence of mind to set the poor fellows down at a table she had prepared with noggins of broth for her own men, who were employed making turf. The Dragoons, on their arrival, called to the inmates with many imprecations, to turn out the rebels they had seen enter the close; but the lady met them at the door, and said at once that her labourers, who were no rebels, were at their dinner; and thus were these poor men saved from an untimely death."

The incidents of which we append the following notice were collected by a friend interested in our publication who received the statements from the lips of several aged persons now residing in the town and neighbourhood of Ballynahinch, some of whom at the time of the "Rebellion" were themselves eye-witnesses of the distressing events narrated:—

In the townland of Ballykine, about one mile and a-quarter from Ballynahinch, is to be seen a grave, nearly two feet higher than the surface of the field in which it is situated, with a rough stone at either end. The present owner of the field, now 76 years old, and who was 13 years of age at the time of the "battle" thus gives its history:—

"A dragoon, immediately after the fight, galloped up to the house of the narrator's father, swearing that he would have 20 lives that day before he would sleep, for the murder of his brother Billy, a soldier who had been killed near Saintfield. The person thus threatened, with a child on each arm begged for mercy. The dragoon lifted up his gun, took aim, and pulled the trigger but the piece did not go off. When preparing to fire again, he observed a man, on his right, running across the field, whom he pursued; but when leaping a stone fence his horse fell. The rider however overtook the man in the next field, and struck him repeatedly with his sword. The third blow caused him to fall, and when lying, the dragoon cut at him with the point of his sword. When night came the narrator and his father buried him in a bog, where the grave is still pointed out. The spot, however, is now arable land. Before burying him, the present proprietor cut the silver buttons off his coat and sold them in Belfast for £2. For thirty years afterwards the relations of the deceased frequently visited the grave." Some eight months since this statement was fully con-

firmed. Part of the grave was observed to have been opened, and the skull of the deceased removed. The entire grave was then dug up. A hat was found in a good state of preservation, having *three* cuts in the crown and *nine* in the side. the remains of a fine bottle-green coat with the *buttons off*, as has already been described were also found.

The hat is still to be seen in the office of D. S. Ker, Esq., M.P., Ballynahinch. It is well-known that the same dragoon killed fifteen men on the day referred to within half-a-mile of the house specified. He shot two brothers while they were swimming in Ballykine Lough. He overtook in a field a person named William Fee, and having nearly severed his hand from the wrist, and wounded him severely on the head, another dragoon came up and exclaimed, "you have given him enough, come with me." The narrator passing through the field, observed the wounded man, who, in the most piteous terms pleaded for a drink of milk. The person thus addressed, at the risk of his own life, brought him the desired draught. While he was drinking it, his blood was dropping into the vessel. He must afterwards have made his escape during the night, for he was nowhere to be found next morning.

Thirty years afterwards, the narrator saw a person leaning over a half-door in Weighhouse Lane, Belfast, and thought he recognized in him the man to whom he had given the milk. He was confirmed in the opinion he had formed by looking at the wounded wrist. The Ballynahinch man asked him, "do you know me?" "No" was the reply. "Well," continued the other, "I am the boy who gave you the bowl of milk on the day that wrist was wounded." He immediately clasped his benefactor in his arms, brought him into the house and treated him with much kindness.

The bloodthirsty dragoon above alluded to, killed a poor simpleton while herding cattle. On the Wednesday morning after the battle, as the rebels were flying in all directions, General Nugent, in giving orders to the dragoons to disperse them, observed, "Now, boys, be merciful." This was much to the credit of the general; but, to the disgrace of the soldiers be it told, his orders were by no means strictly obeyed. There was a fearful and indiscriminate slaughter made during the afternoon of the battle. While passing the house of a farmer in Ballylone, the dragoons stopped and asked for milk. Basins of cream were carried out to them. One of the soldiers remarked, "He (the master of the house) is a rebel; look at the cloth round his hand;

he has been wounded in the battle." On uttering these words, the trooper shot the ill-fated farmer. He and his family were staunch loyalists. Before leaving the dying man, the rest of the soldiers examined his hand, and found, instead of the suspected wound, only a common boil over which a bandage had been rolled. On seeing this, one of the party said to his comrade who had fired the fatal shot, "I'll never remain in the company with such a murderer." For his bloody deed, the inhuman soldier was tried by a court-martial, and is reported to have been shot at Belfast.

The dragoons, when "scouring the country," entered houses and hacked the cheese with their bloody swords.

They frequently seized the farmer's horses, pretending to take them away, and exacting five or ten pounds for their return. Two young men from Newtownards left the rebels on the evening of Wednesday, and saw no way of escaping but in giving themselves up to the yeomanry stationed on the hill in the rear of the Third Presbyterian Church. The yeomen had just taken them under their protection, when some dragoons galloped up the hill, and seeing the young men, shot one of them in the presence of the captain. A soldier standing by resolved to kill the other, but, having no weapon, lifted up a long piece of nailrod, bent it in the middle, and was in the act of rushing forward to put the two ends into the rebel's eyes, when the captain interposed. The young man thus saved was protected by the yeomen for three days, and afterwards reached home in safety. A few days before the flight, a person in Ballynahinch had a party of rebels in his house drinking. Observing some yeomen passing, the insurgents resolved on making them prisoners. One of them caught hold of a gun in the hands of a yeoman, and while wrestling for it was shot. The yeomen were then captured and a guard placed over them. The sentinel afterwards fled to Newry; but, being recognised by one of the men over whom he had kept watch, he was apprehended, tried, and condemned to death. He being a tall and handsome youth, the colonel offered him his freedom, provided he would renounce his rebellious principles and join the army. He firmly refused, observing, "You have hung my father, you may do the same to me." At the place of execution, he ran up the ladder, and fixing his head in the noose of the rope, he flung himself off without the aid of the hangman.

We have now presented our readers with an account of one of the most interesting passages in the history of Ireland, and



we have brought before them a variety of curious and important facts, which have never before been brought under the notice of the public, but we cannot take our leave of them without subjoining a few practical reflections.

The Irish Rebellion of 1798 was a melancholy exhibition of folly and recklessness. Religion, properly speaking, had nothing whatever to do with the affair; and the most influential individuals connected with all the ecclesiastical denominations in the country were opposed to the movement. As the bishops and clergy of the Established Church were bound by every consideration of interest and duty to resist it, they were usually found on the side of law and order, and yet the first individual convicted of carrying on a treasonable correspondence with France was an Episcopal clergyman: the leaders of the Protestant Nonconformists, such as the Rev. Dr. Black, of Derry, the Rev. Dr. M'Dowell, of Dublin, and the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, were staunch loyalists; and yet a few of the Presbyterian ministers were deeply implicated: and though the mass of the bishops and clergy of the Church of Rome, who had so recently been appalled by the horrid butchery of their priesthood during the French Revolution, were not at all prepared to countenance the insurrection; some Roman Catholic ecclesiastics took a prominent part in the proceedings. The society of the United Irishmen originated about the time of the suppression of the Volunteers, and the discussions carried on at the meetings of those armed protectors of the country led to its formation. Its most distinguished members belonged to various churches, but they were known, not as devout Christians, but as eager and restless politicians. The theological principles of Thomas Paine had unhappily made considerable progress in several parts of Ireland, and there is reason to believe that a large portion of the chief instigators of the Rebellion were deeply tinctured with infidelity. Terribly did they suffer for their impiety and insubordination. Some of them fell by the hand of the executioner; some lost their property, and their posterity have never since recovered the social position which their families once occupied; others were driven into exile; and not a few were consigned to lingering imprisonment. But in the midst of judgment the Most High remembered mercy, and the Rebellion of 1798 may be considered a turning point in the history of Ireland. The misery brought on the country led many to serious thought, and the minds of men ceased to be so intensely engaged in political speculations. The great religious institutions, which now

wield so mighty and so beneficial an influence, soon afterwards made their appearance. A demand for the Scriptures was widely felt; and, particularly throughout Ulster, immense numbers of Bibles were put into circulation. Sabbath-schools were established, daily-schools were multiplied and improved, and Home and Foreign Missions were undertaken. The country itself began to assume another aspect; for the fields were enriched by new modes of agriculture, and the dwellings of the people were rendered more commodious and attractive by a better style of architecture. Roads were made through districts where they were previously unknown; and the rural population gazed with curiosity and delight as the mail-coach and the private carriage passed through a neighbourhood where such a vehicle had never before been seen. Intelligent Irishmen now wonder how their fathers could have been so befooled as to think of a separation from England; and every year, in the growing prosperity of the Emerald Isle, they are presented with fresh proofs of the benefit of the Union. Under the gentle sway of the great and good Victoria they enjoy all the political blessings to which freemen can legitimately aspire, and some of them have already been advanced to stations of the highest influence and honour in the British Empire. English and Scottish capital has vastly contributed to Ireland's amelioration, and every sane person may now see that a separation from the sister country would be the harbinger of our national degradation. Grandmothers may entertain children in the nursery with stories of '98, but we trust that there will never be a repetition of the scenes of that awful year. Since the days of St. Patrick Ireland never was in so comfortable circumstances as at present, and let it be the aim of every one of her children to make her more and more

" ————— Great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea."

## KILLILEAGH.

Proceeding from Ballynahinch, Eastward about nine miles, the town of Killileagh with its beautiful surrounding district is reached. Distant about a mile and a-quarter from the ascent of the Coila Hill, is a piece of level road, with flat fields adjoining. This was the scene of the famous and fatal conflict called the "battle," or "Break of Killileagh." It was fought 30th April, 1689, between the troops of James II., under General Buchan,

and Colonel Talbot, and the Protestants under Captain Hunter. The Royalists consisted of three troops of horse and two regiments of foot. The Protestants, who were unprepared for the attack of so numerous and formidable an enemy, were beaten and scattered, and about 300 slain. Painful traditions of this disastrous fight are still abundant in the neighbourhood.

The Coila Hill over which the road passes is very elevated, and commands an extensive and beautiful prospect on every side. All around it lie beautifully cultivated farms with the comfortable residences of those who till them. Mingled with the farms and farm houses, are the residences of several of the gentry.

Delamont, the residence of Rev. J. C. Gordon ; Ardigon House, the residence of R. Heron, Esq. ; Tullaverry House, the residence of J. Heron, Esq. ; Ringduffern, the residence of J. Bailie, Esq., are beautifully situated among the bays and promontories of Strangford Lough. Farther off in the distance on the South are the Mourne Mountains, the Alps of County Down. Slieve Donard, when covered with snow, being no bad representative of Mont Blanc. On the East the beautiful sheet of water, Strangford Lough—beyond it the districts of Ards, and Lecale, and farther off still in the mists of the horizon, are seen the hills of the Isle of Man. North-East, Scrabo lifts his rough head now ornamented with a beautiful monumental pillar. North, are the Cave Hill and other mountains of the same range. And Westward appears the dark and massive Slieve Croob—Coila signifies “the woody district”—and the name may have been transported with settlers from Coila, or Kyle, in Ayrshire, or derived from the woody state of the country at an early period. On a map of Ireland about 300 years old the district appears covered with wood and without a name.

The castle is the principal ornament of the town and neighbourhood of Killileagh. It is beautifully situated at the top of the principal street of the town, and on a small hill. There has probably been here a castle or stronghold, from the earliest times of the country being inhabited—the most ancient name connected with the locality is that of the M'Cartan's—then successively in the ownership of Mandevilles, the Whites, and since the Ulster plantation, in the possession of the Hamiltons. The original structure was probably very rude, and has often been added to, or rebuilt. The present structure has on a brass plate above the principal entrance an inscription stating that it was built by Viscount Clanbrassil, 1562, and rebuilt by Archibald Rowan Hamilton, 1850.

The principal approach to it has not yet been completed. The grounds are not very extensive; but they are kept in most perfect order.

At the North side of the town in the adjoining meadows are the ruins of the old church, and the burying-ground adjoining. One gable only, covered with ivy, is still standing. It has probably been the first or earliest structure for Christian worship built of stone in that district. In the record of a visitation in 1622 the notice is "Killileagh, John Boyle, A.M., resident—church ruinous." This John Boyle was blind, though serving in the ministry, and the last known of him is that he was sent prisoner to Dublin, for refusing to take the "Black Oath" imposed by Wentworth, 1639.

From the old church and its site, the name of the town and parish is evidently derived. *Kill*, (church) and *laigh*, (low) the Low church, Killileagh. This mode of forming the name seems to be according to an analogy prevalent in the times—when the present names of places around were given—Killough (church of the lough) Killinchy, (church of the islands.) Killileagh has some trade in shipping. Its commerce must be cramped for want of railway communication, which will give the adjoining towns, Downpatrick, Comber, Saintfield, Crossgar, an advantage over it. It has two spinning factories—one very extensive, the property of John Martin, Esq., and the other smaller, the property of John Car Esq. By them a large number of people are employed.

The country around was described in a State paper of 1552, as "full of woods and water." It is now one of the finest agricultural districts in Ulster. In skill, industry, and enterprise, its farmers could bear a comparison with those of any other locality. At the same date, 1552, the country is described as so lawless that a Scotch robber, M'Rannill Boye, seized the castle of Killileagh, murdered Whight, its owner, and held possession of it, disturbing the country all round, till the government expelled the robber and invader. The district is now, and has been for years one of the most civilized in Ulster, exhibiting a fine example of the effects of the Ulster Plantation, of one of the earliest experiments, as planned by James I., and carried into effect by Hamilton of Clanneboye and Clanbrassil. Killileagh was erected by James I., into a borough, returning two members to the Irish Parliament, but was denuded of this privilege at the Union.

Killileagh is most honourably distinguished as the birth-place of the illustrious Sir Hans Sloane, physician and naturalist,

born here in 1660; and also as the residence of the Rev. Dr. Edward Hincks, so widely known as a philologist, and for his extensive researches in oriental literature.

#### DOWNPATRICK.

This venerable town, which is the capital of Downshire, and ecclesiastical metropolis of the Diocese of Down, has numerous claims upon the attention of the antiquarian, though to the tourist, who seeks merely the gratification of the eye, it cannot be said to present many arresting features. Few strangers, however, who visit this part of Ulster in order to make themselves acquainted with its scenery, its natural and artificial curiosities, its ancient associations, and the manners and customs of the mixed races who inhabit it, will be content without a visit to the shrine where are believed to have been deposited the ashes of Ireland's Patron Saint, and not only his, but also those of two other early Western apostles of Christianity; for, according to an old Latin couplet, of which the following is a translation:—

"Three saints do rest upon this holy hill:  
St. Patrick, Bridget, and St. Columbkil."

The facilities for reaching Downpatrick from almost any part of the country have been greatly increased within a limited period. Until within a few years, the road from Belfast—from which it is distant eighteen miles to the S.E. by S. by the Saintfield route, and nineteen by Comber and Killileagh—was one of the most uneven in all the North-East district of Ireland. Both of these were afterwards rendered much more comfortable to the wayfarer by improvements which reduced their worst gradients, and by the construction of a new piece of road on the former line. Still, the travelling continued far from inviting, and the conveyances regularly plying were by no means of a first-rate class. All this has undergone an entire change, and that change altogether for the better. The chief town of Downshire is now in communication with even remote portions of Ireland in consequence of the extension of railway intercourse. With Belfast it now maintains a regular and rapid interchange of passengers and merchandise; and from that central point tourists and commercial gentlemen have speedy access to the Southern, Midland, Western and North-Western towns and

districts of the country, as well as, by steam navigation, to the leading ports on the other side of the channel. A branch railway to Ballynahinch—the *Harrogate of Ireland*—offers a speedy route to the health-giving mineral springs of that salubrious, picturesque, and historical locality, to which, season after season, the number of visitors is largely increasing, as the advantages of its medicinal waters become more widely known and appreciated.

Downpatrick (i.e., "Patrick's Mount") originally bore the names of Aras-Keltair and Rath-Keltair-Mhic-Duach. The first signifies "the House or Dwelling of Keltair;" the second, "the Fortification of Keltair." It afterwards received the appellation of Dun-da-leth-glass—"the Hill of Two Halves of a Chain"—supposed to apply to the appearance of that arm of Lough Strangford near which the town is built. It was also designated by the Latin term *Dunum*; but Camden is said to be mistaken in fixing upon it as the *Dunum* of Ptolemy, which would seem to have been in Queen's County. The place is noted in history before the time of St. Patrick's arrival in Ireland.

The site of the town is commanding. It is built upon the sides and summits of a group of hills, of no great elevation, the principal streets rising from a nearly central point—the market-place. The first object which meets the eye, on approaching it from the Belfast direction, is the stately cathedral; a second, an enormous granite building, closely resembling a citadel, and devoted to purposes very different from those of a house of prayer: this is the county prison—one of the largest and most perfect in Ireland, erected by Mr. J. Lynn, at an expense of £60,000. About a mile from the town, the Quoile or Annadoy river, which has its head-springs in Slieve Croob mountain, near Ballynahinch, not far from the source of the Lagan, flows into the South-Western arm of Strangford Lough (anciently Lough Cuan, or Lough Coyn). At the embouchure of the river, a small quay accommodates vessels of moderate tonnage. Near this, the County Down Railway is carried across the river and an adjacent marsh by a handsome viaduct. The town is still popularly divided, like several other boroughs in the North of Ireland, into the English, Scotch, and Irish Quarters.

Downpatrick underwent many vicissitudes, at the hands of various enemies, during the troublous times of Ireland. Between 940 and 1111 it was plundered and burnt, and its cathedral sacked, by the Danes. In 1177, De Courcy drove out MacDunleve, Prince of Ullagh (Ulster), and retained posses-

sion of the town despite the repeated assaults of the native chieftains. Through his means, the reliques of Saints Patrick, Bridget, and Columba are stated to have been translated into shrines, with great solemnity, by the Pope's nuncio, in 1186. De Courcy, having afterwards renounced his allegiance to King John, was betrayed into the hands of his rival, De Lacy, while engaged in devotion in the burial-ground of the cathedral; but he did not surrender until he had killed thirteen of his assailants with a large wooden cross. Old chronicles relate that De Courcy afterwards regained the favour of John by his prowess on his behalf at a challenge to single combat in Normandy. In 1205, De Lacy, then Earl of Ulster, took up his residence at a castle in Downpatrick erected by De Courcy. In 1245, part of the abbey, erected by St. Patrick, was thrown down, and the cathedral much damaged, by an earthquake.

In 1259, Stephen de Longespee and the chief of the O'Neills fought a desperate battle in the streets of the town, in which O'Neill and 350 of his men were killed. In 1315, Edward Bruce plundered and destroyed the abbey and burnt part of the town, which he again pillaged three years afterwards, causing himself to be proclaimed King of Ireland, at the cross, near the cathedral. Lord Deputy Grey, in 1538, in consequence of Primate Crewer's opposition to the spiritual authority of Henry VIII., defaced the monuments of the three patron saints, and set fire to the cathedral and the town. On this and other charges he was afterwards impeached and beheaded. Con O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, plundered and partially destroyed the town; and, two years afterwards, his son Shane demolished its gates and ramparts. During the civil war in 1641, the Irish, under Col. Brian O'Neill, burnt a magnificent castle that had been erected here by Lord O'Keham, and slaughtered a great number of the Protestants,—many of whom, who had escaped, were afterwards massacred at Killileagh. The rebels destroyed the tower gate-house of the bridge over the Quoile, and greatly damaged the bridge itself.

The date of St. Patrick's arrival here is generally given as the year 432, and that of his death at the Abbey of Saul, which he had founded, as 493, his age being then 120 years. The site for the Abbey of Regular Canons which he built near the ancient dun, or fort, is stated to have been granted to him by a Ulidian chief named Dichu, whom he had converted to Christianity. No fewer than five religious houses formerly existed in the

town, one of which was a convent of Cistercian nuns. No traces of these now remain.

The old cathedral, which had long been in a ruinous condition, was demolished in 1790, and the present commenced, the then Marquis of Downshire being the principal contributor. It was not, however, completed until 1829, when the tower and spire were finished, at a cost of £1,900. It is a lofty and imposing embattled edifice, chiefly of unhewn stone, supported externally by buttresses, and comprising a nave, choir, and aisles, with a lofty square tower at the West end, embattled and pinnacled, and smaller square towers at each corner of the East gable, in one of which is a spiral stone staircase leading to the roof. The aisles are separated from the nave by lofty, elegant arches resting on massive piers, from the corbels of which spring ribs supporting the roof, which is richly groined, and ornamented at the intersections with foliated clusters. The lofty windows of the aisles are divided by a single mullion; the nave is lighted by a long range of clerestery windows; the choir by a handsome oriel window, divided by mullions into twelve compartments, which appears to be the only window remaining of the splendid edifice erected in 1412, and destroyed by Lord-Deputy Grey. Over the East window are three elegant niches, with ogee pointed arches, containing on pedestals the remains of the mutilated effigies of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille. The cathedral contains a monument to Edward Cromwell, Baron O'Keham, who was proprietor of nearly all Lecale, and was interred here in 1607; and also one to his grandson, Oliver, Earl of Ardglass, who was interred in 1668. James I. changed the name of the cathedral from "St. Patrick's" to "The Holy Trinity."

There are several other houses of worship in the town—none of them, however, requiring a technical description; and among the public buildings of the town are educational and charitable institutions, club-rooms, &c. The county court-house, which had been partially destroyed by fire, has been rebuilt on an enlarged and improved plan, and is a handsome and commodious edifice. The hotels are numerous for the size of the town, and several of them well-appointed.

A record of the corporation of Downpatrick, so early as 1403, is in existence. It returned two members to the Irish Parliament from 1585 till the Union, and has since returned one member to the Imperial Parliament. The manor, which is the



property of David Stewart Ker, Esq., M.P. for the borough, is very ancient, its existence being noticed in 1403.

The celebrated divine and writer, Duns Scotus, was born at Downpatrick in 1274. He was educated at Oxford, and in 1307 was appointed Regent of Divinity in the schools of Paris.

The ruins of St. Patrick's Abbey of Saul, about two miles distant, are in a most dilapidated condition, and convey only a very slight idea of the original appearance of the structure.

About four miles to the East of Downpatrick, on the slope of the high hill called Slieve-na-Grideal, there is a Druidical ring; and on the summit is an interesting cromlech.

In closing our account of Downpatrick, we may remark that a very interesting document, entitled the "Hymn of St. Patrick," composed and used by him when he was about to advocate Christianity at Tara, before Levzaire, the King of Meath, his courtiers, and the Magi, on Easter Sunday, in the year 433, was discovered by Mr. Petrie, and extracted by him from the "Liber Hymnorum," a celebrated manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin,—a manuscript which, in the opinion of Archbishop Ussher, was, in his time, a thousand years old. It is written in the most ancient dialect of the Irish, and forms at once one of the oldest undoubted monuments of the Irish language, and one of the most interesting illustrations of the religious doctrines inculcated by St. Patrick. It was first published by Mr. Petrie, and may be found in his paper on the "History and Antiquities of Tara Hall," read before the Royal Irish Academy in May, 1837, and published in the 18th volume of their "Transactions."

#### STRUEL WELLS.

The following is abridged from an article in the *Belfast Magazine*, 1825, on "The Popular Superstitions in Ireland":—

"Struel mountain, or rather hill, stands about a mile Eastward of Downpatrick, and nearly half-a-mile South of Slieve-na-Grideal, one of the most celebrated of the ancient Pagan high places. The hill has about 150 feet of perpendicular elevation. . . . Below the hill, to the Southward, is a plain, to the extent of perhaps two acres, which possesses a peculiar sanctity. At the Eastern extremity of this plain, stand the walls of a chapel, originally built by St. Patrick, and rebuilt about the end of last century, but has never been roofed, or even consecrated.

Through the middle of the field runs a small but never-failing stream which rises at the distance of a mile and a-half. A mill turned by the sacred stream, has been built upon the ruins of the celebrated monastery established here by St. Patrick and St. Bridget. Near this mill, and probably supplied by the same springs, is a well called also by the name of the saint. The water thus sanctified, runs unpolluted by any other stream until it reaches Struel. It then flows through the sacred plain, by a channel covered over with flags and large stones, and supplies in its course four distinct wells. . . . To this place about one thousand people resort every Midsummer, for the purpose of doing penance. They come from all parts of Ireland, and sometimes from France and Spain. The ceremonies commence upon the Sunday preceding, and commonly end upon the Sunday succeeding Midsummer Day. . . . The penitents all proceed in the first instance to Downpatrick, where each procures a portion of holy soil from the grave of the patron saint. . . . The penance begins at the foot of the hill, which they climb upon their bare and bleeding knees, by a steep and stony narrow path. A few, whose sins are of a milder cast, may run up this path barefoot; but those who have been guilty of black and grievous offences, besides crawling upon their knees, must carry a large rough stone, with hands placed upon the back of their neck. When they reach the top of the hill, they run down at a quick trot by the other side, and returning to the narrow path, ascend as before. This they repeat 3, 7, 9, 12 times, or multiples of these numbers, according to the nature of their transgressions. The more respectable among them keep their reckoning by beads; while the poorer sort lift a pebble to mark each ascent. . . . But the miraculous powers of Struel are not confined to spiritual defects: they extend to those of the body also. In imitation of the pool of Siloam, at a certain season the waters are troubled by an angel. At the midnight hour, precisely at the point of time which separates Midsummer Eve from Midsummer Day, when all is silence, and all expectation, the channel that forms the communication between the wells becomes insufficient to contain the increasing stream, and its waters burst forth, overflowing the entire plain! If you wish to be cured, presume not to suspect that it is a human angel who performs this wonderful work; or for a moment imagine that the river has been dammed above."

This thriving town, between which and Portaferry there is a ferry, owes its name to the strong or rapid current which, at the influx and efflux of the tide sets through the long and somewhat dangerous strait near the entrance of which it is situate, on the Western side. This current runs at the rate of from six to six and a half miles an hour. The town, which gives the title of Viscount to the English family of Smythe, enjoys a considerable export and some import trade. In the year 1400, the constable of Dublin and others had a great sea fight near Strangford with a Scotch marauding expedition, in which many of the English were slain. In the time of Queen Elizabeth a castle was maintained here, "for preserving," as Harris quaintly says, "the quiet of this country." The beautiful demesne of Castleward, an occasional residence of Lord Bangor, is in the immediate vicinity. The castle was built in the last century by Mr. Justice Ward; but another had been erected in the neighbourhood long before when the English family of Ward first settled in the locality. Its site was anciently called *Carigna-sheannagh* ("The Foxes' Rock"). Four of De Courcey's castles are still pointed out around the shores of Lough Strangford. The most interesting of these is Audley Castle, North of Castleward, which occupies a commanding position, overlooking the Sound. The Audley's, from whom it took its name, came to this district with De Courcey. Kilclief Castle, two miles to the South, is in good preservation; and Walshstown Castle, on the Westward, in the direction of the inlet leading to the Quoile, is a prominent object.

Strangford Lough, which extends more than 16 miles from South to North, and in the broadest part is 5 miles wide, was formerly called Lough Cuan, and contains an immense number of islands, from 120 acres in extent to a very inconsiderable size. A few are inhabited, and many afford good pasturage. Harris enumerates 54 of these islets, which bore names in his time; but the people on the shores of the lough believe that the entire number exceeds 300. Nearly in the centre of the strait is a ledge called Rock Angus (corrupted into "Rock and Goose"), which is nearly half-a-mile long, and dry at half-ebb. Its position is marked by a beacon and perch. The passage on the South side has only a depth of two and a-half fathoms at high water. The Northern channel is deeper, wider, and safer; but the dangers of the sound interfere seriously with the navigation of the lough.

## PORTAFERRY.

This pretty little town is pleasantly situated, on the Eastern side of the strait forming the entrance to Strangford Lough, which is about three-fourths of a mile in width. It is well sheltered landward by the plantations of the extensive and well laid out demesne of Andrew Nugent, Esq., proprietor of the estate. The town has a clean and cheerful appearance, and is prosperous, the inhabitants being an industrious and intelligent class of people. Some branches of manufacture are carried on, and a considerable number of females are engaged in the embroidery of muslin. Of objects of antiquity there are few of interest in the neighbourhood, the principal one being the ruins of the old castle, built by the Savage family, who came to this part of the country with John de Courcey, in the twelfth century, and who saved the Southern Ards from ever falling into the hands of the Irish. Near the ruins of the castle are those of an ancient chapel, roofed with stone. The prospect Southward, towards the open sea, and North-Westerly over the greater part of the wide expansion of Strangford Lough, is very fine. Several vestiges of ancient castles, either built by the Savages or by De Courcey himself, exist about the neighbouring coast—as Quintin Bay Castle, two miles to the South; Tara (a small ruin); New Castle, three miles Eastward; and Kirkestown Castle, four miles North-East.

## ARDGLASS AND ITS VICINITY.

This pretty watering-place and improving port, which is five-and-a-half miles S.E. by E. from Downpatrick, is the next place—villas and other sights of minor importance excepted—worthy of note in this district. It derives its name from two Celtic words signifying "The High Green," from a lofty green hill of conical form, called the Ward, situated to the West of the town. The remains of several castles, still existing, show it to have been at some time of considerable importance. Indeed, Harris states that it was anciently the principal town of trade in Ulster, next to Carrickfergus, before the reign of Elizabeth. A trading company from London settled here in the reign of Henry IV., and in that of Henry VI., it had an extensive foreign trade. In 1637, its port privileges, with those of Carrickfergus, were purchased by the Crown, and transferred to Belfast and

Newry, and from this time its commerce decayed, until the estate came by purchase, into the possession of W. Ogilvie, Esq., who had married the Duchess Dowager of Leinster, and at whose decease it descended to its present enlightened and public-spirited proprietor, Major Aubrey W. Beauclerc. It is reputed to have been a borough; but that, after it fell into decay its privilege of returning members to Parliament fell into disuse. Jordan's Castle—one of the old buildings—is memorable for the gallant defence it sustained during Tyrone's Rebellion, in the time of Elizabeth, under its proprietor, Simon Jordan, who successfully held it for three years against the Irish, until relieved by Lord Deputy Mountjoy, in 1611. Mountjoy afterwards pursued the insurgents to Dunsford, and totally defeated them, with great slaughter. Jordan's valorous endurance was rewarded by the Queen.

The town is very pleasantly situated, on the slope of a hill overlooking the sea; and is now well circumstanced both for trade and for bathing purposes, there being a good hotel, with hot, cold, and vapour baths, and numerous respectable private lodgings.

The prospect both to seaward and landward is very beautiful and extensive. The most remarkable antiquity about Ardglass is a long castellated structure, whimsically termed the New Works, although the date of its erection is so remote as to be now unknown, and the object of its erection is equally so. It adjoins the harbour, and is upwards of 240 feet in length from East to West, by no more than 20 in breadth. The walls are three feet thick, and strengthened by three towers—one in the centre and two at the extremities. Originally, the buildings were divided into thirty-six apartments, eighteen on each floor, having a central staircase. The chambers on the ground floor had each a small arched door and a large square window—a circumstance which has given rise to the conjecture that they were occupied as shops by merchants at a very early period—possibly by the company of traders already mentioned. On the side towards the sea there are no other apertures than spike or loopholes. On this face, too, there is a battlement, breast-high, with a platform underneath. The original purpose of this extraordinary edifice probably was that of a fortified warehouse to protect the merchandise stored within. About 1789, Lord Charles Fitzgerald, son of the Duke of Leinster, then owner of the property, enlarged the rear of the building and raised a portion of it to the height of three stories. Since that time it

has received the name of Ardglass Castle, and been generally the residence of the proprietors of the estate. It was formerly called Horn Castle, either from a great quantity of horns found on the spot, or from a high pillar that stood on its summit previously to its being roofed. Near it is another structure termed Cow'd Castle—a title supposed to be of Scottish derivation; and adjacent is Margaret's Castle. Both of these are square edifices, the lower stories having stone arches. To the North-West of the town, on a considerable elevation, are the King's Castle and the Tower, of unequal size. These have been partially reconstructed, and connected by a handsome pile of castellated building. It is likely, from public records of the time of Henry VIII., that some of these castles were originally reared by the Savage family, to whom a large portion of Lecale then belonged. There is no doubt, however, that the South part, if not the whole, of Lecale was formerly under the sway of the clan Magennis, and Harris considers the Savages as intruders in later times. The most striking of all these fabrics is that of Jordan's Castle, which, in the centre of the town, rises to a height of seventy feet, and has a well of clear water at the entrance. The arms of the Jordan family—a cross and three horse-shoes—appear on a stone near the top. From the Ward of Ardglass the view is truly grand, embracing inland a prospect of from thirty to forty miles of varied and fertile country, studded with towns and villages—hills, lakes, woodlands, and church spires; from North-East to East, the marine panorama includes the Ayrshire hills and the Isle of Man. During the principal fishing season, the harbour and the sea outside present an animated appearance from the number of "hookers" and boats engaged in ensnaring the finny shoals of herring, mackerel, and other fish with which the Irish channel abounds; and from their frequent arrival and departure. There are often to be seen in the harbour some hundreds of fishing vessels from Cornwall, Dublin, Skerries, Arklow, the Isle of Man, Carlingford, Donaghadee, &c. The fish caught are disposed of to dealers who carry them inland, and to coasting sloops and smacks, which convey them to distant seaports. There is a considerable export of grain from Ardglass; and of late years the harbour has been greatly improved by Mr. Ogilvie and Major Beauchero, by the construction of extensive piers, quays, wharves, lighthouse, &c. The new pier was built in 1834, at an expense of £25,000, under the superintendence of the late Sir John Rennie. It extends 300 feet into deep water, and is 20 feet broad. Ardglass formerly

gave the title of Earl to the family of Cromwell, as it now does that of Viscount to the house of Barrington.

#### KILLOUGH,

Or St. Anne's Port, a sea-port and post-town, 5 miles S.E. from Downpatrick. The chief exports are corn and live cattle. A lucrative fishery is carried on off the coast; haddock and whiting are taken in great quantities. About half-a-mile from the town, on the road to Downpatrick, is a copious spring, the water of which is specifically lighter by one-fourth part than spring water in general; and close to the shore is St. Scordin's Well, issuing from a rocky bank, and discharging at the rate of one hogshead per hour, without any diminution in the driest weather. Not far from this is a hole in the rock, which at the ebbing and flowing of the tide, emits a sound resembling that of a huntsman's horn.

#### ST. JOHN'S POINT

Was formerly designated St. John's Foreland by seamen, and is the *Isamniun* of Ptolemy. Camden conjectures that this name is derived from *Isa*, or *Isel*, an ancient British word, signifying "low"; or, perhaps, from *Isheal*, an Irish word of the same meaning, in reference to the low and flat appearance of the headland. Large quantities of buckthorn, with both red and white flowers, at one time grew upon it; and samphire was to be found upon the adjacent rocks. A beautiful light-house is erected here.

#### DUNDRUM.

About four miles from Newcastle and one and a half from Clough, and on the road from Downpatrick to Newry, is this handsome watering place. The ruined castle of Dundrum, gives its name to the bay. These are on the property of the Marquis of Downshire, by whom, as well as by his lamented father the village and port have been greatly improved, much to the benefit of its trade, which is principally in the export of

grain, and to rendering the place attractive to and comfortable for casual visitors and sea-bathers. A very commodious hotel has been provided, and a number of neat convenient private dwellings have sprung up, most of which, during the Summer months, are let as lodgings. The village is situated on an inner bay, about one and a half miles long by a quarter of a mile broad. Of the castle, although dismantled by Cromwell in 1652, there are still considerable and very interesting remains. It is said to have been built by Sir John De Courcy for Knights Templars, who retained possession of it till their order was suppressed in 1313, when it was transferred to the Prior of Down. In 1517, the Lord Deputy, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, took it by storm from the Irish garrison. It was afterwards retaken by the Magennises, who were driven out by the Lord Deputy Gray in 1538. It again fell into the hands of Phelim M'Ever Magennis, who, on the attainder of himself and adherents, surrendered it to Lord Mountjoy in 1601. It was subsequently granted to the Earl of Ardglass; and eventually became, with lands in the vicinity, the property of Viscount Blundell, from whom it descended to the present noble and improving owner, who has a summer lodge in the neighbourhood. Harris, in his "Survey of Down," says that, when the castle was in repair, "it often proved a good guard to the pass, and as often an offensive neighbour to the English planted in Lecale, according to the hands that possessed it." It then commanded the ford at the head of the estuary. Its remains consist chiefly of a lofty circular tower or keep, upwards of thirty feet in internal diameter, and the ruins of some inferior towers and outworks, of which the best preserved is the barbican. The walls and winding staircase leading to the battlements of the keep are tolerably perfect; but the floors of the various stories have fallen in; and even the dungeon, deeply excavated in the rock, is exposed. The tower is surrounded by a deep fosse hewn out of the solid rock. Part of the walls of the ancient gatehouse are still standing. The steep and conspicuous hill on which the castle stands has been planted; and, as the trees are now well grown, it has a pleasing appearance from a distance, particularly from the North-Easterly direction.

At Sliderry Ford, between Dundrum and Newcastle, the antiquary will find an excellent specimen of the cromlech, with a circle of pillar stones.

The outer and larger Bay of Dundrum is an extensive sheet of water, being upwards of nine miles wide at the entrance,

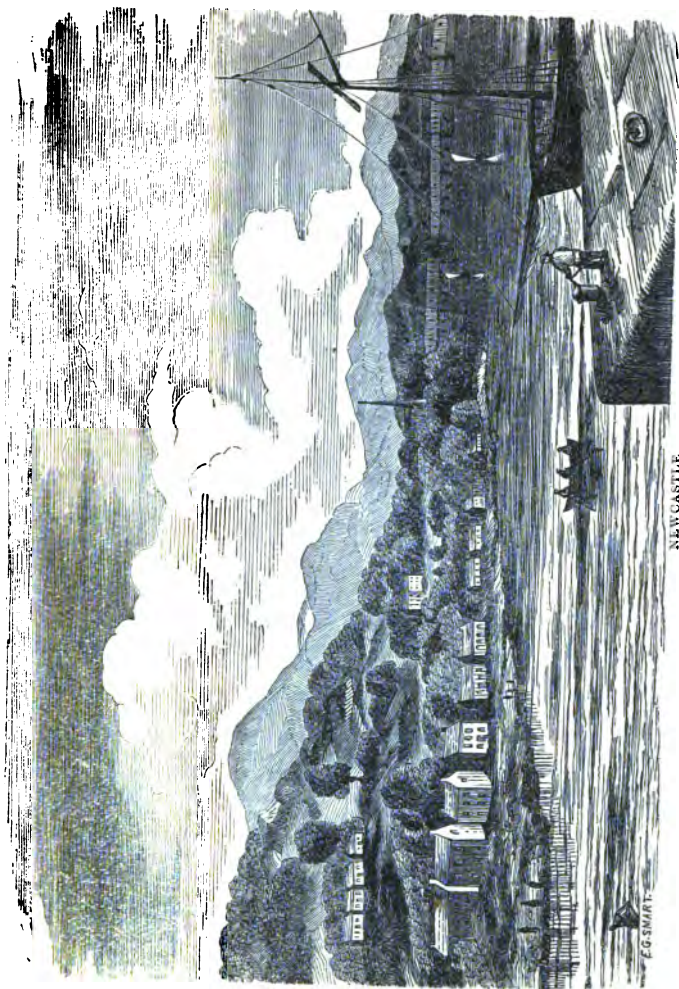


from the base of Slieve Donard, at Bealachaneir Point, to St. John's Point (where one of the finest lighthouses on the North-East coast of Ireland has been erected), and extending about four and a-half miles inland. It is most dangerous to mariners during the prevalence of South and South-Easterly winds, owing to its exposed situation, the heavy seas which roll into the estuary, and the strong tidal current from North and South which meet at and set upon this part of the shore. Many disastrous shipwrecks have taken place within the bay. Here, in the Autumn of 1847, the noble steam-ship *Great Britain*, crowded with passengers, and having a most valuable cargo on board, was stranded while on a voyage from Liverpool to New York, during a dark and tempestuous night. The point where she came on shore was close to the land, almost to the coast-guard station of Tyrella, on the Northern side of the bay—a very perilous position. The passengers, however, were all safely rescued next morning. The gigantic vessel remained exposed to the buffetings of the wild surges throughout the whole Winter, and until late in the Spring of 1848, when she was floated off through the engineering ability of Mr. Bremner, shipbuilder, of Wick, and with the assistance of the steam transport, *Birkenhead*, and the steam bomb-sloop *Scourge*, of the Royal Navy. Singular as it may appear the *Great Britain* was found to have sustained very little damage, which may be accounted for partly by her great strength, and partly by the admirable precaution taken by Capt. Claxton, R.N., who acted on behalf of the owners, in having a breakwater of green timber—his own invention—erected a short distance to seaward of her, at the most stormy period of the season, which protected her from the fierce fury of the waves,

The fishing-ground immediately outside of Dundrum Bay is regarded as one of the best in the British Seas, affording, in the respective seasons, abundance of excellent haddock, cod, whiting, turbot, sole, plaice, &c. Fishing enterprise, however, is not at all prosecuted by the natives of the coast, to the extent which it might be, although it is extending. In the inlet, during the Summer months, large quantities of sand eels are taken.

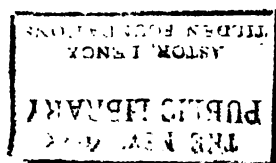
#### NEWCASTLE.

The situation of this beautiful village, which is rapidly assuming the dimensions and importance of a town, is one of the



NEWCASTLE.

EGSMITH



most delightful on the sea-board of Downshire. It lies immediately under the shadow of Slieve Donard; where it forms the South-Eastern promontory of Dundrum Bay, and constitutes the most conspicuous object on that side of the Irish channel, from the Fair Head of the Giant's Causeway to the bay of Dublin. Newcastle is very neatly built, and every year handsome buildings for the accommodation of sea-bathers are being added. The beach is a hard sandy bottom, and the sea-water is clear and pure, and suited in graduation of depth to the capacities and tastes of all classes of bathers. The village is well sheltered, by the mountain barrier in the rear, from the South-Westerly winds, which prevail about eight months in the year. These recommendations, in conjunction with the varied and enchanting scenery of the vicinity, have rendered Newcastle the most aristocratic and generally-patronised watering-place on the Down coast. Dr. Knox, author of that charming book, "The Irish Watering Places," has appropriately pronounced it "the queen of Northern bathing-places;" and so high an authority is not likely to be disputed. The shore—the cliffs—the steep mountain slopes—the Hermit's Glen—the White River and its cascades and bosky dells—the bracing air of the hills—afford all that, to delight the eye and invigorate the frame, the pleasure-seeker and the invalid can reasonably desire on Irish ground.

Of all the bright gems in the ring of the sea  
Newcastle's the fairest and loveliest to me.

For much of its prosperity and improvement Newcastle is indebted to the liberality and fostering care of the lord of the soil, Earl Annesley, who has largely promoted enterprise in building and in laying out ornamental grounds on his property; and, in conjunction with his excellent mother, has generously aided in the erection of schools and other useful institutions for the benefit of his tenantry, with whom the family are highly popular, and who hailed the distinction gained by two of its members during the Crimean war as a subject of universal gratification.

Newcastle derives its name from a castle erected by Felix Magennis, one of the chiefs of Iveagh, in the year of the Spanish Armada. All traces of this ancient building have disappeared, its site being now occupied by a large, elegant, and commodious hotel, built by Earl Annesley, at a cost of £3,000, from a design by Mr. Duff, of Belfast. The late Earl Annesley has also erected a beautiful marine residence, named Donard

Lodge, at the base of the mountain. The demesne is most tastefully laid out, and the public have free access to its picturesque walks and grounds. The noble Earl also built and endowed a handsome chapel-of-ease. An extensive pier, constructed at an expense of £30,000, and accessible at high water to vessels of large tonnage, has been of great advantage to the trade of the port. The celebrated Mourne granite which forms a considerable article of export, can be conveyed to the pier from the neighbouring quarries. Of this elegant and durable stone are built the Queen's Bridge and Commercial Buildings, at Belfast, the County Prison and Court House, at Downpatrick, and many other important public structures in Ulster, as well as portions of Messrs. Tod & Macgregor's large docks, on the Kelvin, near Glasgow.

About half-a-mile from Newcastle, on the slope of the mountain, and nearly in a line above Earl Annesley's marine residence, is the *Spa House*. The mineral spring which exists here is chalybeate in its properties, and its waters have been used with much benefit by invalids to whose cases their curative qualities are suited. The scenery around the spot is diversified and pleasing, its effect being heightened by a series of cascades on a rapid brook which has its source far up in the mountain.

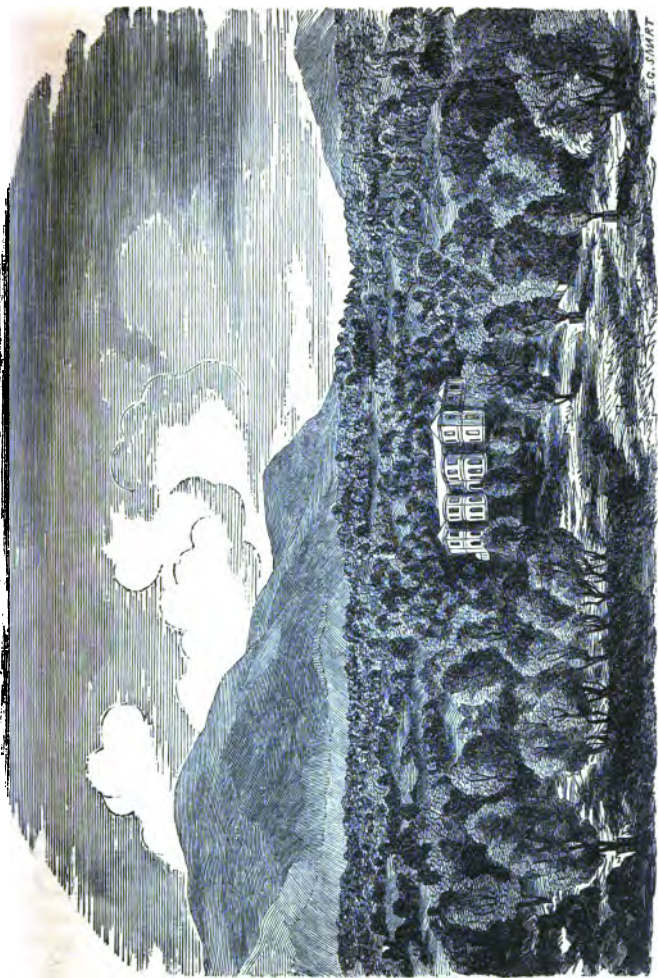
Harris, in his "Survey of Down," relates an instance of great barbarity which was committed at Newcastle during the rebellion of 1641, when an Englishman, a Welshman, and a Scotchman were set in the stocks, and obliged to sit on raw hides, in a state of semi-nudity, for so long a period that their joints rotted, and the foot of one of them, when they were subsequently hanged, fell off by the ancle.

#### BRYANSFORD AND TOLLYMORE PARK.

There is grandeur in the mountains,  
Music in the echoing hills,—  
Beauty in the sparkling fountains,—  
Songs of gladness in the rills.

Nature clothed in rich profusion  
Wild flowers shedding sweets on all  
Sleeping glens in calm seclusion,  
Woods, and wilds, and waterfall.

To omit an excursion to Tollymore Park, the magnificent demesne of the Earl of Roden, and one of the most picturesque and finely-wooded parks in Ireland, would be inexcusable in the



DONARD LODGE.

E. G. SMYTH

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visitor to Newcastle, particularly as the grounds are freely thrown open by the noble proprietor to all who wish to inspect them. The pretty village of Bryansford, which is situate on the skirts of the demesne, is about three miles to the Westward of Newcastle, and two and a half miles from Castlewellan, on the road from Newcastle to Newry. It is a favourite resort of tourists, and of respectable wedding parties from Down, Antrim and Armagh. The village is small, but very neatly built. The houses are mostly in the Elizabethan style; and the well kept little gardens in front give a rural appearance to the place. There are three handsome entrances to Tollymore Park—the central, the barbican, and the Hilltown. The first named, which is approached from Bryansford, is a noble and lofty Gothic archway. The pleasure grounds, which are richly interspersed with ornamental shrubbery, extend a deep, romantic, and shady valley, through which flows a babbling stream called the Shimna. Along the rugged and precipitous banks of this rivulet there are many truly charming spots, the outline of which have often been transferred by fair hands to private sketch-books:—

Cold, cold the heart must surely be—  
 Barren the mind and rude,  
 That could not strike the wild harp's glee  
 In this dear solitude.  
 Oh! 'tis a place for saint or sage,  
 'Tis Nature's wildest hermitage.

Throughout the park, in well-chosen situations, are placed rustic seats, where wearied visitors can at once repose, and enjoy the beauties of the surrounding landscape.

On the back of one of these seats, the following lines, descriptive of the magnificent view in front, are rudely engraven:—

"Here in full view the russet plains extend,  
 There wrapped in clouds the mountains blue ascend,  
 There the wild heath displays her purple dyes,  
 And, midst the desert, fruitful fields arise."

The seat of the Earl of Roden is not very imposing in its architecture, the elevations being inconsiderable; but the ground plan of the mansion is extensive and the site one of the finest that can be conceived. Our readers must often have heard of the noble proprietor, as the name of the Earl of Roden has long been precious to all who love the truths of the Bible, and the mild radiance of his Christian virtues has eminently contributed to adorn the character of the British aristocracy.



On the further side of the valley, lofty and wooded hills rise gradually, the bluff brown summit of Donard towering over all, and frequently canopied in mists and clouds. The ascent of the mountain is said to extend to nearly four miles, though its perpendicular height is somewhat less than 2,800 feet. Annals involved in the obscurity of old traditions, state that, towards the close of the fifth century, St. Donard a disciple of St. Patrick, built a cell or oratory, on the summit of the mountain, where he lived the life of an anchorite in a sufficiently elevated and airy situation, certainly. If ever the holy man offered up his orisons in that solitary locality, every vestige of the "oratory" he is said to have built has disappeared; nor is there any authentic record of a stone of it ever having been seen. There are, however, two caverns on the mountain-top, from the rude arrangement of the stones forming which some idea of art is given, such as that observed in Druidical remains; and on one of these caves, formerly resorted to by pilgrims, the name of "St. Donard's Cell" has been bestowed.

Slieve Donard is separated from Slieve Snaveen by a deep ravine, of no great width, through which runs a winding stream. After rain there is a fine cascade from a rock on the latter mountain, and near it a natural cave, containing curiosities interesting both to the botanist and zoologist. A difficult ascent to the top of the adjacent rock brings the visitor to a wildly-romantic spot, containing in an almost circular form, an area of about two acres, the centre of which is occupied by a miniature lake of cold and limpid water. This singular "shelf" is enclosed on three sides by the higher portion of the mountain, which rises almost perpendicularly. Granite is the prevailing constituent of Slieve Donard. Among the accidental ingredients of this formation are crystallized hornblende, chiefly abounding in the porphyritic variety, and small reddish garnets in the granular; with crystals of beryl, topaz and semi-transparent felspar.

#### CASTLEWELLAN.

About three miles from Bryansford, on the margin of magnificent scenery, and thickly studded with gentlemen's seats, is the Castlewellan demesne, the property of the Earl of Annesley, who has erected at an immense expense a splendid castle. His lordship has also expended upwards of £6,000 in building a beautiful church, much admired for its architecture. The town.

is well built, and has a prosperous appearance. The bleaching of linen, which is the principal trade of the place, was first introduced here by Mr. Moffett, in 1749, since which time it has greatly increased, and several large bleach-greens have been established. The Messrs. Murlands' factories give employment to more than two-thirds of the population, and are conducted on principles highly creditable to the owners. Donard, and his mighty range of lofty associates, sublimely close the perspective to the South, and communicate a grandeur to the wild and beautiful scenery of Castlewellan.

## ANNALONG.

Four miles to the South, and reached by an interesting coast road, is the village of Annalong, the inhabitants of which are almost exclusively engaged in deep-sea fishing—an occupation necessarily subject to sudden and melancholy disasters from the storms which sweep the Irish Channel, and too frequently overwhelm the frail boats of the hardy and adventurous fishermen. One of the most extensive and painful visitations of this nature occurred in the dreadful hurricane on the night of the 13th January, 1843, when, during the fearful gale, 10 fishing-boats from Newcastle, and 6 from Annalong, with crews numbering 73 persons, were lost. By this dreadful catastrophe 37 widows, and no fewer than 157 orphans were at once reduced to destitution. The case of the bereaved sufferers excited at the time an extensive commiseration among the benevolent public, not only of Ulster, but also on the other side of the channel, and contributions to a considerable amount were collected on their behalf. This philanthropic object was materially assisted by a graphic account of the disaster, published in Belfast shortly after the occurrence, from which the following lines are extracted:—

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

The roaring sea is eloquent,  
As deep cries unto deep,  
And o'er the struggling fishermen  
The angry waters sweep!

\*   \*   \*

Newcastle fair and Annalong,  
Oh! woe be on the day,  
When thus your brave and hardy sons  
All perished in the bay!

And woe be on the day that left  
Your fatherless to mourn—  
Your widows lone and desolate—  
Your orphans yet unborn.

O ye whom Providence has bless'd  
With riches in full store,  
Think on the poor bereaved ones  
Upon the lonely shore.

Oh! haste to succour and supply,  
In this their time of need;  
And what you do, do speedily,  
For duty urges speed.

Ye poor! give of your poverty,  
Heaven will the gift regard:  
For even a cup of water given  
Hath promise of reward.



Between Newcastle and Annalong is a singularly shaped rock, completely insulated. This, from the thundering sound of the billows by the action of which its sides have been hollowed and undermined, is termed "The Roarer." The next object of interest, after crossing the Bloody Bridge, is "The Giant's Steps"—not far from which is a deep and frightful chasm called Armour's Hole, into which, about the beginning of last century, a parricide named James Armour, cast the body of his murdered parent, which was soon after found near St. John's Point, about ten miles distant, at the opposite headland of Dundrum Bay, and led to the apprehension and conviction of the unnatural son. Along the shore, between Armour's Hole and the entrance of

the bay, are several sea-worn caves and chasms. One of the largest of the latter is named Magay's Leap.

Passing Southwards from Annalong, the scenery becomes of a more romantic character. On the right is the towering Slieve Donard, and Slieve Bingian, another of the highest mountains of the Mourne range, rises bold and bleak. The road itself presents features of much sublimity. For a considerable length, it is constructed at an elevation of some sixty feet above the level of the sea, which, when the wind blows strongly from seaward, dashes its furious surges against the cliffs with terrific force—the spray being frequently carried over the roadway by the wind.

#### KILKEEL.

This small post town is the next on the route which the tourist is supposed to be pursuing. It is not of much note, though improving, under the fostering care of the proprietor, the Earl of Kilmorey, who has a splendid residence at Mourne Park, in the vicinity, and the encouragement of the resident gentry. More than half of the entire surface of the parish consists of the Mourne mountains. The arable land is less than one-fourth of the whole; but it is generally fertile and well-cultivated.

#### THE MOURNES.

This great range of mountains extend their domain from the Bay of Dundrum, Westward, to the Bay of Carlingford, about fourteen miles in length and eleven in breadth, and are principally composed of granite. From the heights of Downshire a large portion of the counties of Down and Armagh is spread out like a panorama or a map. The surface of the former county is, perhaps, more peculiar than that of any other in Ulster, or even in Ireland. Its appearance is strikingly undulating—small, round-topped, and, in many instances, unconnected hills, breaking it up into a perspective which might appropriately be designated that of "land-waves." A quaint old geographer has compared its appearance to that of a number of eggs placed in a dish of salt, or wooden bowls, alternately turned upwards and downwards. It must be said, however, that this aspect is relieved by elevated ranges of hills—the highest in Ulster. Slieve Donard ranks next in height to Ben Lomond among the moun-

tains of the United Kingdom ; and, from its proximity to the seaboard, is, after the Giant's Causeway, the most prominent object on the North-Eastern coast of Ireland. It is upwards of 2,760 feet above the sea-level. Slieve Bane is considerably lower—in fact, it is one of the inferior steppes of the Mourne range—the summit of Slieve Bane being flat and mossy for an area of a considerable number of acres.

The aspect of the Mournes, from Kilkeel to Rostrevor, is brown, bare, and barren. The eye of the tourist, after he has passed Ballyedmond, will discover a considerable improvement. About half-way between that point and Mourne Park the most notable object of antiquarian attraction is Greencastle, once a strong border fortress, probably erected about the same period as that of Carlingford, and for similar purposes—to protect the entrance of the Lough from hostile invasion, and to check the inroads of the Irish inhabiting the Southern marches. Stephen Gernon, a soldier of considerable historical note, was constable or commandant of both castles during a portion of the reign of Henry IV. Greencastle was of considerable extent. It was furnished with four flanking towers, each having a spiral staircase ; and the outer walls were loopholed for the convenience of archers, who may be supposed, in its earlier defences, to have composed the greater part of its garrisons. In the sanguinary Rebellion of 1641 it rendered important service in affording protection to numbers of Irish and English Protestants who sought refuge in it, and in checking the progress of the insurgents in that direction.

#### ROSTREVROR AND ITS VICINITY.

The delightful village of Rostrevor—now accessible from Warrenpoint, Newry, and of course from Belfast and every point communicating with it, by railway—is, *par excellence*, “the” watering-place of the County Down, and well deserves the high and universal estimation in which it is held for the diversified charms of the neighbouring scenery on every hand, the salubrity of its situation, its seclusion, and all that can render a place for Summer residence on the coast pleasant and attractive. On the one side it is bounded and sheltered by the wooded mountain Slieve Ban ; on the other, stretch out cultivated slopes and rich meadows, mingled with plantations and studded with elegant mansions. It is indeed a beautiful picture, in all that

constitutes one in nature—the rugged and the grand blent with and softened by the relieving tones of the landscape embellished by art. None of the greatly-frequented watering-places, skirting the famous Bay of Dublin, that splendid sea-lake Cork Harbour, or the broad estuary of the Shannon, surpass it, if they even do not suffer by comparison. The following testimony to the suitability of Rostrevor for invalids is borne by Dr. Knox:—"The vicinity of Rostrevor and its delightful neighbourhood offer great inducements to make it a temporary residence. As a Summer retreat Rostrevor is greatly prized, and its sheltered position constitutes it a good Winter residence. It is scarcely possible anywhere to point out a more beautiful district than that lying between Rostrevor and the large seaport of Newry."

One of the principal attractions in the neighbourhood, is a graceful obelisk to the memory of General Ross, of Bladensburg—a distinguished officer in the last American war (1812—1815)—who, in the moment of victory, lost his life at a battle in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, on the 12th of September, 1815. This conspicuous monument is constructed of the granite of the neighbouring range of mountains, and forms one of the most prominent features of the landscape.

To the left of Rostrevor is "Arno's Vale"—termed, somewhat appropriately, the "Temple of Ireland." Here is situated the family mansion of David B. Ross, Esq., who, at a recent period, represented the borough of Belfast in Parliament, and was afterwards governor of the island of Tobago, in the West Indies, where, unfortunately, he was killed by a fall from his horse. The former name of the mansion was Bladensburg. In the same neighbourhood, also, are the villa of Carperham, formerly the property of Mrs. Catherine Penelope Hamilton; and Greenpark, owned by the Countess of Belmore; with other picturesquely-situated country-seats.

Rostrevor formerly bore the Celtic name of Carrickairaghad ("Silver Rock"), and was the patrimonial territory of the chiefs of the Clan Magennis, whose principal seat was at Castlerory. The Anglo-Norman family of Trevor afterwards became possessors of the estate, and, until recently, it remained their property. It seems that the name of the district is derived from the Celtic word *Ros*, meaning a headland or promontory, and the affix of the late English owners. The word *ros* is seen in many Irish topographical names—as, for instance, in *Mucross*, a peninsula in the Lakes of Killarney, signifying "the Boar's Nose" or peninsula, and "The Rosses," in the extreme West of

Donegall, which are the most prominent "headlands" of that county. In the same way, "*tra*" signifies "strand," or sea-shore—as "Tramore," in County Waterford, "the Great Strand;" Ballintra, County Antrim, "the town of or on the Strand;" Cultra, in Belfast Lough, "the corner or nook of the Strand," &c. Some accounts give a different origin of the name of Rostrevor from that which is here stated. For example, it is represented that the appellation honours the memory of Rose Trevor, a beautiful daughter of Sir Marmaduke Whitechurch, who was married to Edward Trevor, a captain in the army of Queen Elizabeth, who was serving in Ireland. Captain Trevor was a progenitor of the former Barons and the present Viscount Dungannon, which family originally had their principal seat at Rostrevor. It is now, however, difficult to discover the site of the baronial castle, few, if any, of the ruins of which remain to point it out to the antiquarian. Scott's lament over its fallen glories is as appropriate as it is poetically graphic:—

"Ah, Clandeboye! thy friendly floor  
 Shrive Donard's oak shall light no more;  
 Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,  
 Tell maiden's love or hero's praise.  
 The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,  
 Centre of hospitable mirth;  
 All undistinguished in the glade  
 Thy sires' glad home is prostrate laid:  
 Their vassals, wandering wide and far,  
 Serve foreign lords in hostile war,  
 And now the strangers' sons enjoy  
 The lovely woods of Clandeboye."

A few additional facts regarding the truly-attractive watering-place of Rostrevor, and some spots of interest in its neighbourhood may be called for. Besides its present name and the Celtic appellation which we have already mentioned, it anciently bore that of Castle Roe, or Castle Rory, from an edifice, the site of which was between the town and the shore, built by Rory or Roderick Magennis, kinsman to one of the Lords of Iveagh, to whom the town owes its origin. This name was in use until the places, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, passed into the possession of Sir Marmaduke Whitechurch, who substituted that of Rostrevor. Here was the residence of the Barons of Dungannon Trevor, until 1707, when the title became extinct by the death of the Viscount Dungannon, who was killed at the battle of Almanza, fought between the confederate forces under the Earl of Galway and the French and Spaniards under the Duke of Berwick. The estate then passed to the Ross family,

through one who was Lord Mayor of Dublin. The name was then finally changed to that of Rostrevor. The Trevor family was continued through a female branch to Lady Lifford, who died at Rostrevor within the last 30 years. The present head of the family is Lord Dungannon, third Viscount.

About a mile from Rostrevor are the ivy-mantled ruins of Kilbroney church, a very ancient edifice, dedicated to St. Bruno, contiguous to which is a solitary burying-ground. Near this is a medicinal spring, which was once much frequented, but is now seldom resorted to.

It may not be out of place to mention, before leaving this neighbourhood, that in the parish of Kilbroney, and a short distance from Rostrevor, is situate the Roman Catholic chapel of Killowen. This place has acquired a peculiar kind of celebrity in connexion with the great action at law termed the "Yelverton case." The verdict of the jury decided that a marriage had been here performed between the Hon. W. C. Yelverton, son and heir of Viscount Avonmore, and Miss Maria Theresa Longworth, an English lady, to whom, it was alleged, he had been previously united by a Scotch marriage. These allegations, of course, the defendant denied. There is no doubt that this remarkable "romance of reality" will cause the humble chapel of Killowen to become a point of attraction for tourists—perhaps one to enrich sketch-books and portfolios, and even to provide *souvenirs* for the cabinet.

#### WARRENPOINT.

We now notice the rapidly-improving town of Warrenpoint—the outport of the thriving commercial town of Newry, to which place, as well as from Rostrevor to Newry, there is now communication by railway, in connexion with the great trunk lines, both to North and South, affording tourists or families desirous of enjoying the beauties of this picturesque and historic portion of Ulster, either for the purposes of health or of sight-seeing, a cheap and ready mode of gratifying themselves. As a sea-bathing residence, it has every requisite—pure, clear water, a gently shelving shore, covered with small round pebbles, and free from mud and sea-weed. The vicinity is very attractive, and ornamented with numerous villas and gentlemen's seats. The steam-boats trading to Newry, and the large ships engaged in the trade with America and other foreign countries, load and



unload here. The whole navy of Britain might ride in perfect safety in the magnificent mountain-girt basin at the South-Eastern end of the bay. It is bounded on the right by the overhanging mountains of Carlingford, and on the left by the still loftier mountains of Mourne. A little Northward of the quay is a patent slip, for repairing vessels upon, constructed by the liberality of Roger Hall, Esq., the principal owner of Warrenpoint. A castle was built near this place, in 1212, by Hugh de Lacy, to protect the ferry across the channel where it narrows, and thence called Narrowwater Castle. It was destroyed in the war of 1641, and was rebuilt by the Duke of Ormond in 1663. The site of the present town was originally a rabbit warren, whence it has received its name.

#### CARLINGFORD—THE SCENERY OF THE BAY.

The delightful bay of Carlingford estuary bears, on the whole, a close resemblance to the celebrated Glengariff in the County Cork. It is not, however, quite so romantic in its general aspect, but is yet probably fully as picturesque. The general appearance of the Bay of Carlingford is that of a spacious sea-lake—resembling in several respects a salt water loch of the Western Highlands of Scotland. On its gently sloping shores numerous villas are scattered, which have peculiar advantages in hill scenery, interspersed with woods and rocks, the shadows of which are, in summer and calm weather, reflected in the unruffled waters of the bay.

To the Southward of the bay, the castle of Carlingford—one of the fortresses erected by John de Courcy—rises bold and sombre. Behind it straggles the now unimportant town of Carlingford, scarcely preserved from oblivion by its historic reminiscences and its delicious oysters; but still, in some degree, kept in countenance by the charms of the scenery in its neighbourhood. The fame of the deliciously-flavoured Carlingford bivalves is certainly fully as widely known as that of the old frontier fortress. In some towns on the other side of the channel, the shellfish to which that name is given, though never dredged on the Irish coast, sell at the highest prices. An amusing anecdote is told of an Irishman in Philadelphia, who convinced that the celebrity of these crustaceæ would be acknowledged even there, and wishing to introduce himself, as easily as possible, to a little circle of his countrymen, speedily effected

his purpose by shouting in the streets "fine Carlingford oyst!" in the peculiar tone of the Dublin fish-hawkers—a sound which soon attracted around him a crowd of those to whom, when at home on "the Sod," it had long been familiar.

Over this old town of Carlingford rises, bleak and bare, the highest of the Carlingford mountains—Slieve Bane ("the White Mountain,") in allusion to its being occasionally covered with snow at an earlier period of the year than other mountains of considerable height.

One of the most remarkable objects of attraction in the hill-country of this romantic neighbourhood is the "Cloughmore" of Carlingford mountain—a vast block of granite, upwards of forty tons weight, conjectured to have served in Druidical rites in the "grey days of old." Its situation is almost half-way to the summit of the mountain; and, its immense size renders speculation at fault as to the natural force which transported it to its present site. That artificial means could have possibly effected its removal from its previous locality—wherever that may have been—is beyond any reasonable stretch of probability. Its singular position, however, may be accounted for by the operation of glacial or "moraine" forces, in days when the climate of Ireland was very different from what it is now, although its situation, on a steep mountain brow, divided from the opposite heights of Slieve Bane, by a deep and wide valley, does not favour this theory. It is probable that other large blocks of stone may at one time have supported it, and that, therefore, it may have then been a "logan," or "rocking-stone." Be this as it may, it is now, and has been for as long a period as memory or tradition embraces, in the stationary condition which it exhibits at the present day. In the sultry midsummer, when it is frequently visited by picnic and other pleasure-seeking parties, it is an agreeable retreat during the heat of noon; and many a sweet lay has been carrolled, and many a soft and gentle tale breathed into lady's ear under the shadow of Cloughmore. In former and forgotten days, vows of constancy in love and good faith in other matters were made at the Great Stone, and are supposed to have been strictly observed. As regards the singular position of the stone, a legend more than usually romantic and fabulous is on record. It is to this effect:—That Fionn MacComhall, of unparalleled might and prowess, had been challenged by a Highland giant, named Benlanduinne, to fight. Fionn of course, was nothing loth. The Scotch warrior took up the gauntlet, crossed the channel, and

sought the quarters of Fionn, but could not approach them conveniently, without fording Carlingford Bay—rather a difficult task. Fionn, from an opposite hill, observed his approach, and taking up the Cloughmore, flung it towards him. The “finger-stone” fell with a thundering crash at the feet of Benlanduinne, on the spot where it still stands. This proof of the astounding strength of Fionn, so terrified the Highland champion that he abandoned the intended combat, and returned as quickly as possible to his own country.

To the left of this point, in the distance, are the high ranges of the great Downshire highlands—the Mourne mountains. To the Eastward and Southward the bases of this far-stretching ridge are seen—a wide, rich, and beautiful prospect. To seaward, in a moderately clear day, is descried the outline of the Isle of Man, its bold Northern extremity looming like a high cloud upon the horizon. To the lover of the picturesque this is a highly-interesting object, especially if he should be intimate with the history of the invasions of Mona by the Scandinavian “vikings” and other ocean freebooters of the middle ages, and with Scott’s delightful historical romance of “Peveril of the Peak.” To the South, but often indistinctly, the Wicklow mountains arrest the eye—the most lofty of the range, Lugnaquilla (where the Liffey’s infant springs gush forth), overtopping the lower summits—heath-crowned and purple in the extreme distance. The double cones of the Sugar-loaf Mountain stand up prominently upon the bold perspective. Nearer, but not more distinct in the landscape, is the bluff promontory of Howth.

The old castle of Carlingford, still in tolerable preservation, is recorded to have been built by King John, or by his orders, in the year 1210. It has no pretensions whatever to architectural beauty or regularity; but it was, in the period of rude warfare when it was erected, a place of strength. The design in constructing it at this point seems to have been, to command the narrow entrance to Ulster between it and the mountains in its rear, as well as the approaches to Newry. It was, therefore, of course, one of the border fortresses of the “Pale,” and, in consequence, was exposed to frequent assaults from the Irish; from whose half-barbarous system of warfare, however, it does not seem to have suffered much. It is still in a tolerable state of preservation, although inferior, in that respect, to the castle of Carrickfergus. A few of the houses in the town still bear traces of having been castellated. The mountain immediately above the town,—Slieve Foy,—is upwards of 1,900 feet high.

Besides the old castle, the principal objects of antiquarian interest connected with Carlingford are the extensive and picturesque ruins of its abbey, and some remains of the walls by which the town afforded protection, in stormy times, to those settlers of the Pale who sought refuge there from the Irish enemy. The abbey, which was erected for Dominican Friars, in 1305, by Richard de Lacy, Earl of Ulster, was dedicated to St. Malachy. The principal vestiges now existing are the once magnificent Gothic arch which formed the oriel window, the spacious aisles, and the belfry. Cromwell's general, Lord Inchiquin, converted the sacred building into a stable for his troopers' horses. At a later period it underwent a still further desecration, when used for the purposes of a ball or racket court. Carlingford is reported to be the place of St. Patrick's second landing in Ulster in 432—Dundrum having the honour of being the first spot of Irish soil touched by his saintly feet. Carlingford in its time has also had royal residents—as Lionel, Earl of Ulster, son of Edward III., in 1357; and Lord Thomas of Lancaster, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in 1408. In 1467 a mint was established here. The castle was surrendered to Sir Charles Coote and Colonel Venables in 1650. Part of the town was burnt by the Duke of Berwick's troops in 1689. In the following year Lord Carlingford was killed at the battle of the Boyne, while serving as an officer in James II.'s army. Carlingford was a very ancient borough, its first charter having been granted by Edward II. The greater part of the town is owned by Thomas Fortescue, Esq.: some parts of it, and of the vicinity, belong to the Marquis of Anglesea.

## NEWRY.

This town derives its name from the immense number and size of yew trees which it appears once grew in the abbey. *Na yur*, the yew tree—"The Newries," i.e., the place of the yew trees. In all the earlier struggles that convulsed the country great importance was attached to the possession of the place, from its being a kind of border watch betwixt the North and South—betwixt two counties—two provinces, and two hostile populations. Till this day you often find the broad *patois* of the Scotch in the one street and the pure Irish of the native peasant in the other. Newry is romantically situated at the head of the Carlingford Bay, with the Mourne mountains to the East,

and the picturesque scenery of parts of Louth and Armagh on the West. Its commerce as a trading port is very good, and from the natural advantages it possesses through the Carlingford harbour—the excellent canal connecting it with inland counties, and the new lines of railways projected or already opened—may be expected in a few years greatly to increase. There are excellent educational establishments in the town, at the head of which stands the District National Model School. It is to be regretted, however, that in such a thriving and populous town no endowed school should be established for the higher branches of education, and to prepare young men for the universities. At present there is a first class school of the character referred to, and well entitled to a governmental endowment.

In ecclesiastical matters Newry is the residence of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Dromore. In the Church of England, the *lord of the soil* is the representative of the former abbot, and appoints a vicar to discharge the duties which he as lay abbot cannot discharge. He (the lay abbot or landed proprietor) is also permitted to use in his court the seal of the ancient charter, with the sign of mitred abbot in his albe sitting on his chair betwixt two yew trees, and with the following inscription:—“*Sigillum exemptæ jurisdictionis de virido ligno, alias Newry et Mourne.*”

In this exempt jurisdiction, therefore, the Vicar is responsible to the layman by whom he is appointed and paid, and his allegiance to his spiritual superior, the Bishop or Primate, is not very clearly defined. There are in Newry, two Established Churches, two Presbyterian Churches in connexion with the General Assembly, two Roman Catholic Churches, a Unitarian Church, and several Dissenting Chapels. The population of the town and parish may be set down at about 20,000, one-half of which is Protestant and the other Roman Catholic. The people are lively and fashionable and have always been distinguished for their attention to strangers. The ladies, however, have never forgiven the uncultivated vandal who stigmatized Newry in the lying couplet:—

“High church, and low steeple,  
Dirty streets, and proud people;”

And who fathered the poetic falsehood upon the witty Dean of St. Patricks. The Dean was far too much of an Irish gentleman to have indulged in such a wicked sarcasm; and, if he uttered the words at all, it must have been in some such way

as rare Ben Johnson condemned our poetry—he had a *singing in his ears*, he said, for several months after having lighted his pipe with an *Irish Ballad*.

There is a remarkable relic of antiquity about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles from the town, on the Rathfriland Road, called Crown Mount Rath. It is an earthwork, 110 feet high, nearly circular at the base, which measures 560 feet in circumference, with a flat top of oblong form, and is surrounded by a fosse 21 feet broad and 11 deep. It is said to have been erected as a place of single combat between two princes, who were competitors for a royal territory, and hence its name. On the South of the fosse is a square platform, surrounded with an intrenchment, the glacis of which declines towards the old ford of the river. Many other remains of forts, and cromlechs are to be found in various parts. Newry is said to have been the birth-place of Jarlath Mac-Trien, who was prior of Armagh, in 465; also of Dr. Parry, who was raised to the bishopric of Killaloe, in 1647. It gives the inferior title of Viscount to the Earl of Kilmorey.

---

TRAVELLER, REST.

Traveller, rest!—thy journey's o'er,—  
 Antrim's wild and rocky shore,  
 Down's green fields, and lofty mountains,  
 Healing springs, and sparkling fountains;  
 Hills that shelter fair Belfast  
 From the piercing Northern blast:  
 These are faithfully portrayed  
 Artists' pencil lending aid.  
 Now, when parting, may I ask  
 Thy approval of my task,  
 So that others may confide  
 In me, as a faithful Guide!





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**TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS,**  
**VISITORS TO THE SEASIDE, AND OTHERS,**  
 Exposed to the Scorching Rays of the Sun, and heated  
 particles of Dust, will find

## ROWLANDS' KALYDOR

A most refreshing preparation for the Complexion, dispelling the cloud of langour and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity and healthful state of the Skin.

Freckles, Tan, Spots, Pimples, Flushes, and Discolouration, fly before its application, and give place to delicate clearness, with the glow of beauty and of bloom. In cases of sunburn, or stings of insects, its virtues have long been acknowledged. Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of Summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

## ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation and as an invigorator and beautifier of the hair beyond all precedent.

Price 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. (equal to four small), and 21s. per bottle.

**SOLD AT 20, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON,**  
 AND BY CHEMISTS AND PERFUMERS.

**BEWARE OF SPURIOUS IMITATIONS!!!**

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**MRS. M'NAULL,**

Respectfully informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Public at large, that the above Establishment has been fitted up in the best style for the reception of her guests. Parties visiting the shore during the Bathing Season, will find it a desirable residence, both for comfort and economy, whilst to parties of pleasure and tourists visiting that unparalleled phenomenon of Nature,

## THE CAUSEWAY,

It possesses many advantages, not the least of which is its proximity, being but a few perches distant from it. There are distinct Sitting and Bed-Rooms, which will be let by the week or month. The Larder is always well supplied.

GOOD BOATS AND EFFICIENT BOATMEN.

**The Liquors are of the Best Kinds.**

BOARDING MODERATE.

*First-rate Post-Cars and Horses, with Careful Drivers.*

EXCELLENT STABLING.

# TURKISH BATHS,

## 112, DONEGALL STREET,

### BELFAST.

THESE improved TURKISH BATHS are in constant operation, Sundays excepted.

These Baths were built by Dr. Barter, on his patent principle, and are managed by proved attendants from Blarney, under his directions, the same as at Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Sligo, Bray, Killarney.

### TERMS.

#### FIRST CLASS.

	S.	D.
From 6 to 8 a.m., . . . . .	1	6
From 6 to 8 p.m., . . . . .	1	6
Shampooing, . . . . .	0	6
Subscription Ticket for 12 Baths at the above-named hours,	15	0
From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., . . . . .	2	6
Subscription Ticket for 12 Baths, . . . . .	24	0
Shampooing, . . . . .	0	6
Subscription Shampooing Ticket for 12 Baths, . . . . .	4	0

#### SECOND CLASS.

	S.	D.
From 6 to 8 a.m., . . . . .	0	6
From 6 to 8 p.m., . . . . .	0	6
From 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., . . . . .	0	9
Shampooing, with the use of Sheet, . . . . .	0	8
Children under four years, Free to the Baths.		
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Come, and take "THE BATH."

ENTRANCE TO FIRST CLASS, 112, DONEGALL STREET.

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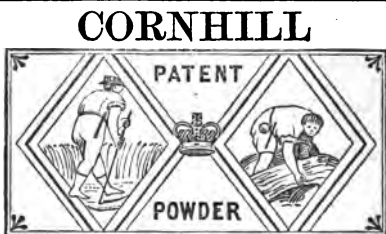
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&c., &c.

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Tourists should ask for,  
and see that they get, the



To avoid imposition and  
Secure a Good Article,

STARCH.

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*Sea Bathing—Douglas, Isle of Man.*

## THE CASTLE MONA HOTEL

AND

### FAMILY BOARDING HOUSE,

On the margin of the beautiful and picturesque Bay of Douglas, (formerly the Residence of the late Duke of Athol), established a quarter of a century by the present proprietor.

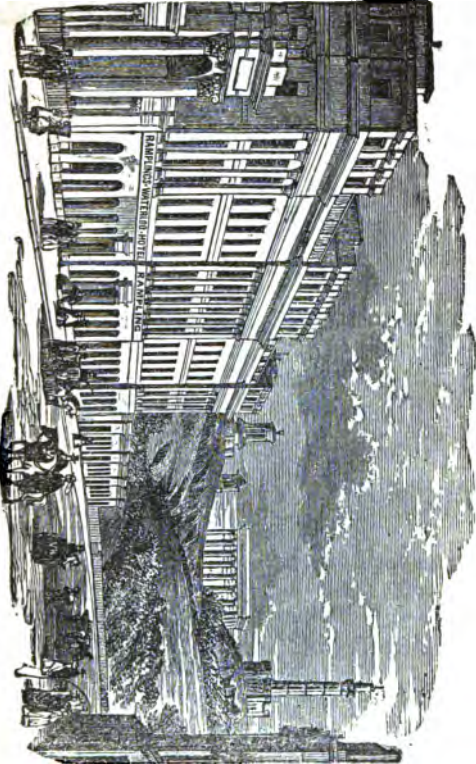
Tourists and Families visiting the Isle of Man will find in this Hotel every comfort, splendid accommodation, the finest Wines, extensive pleasure grounds, a Table d'Hôte, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Coffee Room, Billiard Room, &c.—*See Adver. in Bradshaw.*

The finest Sea Bathing in the world in connection with the Hotel. An Omnibus from each Packet *free to the Hotel*, which Visitors will please inquire for. Tariff, View of the Hotel, and a Description of the Island, on two postage stamps and address being sent to Mr. HERON.

☛ Reduced Tariff in April, May, and June, and for the Winter.

COMMODIOUS & ELEGANT COFFEE ROOM.  
Large and Well Ventilated Smoking Room.  
SUITES OF APARTMENTS, &c.

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A Splendid Saloon expressly kept for parties with Ladies, who wish to avoid the expense of a Private Sitting Room.

A MODERATE FIXED CHARGE FOR SERVANTS.



**Why should we not use a Good Starch when it may be had for the asking?**

THE  
**CORNHILL ROYAL PATENT POWDER STARCH,**

May now be had of all Grocers, Druggists, Chandlers, &c.,  
*But it is necessary to ask for*

**“THE CORNHILL STARCH,”**

And once tried, it will be preferred to any other in the Market.

VALUABLE REMEDIES FOR THE AFFLICTED.

**DR. ROBERT'S CELEBRATED OINTMENT**, called the **POOR MAN'S FRIEND**, is confidently recommended to the Public as an unfailing remedy for wounds of every description, a certain cure for Ulcerated sore legs, if of twenty years' standing; Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Chilblains, Scorbutic Eruptions and Pimples on the Face, Sore and Inflamed Eyes, Sore Heads, Sore Breasts, Piles, Fistula, and Cancerous Humours, &c. Sold in Pots, at 1s 1½d, 2s 9d, 11s., and 22s. each. Also his

**PILULÆ ANTISCROPHULÆ,**

Confirmed by sixty years' experience to be, without exception, one of the best alterative medicines ever compounded for purifying the blood, and assisting nature in all her operations. Hence they are used in Scrophula, Scorbutic Complaints, Glandular Swellings, particularly those of the neck, &c. They form a mild and superior Family Aperient, that may be taken at all times without confinement or change of diet. Sold in boxes, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s.

Sold wholesale by the proprietors, **BEACH & BARNICOTT**, at their dispensary, Bridport; by the London houses. Retail by all respectable Medicine Vendors in the United Kingdom and Colonies.

Observe: No Medicine sold under the above name can possibly be genuine unless “Beach and Barnicott, late Dr. Roberts, Bridport,” is engraved on the Government Stamp affixed to each package.

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OLD-ESTABLISHED

**Silk, Woollen, and Fancy Dyeing Business,**  
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COMMERCIAL AND FAMILY HOTEL,  
CORN MARKET, BELFAST.  
GEORGE DAVIS, PROPRIETOR.**

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**ESTABLISHED 1818.**

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Seedsmen, Nurserymen, & Florists,**

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Are always supplied with Garden, Farm, and Flower Seeds, suited to the season. Also, a general assortment of Garden Implements, including Parke's Superior Cast Steel Forks, and Shankes's Patent Lawn Mowing Machines. Dutch Flower Roots, Fruit and Forest Trees, Greenhouse Plants, &c., &c.

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## WALKER'S HOTEL, BALLYNAHINCH.

This hotel is in the immediate vicinity of the Spas. In the neighbourhood is the extensive demesne of Montalto, and within easy distance, the picturesque scenery of Seaforde, Bryansford, and Tollymore Park, (*all open to strangers*).

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Families Boarded for Long or Short Periods.  
POSTING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

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**VICTORIA HOTEL,**  
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**PRINCE OF WALES' RESTAURANT,**  
3½, DONEGALL PLACE,  
**WILLIAM J. WALKER, Proprietor.**

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**FINE ART DRAWING PENCILS.**

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 MANUFACTURERS OF  
**MANURES,**  
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**BELFAST.**  
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## THE IMPERIAL HOTEL, BUSHMILLS.

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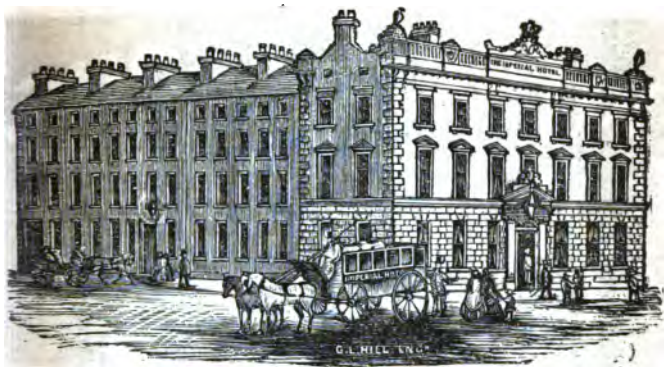
The Subscriber, having become Proprietor of the above Old-Established Hotel, begs to inform the Public that he has now opened it for the reception of visitors. The rooms are large and airy; and having been entirely re-furnished anew, will be found extremely comfortable. To gentlemen coming to angle on the far-famed River Bush, it is especially recommended, being within a few yards of the river. The Proprietor has spared no trouble or expense in making the Hotel the most comfortable in the North of Ireland, and hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Commercial gentlemen and tourists will find every comfort and attention.

The Hotel is only two miles from the Giant's Causeway, and five from the Railway Terminus at Portrush. There is also good Sea-Bathing at Portballintrae, a short distance from the Hotel.

Charges by the day or week extremely moderate. Wines and Liquors of the best quality. The Larder always well supplied.

JOHN MILL,



# THE IMPERIAL HOTEL,

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*A First-Class Commercial & Family Hotel,*

Combining English comfort with Parisian elegance, at Moderate Charges.

*(Ici on Parle Français.)*

A COFFEE-ROOM for Private and Professional Gentlemen; and DRAWING-ROOMS, with Pianoforte in each, *en suite*, for families.

A COMMERCIAL ROOM, the best in Great Britain, for the *exclusive* use of Commercial Gentlemen; and SHOW-ROOMS, specially fitted up for them.

*Omnibuses attend all the Railway Trains and Steam Packets.*

BATHS; POSTING; LIVERY STABLES.

A Cafe and Restaurant attached; Entrance, Castle Lane.

Grattan & Co.'s Lemonade.

Grattan & Co.'s Soda Water.

Grattan & Co.'s Ginger Ale.

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ALSO,

GRATTAN & CO.'S MEDICINAL SODA WATER, CARRARA, PULNA VICHY, APERIENT  
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PREPARED ONLY AT THE

MEDICAL HALL,  
10 & 12, CORN MARKET, BELFAST,

And to be had Genuine of one or more respectable Agents in most of the leading towns of Ulster.

GRATTAN & Co. are Agents for the Vichy Water Company, Sir James Murray's Fluid Magnesia, &c., &c., and are Importers of Seltzer, Harrogate, and other Mineral Waters in general use.

CAUTION.—As many unprincipled persons still continue to re-fill our old bottles, and to pass off their compounds as our genuine preparations, the public are respectfully recommended to purchase only of houses of known respectability.



**ROYAL MEDICAL HALL,**  
**7, DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST,**  
**DYAS & CO.,**  
**PROPRIETORS.**

The Compounding Department under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Dyas, Licentiate Apothecary.

DYAS & CO.'S SINGLE & DOUBLE SODA WATER.  
DYAS & CO.'S GINGER ALE.  
DYAS & CO.'S LEMONADE.  
DYAS & CO.'S KALI WATER.  
DYAS & CO.'S SELTZER WATER.  
DYAS & CO.'S TONIC BITTERS.  
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DYAS & CO.'S CARRARA WATER.  
DYAS & CO.'S TARAXICINE, OR DANDELION  
BEER, for Derangement of the Liver.  
DYAS & CO.'S SUMMER BEVERAGE : a delicious  
and cooling draught.

All the Medicinal Waters imported direct from their respective springs.

Parties will please observe the above address.

*May, 1861.*



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# CORRY & CO.'S

## BRIGHT, SPARKLING, AERATED BEVERAGES;

SODA WATER,  
LEMONADE,  
GINGER ALE,

FRUIT NECTAR,  
AROMATIC TONIC,  
&c., &c., &c.,

Are manufactured on the most scientific principle, from the purest ingredients, and still maintain that high position in public estimation which they have held at home and abroad during the past thirteen years.

MANUFACTORY:

3, VICTORIA STREET, BELFAST  
EXPORT ORDERS CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.

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## SYDENHAM PARK.

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Several Villa Sites to be let in this desirable and fashionable locality, commanding a fine view of the town and bay of Belfast. (*Vide illustration, page 92*).

Apply to

DR. CORRY,  
BELFAST.

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## WILLIAM SHERRIE,

### 14 & 16, NORTH STREET, BELFAST,

Manufacturer of Plain and Fancy Brushes, Bellows, Shoe Hair, &c.; Heddle Twine, Shuttles, Weavers' Drivers; Combs, Sponges, Chamois Skins; Carpet Whisks, Black Lead; Gutta Percha Soles and Tubing; Vulcanized India Rubber, in Sheets, Rings, &c. A large assortment of Toilet, House, Stable, and Weavers' Brushes always on hand. Brushes made to any pattern on the shortest notice on moderate terms.

## THE ULSTER MEDICAL HALL, ESTABLISHED A.D. 1852,

For the preparation and sale of Genuine Medicines, and for the compounding of Prescriptions, embraces an extensive range of the principal appliances connected with Medical and Surgical practice.

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SODA WATER.  
LEMONADE.  
GINGER ALE.  
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TONIC BITTERS.  
KALI WATER.  
LITHIA WATER.  
SELTZER WATER.

CARRARA WATER.  
VICHY WATER.

FACTORY, 10, ARTHUR PLACE.

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### VILLA SITES, WITH BUILDING LEASES.

To be Let at moderate rents on Lease of 9000 years, several sites most eligibly situated for Villas, at Glenmachan, on gently rising ground, within a few minutes' walk of an intended station on the Holywood and Belfast line of railway, within view of the latter, and in the immediate vicinity of picturesque and romantic glens and walks. Each site commands extensive and varied prospects of Belfast town and lough, the County Antrim shore and hills, and the valley of the Lagan with the undulating surface and rich scenery on the Co. Down side of the Lough.

The situation is warm and salubrious, possessing a Southern and Western aspect and being sheltered from the East and North-East. The lots are laid off from 2½ acres upwards. Rubble stone and sand are obtainable in the vicinity free of charge for Royalty, and bricks are furnished at the kilns at cost price.

#### GOOD SPRINGS AT MODERATE DEPTHS.

There are Villas in progress of erection on adjoining lots. Until completion of the intended Glenmachan Station these lands can be reached by the Sydenham or Knock Station both being within 20 minutes' walk. For terms and further particulars apply to

THOMAS JACKSON, ARCHITECT,  
16, Donegall Place Belfast.

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# THE BAZAAR,

*(Next Imperial Hotel),*

**12, DONEGALL PLACE,  
BELFAST.**

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## NATHANIEL WOOD

RESPECTFULLY invites Tourists and Visitors to inspect the  
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**SILKS, SHAWLS, MANTLES;**

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# 45, HIGH STREET.

**J. & J. A. ARNOLD,**

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**WEST OF ENGLAND CLOTHS,  
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*Cassimeres, Tweeds, Pilots, Witneys, and Beavers; Vestings,  
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Is so conducted that gentlemen favouring this Establishment  
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**Damask, and Cambric Warehouse,**  
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*(Next Door to the Brown Linen Hall),*  
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**ROBERT RODDY,**  
**Linen and Damask Manufacturer and Bleacher,**

Begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry of the North of Ireland, that he is at all times well assorted with every description of **LINEN FABRICS**, suitable for family use.

He begs to state that he is the only party in Belfast who can supply the Celebrated Damask Table Linen, from the Royal Manufactory, Ardoyne, for which the proprietor, Mr. Michael Andrews, was awarded a Medal at the Exhibition of all Nations, where these Goods stood unrivalled for elegance of design, and durability of fabric.

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